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AUGUST

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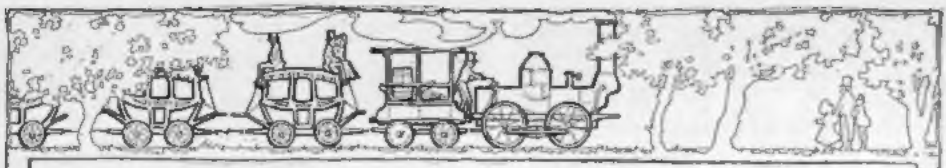

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THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE

Vol. III. AUGUST, 1907. No. 3.

Theodore P. Shonts.

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

BY MANUEL BECERRA.

A MAN who always makes good can usually be sure of getting rather more than his fair share of hard problems to solve. Nobody wastes time setting traps for the chap who always fails. So it happens that Theodore Perry Shonts has been chosen to lead more forlorn railroad hopes than generally fall to the lot of one man.

From the first task, set him twenty-five years ago, when he was a young man of twenty-five, down to the latest—the problem of carrying New York's restless population safely, cheaply, quickly, and comfortably—he has been working at hard jobs—and having a good time.

He has scorned vacations, and has found his greatest pleasure in discovering new and harder tasks. In the latter respect Mr. Shonts should be satisfied with his present position.

A Railroader Who Finds His Greatest Pleasure in Work and His Favorite Relaxation in Turning to New and Harder Tasks.

IN the spring of 1905 President Roosevelt was scouring the country for a man to fill the place made vacant by the resignation of John F. Wallace, chief engineer of the Panama Canal. Some one told him of a middle-aged man out in Ohio, with a reputation as a first-class organizer and a general vitalizer of new projects, whose maxim was "hard work."

He was just the man the administration wanted in Panama. The President sent for him, told him what was wanted, and asked:

"Can you do it?"

"Yes, Mr. President."

That was all. President Roosevelt rubbed his hands and looked "delighted."

That man was Theodore Perry Shonts, to-day president of the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, in charge of the street-car systems of New York City.

On the first day of April, 1905, the post of chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission was tendered him, and he immediately accepted and left for Panama. On the 15th of the same month he became president of the Panama Railroad.

His work on the Isthmus is well known. From the minute he set foot on that soil a new order of things began to appear. Changes were sudden and rapid, and the work of uniting the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans soon felt the influence of his forceful administration.

Two years later, when an angry public of strap-hangers, aggravated by the growing congestion of traffic in New York, was clamoring for relief and better transportation service, the bewildered traction magnates, finding no satisfactory answer to the query, "What can we do?" cabled Shonts:

Of Course He Could.

"Can you do it?"

"Yes," came back the reply instantly.

The traction kings breathed more freely, and, like President Roosevelt, felt "delighted." They promptly turned over to the middle-aged man from Ohio the pleasing task of reorganizing the transportation service of all the New York traction lines, surface, elevated, and underground.

So, Shonts resigned from the canal commission and became head of the Interborough company.

He is perhaps the best-fitted man in the country to carry out successfully the intricate task for which that company was formed. To a quarter of a century's experience in engineering, of every branch of which he is a thorough master, is united a personality redolent of business acumen, vigor, and perseverance.

Though he has been the head and guiding spirit of the New York traction lines only since early in the year, he has in that short time made himself master of the operation and construction work in all the underlying companies, overcoming the many obstacles that have arisen before him. Having assumed all the responsibilities, and being vested with full authority, he is now proceeding to develop a system destined to revolutionize the work of transportation in New York City.

How Shonts Began.

Born in Crawford County, Pennsylvania, fifty-one years ago, Mr. Shonts is of Dutch-Scotch extraction. His father, Dr. Henry Daniels Shonts, was the scion of an old American family whose first representatives came to this country in 1630 and settled in New York State. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret N. Marshall, was of Scotch descent, and her ancestors emigrated to the United States in 1775.

As he jocularly puts it himself, he is a flying Dutchman born in Pennsylvania, brought up in Iowa, educated in Illinois, with business headquarters in Ohio, while the only home he owns is in Alabama, and he has drifted into the Interborough company, in New York City, by the roundabout way of Washington and the Isthmus of Panama.

During his early boyhood the family moved to Appanoose County, Iowa, where young Shonts attended school at Centerville. When very young he began to display a remarkable power of concentration and the beginning of that uncommon all-around knowledge and broadness of vision that have crowned his later years with success. From Centerville he went to Monmouth College, in Illinois, from which he was graduated in 1876, just after passing his twentieth birthday.

The young graduate then embarked in the accounting business, and was engaged by the foremost national banks in Iowa to standardize and simplify their tangled methods of bookkeeping. While engaged in this work he studied law, and a few years later was admitted to the bar.

The same success that crowned his work as an accountant marked his efforts as an advocate, and in Centerville, where he practised for a number of years, he achieved great renown as a corporation lawyer.

But mathematics had played a prominent part in his college education, and he had always had a strong inclination for civil engineering, so in 1881 he fol-

lowed the beckoning of destiny and was irresistibly drawn into railroad construction, in which, from the beginning, he has played such a conspicuous part.

During the time that Shonts was practising law in Centerville he was associated with the law firm of Drake & Baker. Both partners were leading members of the Iowa bar, and General Francis M. Drake, the senior partner, was afterward Governor of the State. General Drake, who had large financial and railroad interests in Iowa and other States, was quick to perceive the rare ability and diversity of knowledge of his young associate, so he did not hesitate to place important work in his hands.

So well, and with such marked zeal, did the young man acquit himself of the various duties imposed upon him that he won the confidence and admiration of General Drake, whose daughter, Harriet Amelia, he eventually married.

It soon became obvious to his future father-in-law that if Shonts was a first-class lawyer he was also a first-class railroad man. He therefore decided to place the management of the greater part of his railroad interests in the young man's hands.

How He Became a Railroad Man.

But although the young lawyer had a head for both law and railroads, and was not to be daunted by fear of overwork, it was plain that he could not manage the construction of railroads and practise law at the same time. Therefore, the veteran railroad-builder concluded that Shonts must devote his entire time and efforts to the former, and Shonts having agreed to this, General Drake notified his partner.

"What!" cried the astonished man. "You are going to lose a first-class lawyer to make a second-class railroad man!"

"That," remarked Mr. Shonts to the writer, "is how I came to be in the railroad and transportation business."

But the old lawyer's prophecy was never borne out, for in every railroad or other enterprise with which Mr. Shonts has been identified he has proved himself to be the right man in the right place, and his progress has been followed by better service to the public and larger dividends to stockholders.

Building the Iowa Central.

A short time after the incident which marked the entry into the railroad world of one of the cleverest and most practical of modern engineers and business men, Mr. Shonts became connected with railroad construction and development in Iowa, to which work he gave his undivided attention and energy.

At that period the Iowa Construction Company, in which General Drake was a prominent figure, had the contract for the building of the Iowa Central Railroad. This road had been under way for a number of years, and the work was progressing slowly and badly.

For a time it looked as if it would never be completed, until Shonts took hold of the work. The way in which he brought order out of chaos in a comparatively short space of time fairly astounded the pioneer railroad men, who looked upon him, with indulgent eyes, as a mere novice in the game.

It was on the fifth of July, 1881, his twenty-fifth birthday, that Shonts began to inject new life into the building of the Iowa Central Railroad. According to the contract, two strips of the road, fifty miles distant from each other, had to be completed by December of the same year.

A tour of inspection showed the work to be in a deplorable condition, and the rains of the season had wrought such havoc with the road that the young railroad-builder found a formidable task before him. But he put his fears behind him, and went at his task with clear eyes and all his wits about him. Despite all the prophecies to the contrary, he finished the road on schedule time, but not before going through a little experience which he pleasantly recalls to-day.

"The way we got the charter on that road was entirely out of the ordinary," he began.

"One morning in July, 1881, General Drake, who was afterward my father-in-law, came to me and said:

"'Perry, those roads have got to be

finished by December or there'll be the deuce to pay. Do you think you can do the work in time?'

"'Yes, sir,' I answered confidently, little knowing what I was going up against.

"Well, I started in that very day, but a tour of inspection over both roads fairly took the breath out of me. It was like blazing a trail through a wilderness to set that road straight again, and, to make matters worse, the rainy season was on top of us.

"I began to tackle that job in real earnest, but it rained twenty-six days in August and twenty-five in September. I thought it was never going to stop, and had given up all hope of finishing the roads in time.

"But we had fine weather during the following months, and after working fourteen hours a day, Sundays included, I finished the job just in the nick of time. We weren't even five minutes too early.

"When it came to settling matters with the State supervisors General Drake took one party over one of the roads and I took the other over the other. I'll never forget that ride as long as I live.

An Impatient Foreman.

"There were four or five in the party besides the State men. Jim, one of my foremen, a big husky Westerner who always meant exactly what he said, had on a glaring-red shirt, and at his hip swung a large respectable-looking six-shooter. Everybody was eager for the finish, especially myself. It was the first road I had ever built, and I was dead anxious to hand the final papers to General Drake.

"Before we got to the end of the line the engine had jumped the tracks two or three times, and I could already see the supervisors shaking their heads in disgust. When the papers for our charter were ready two of them balked and refused to sign, alleging that because we had jumped the tracks the road was unfit.

"I began to feel very uneasy, and looked at Jim. He was red in the face with anger. Presently he walked over to the table where we sat.

"'Gentlemen,' he said, addressing the supervisors and fingering the big six-shooter at his side. 'I ain't looking for any particular trouble just yet, but General Drake wants them there papers, and if you don't sign 'em pretty quick there's going to be a barn-dance right here, and you gentlemen are going to do the dancing.'

"We got the charter, all right," concluded Mr. Shonts, with a laugh.

Superintendent to President.

The skilful and rapid way in which Shonts carried out the various contracts of the Iowa Construction Company, and his work in connection with the Iowa Central, which he piloted through stress and storm to completion and perfection in a single year, won for him an enviable reputation.

He soon became known throughout the country as a great organizer and general vitalizer of new projects, to whom the word "impossible" was not only a play-word, but excellent stimulation for his busy brain. Hard work was his pleasure, and the more arduous and intricate his task the better he was pleased.

"When I want relaxation from my daily work," Mr. Shonts says, "I usually try to get a harder job."

In the winter of 1882, a short time after the construction of the Iowa Central, he married the daughter of General Francis M. Drake, the man who gave him his start in the railroad world, and became identified with the fortunes of the Missouri, Iowa and Nebraska Railroad (now a part of the Burlington), then in the course of construction.

He stayed with this company, contributing largely to its development, until May, 1882, when he was made general superintendent of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa. To this position he gave his undivided attention, and in a comparatively short time, through sheer hard work and skilful management, he rose to be general manager, and eventually president of the road.

Now, with a clear field, he soon distinguished himself by his deep insight and keen powers of corporate management, gaining a controlling interest in the company. He encouraged individual initia-

tive among his employees, with whom he was especially popular, and good work was recognized, no matter who performed it.

Mr. Shonts remained at the head of this road until the fall of 1902, when the property was sold to the New York Central.

Reviving the Clover Leaf.

He had now been actively identified with railroads and their construction for twenty-one years, and during that long stretch, as he has said, vacations had been a thing unknown. After the sale of the Indiana, Illinois and Iowa he decided to take a long rest, and, in company with his wife, went abroad.

But work was Shonts's pleasure, and he soon found that without it he was ill at ease and unhappy. Rest and idleness became tiresome, and on his return, in 1903, he again got back into the railroad game.

Perhaps the best idea of the rapidity with which he develops and works out comprehensive plans of improvements and the clearest understanding of his theory of corporate management may be gained from the results of his direction of the Toledo, St. Louis and Western Railroad, familiarly known as the "Clover Leaf."

In connection with friendly interests which gave him control of the road, Mr. Shonts bought in the Clover Leaf, January 15, 1904. At that time he had never been over the line, and his tour of inspection astounded him. The physical condition of the road was bad; the equipment and power were worse.

The yards and passing-tracks were inadequate for any large volume of traffic, and the longest passings were at the west end of the road, where the grades were heaviest and the trains lightest. Drunkenness prevailed among the rank and file of the employees, and discipline was lax. Three barrels of whisky were rolled out of the Frankfort yards when word was received that Shonts was coming down the line.

The same rapid-fire methods which he had displayed in the management of other roads were brought into play here. He proceeded immediately to convert this nondescript property into a real railroad. Garnishments of wages were so frequent that it seemed almost an exception to see a man's pay-check put into his own hands. The credit of the road was as bad as that of the employees.

Mr. Shonts called the superintendent before him and said:

"Every man who drinks or frequents saloons, and every man who fails to meet his honest dues, will be discharged peremptorily. Serve notice."

The result was a temporary panic among the men, but they soon learned that although the new head meant precisely what he said, no man would or could be removed except for cause, and that no influence could secure the retention of any man whose record justified his dismissal.

The physical improvements in the road were as marked as the change in the personnel. Passing-tracks were increased in length seventy-five to eighty-five car-lengths at all important points. Modern freight and passenger equipments were provided, and new steel bridges built over all large streams in place of the old wooden structures. In less than three years the equipment of the Clover Leaf ranked with that of the best railroads in the country.

The reviving of this road was the crowning feature of Mr. Shonts's long railroad career.

Believes in a Square Deal.

With his resignation as chairman of the Isthmian Canal Commission, in the early part of this year, the administration lost a valuable and indispensable man, but New Yorkers scored a distinct victory.

The obvious growing congestion of traffic on all the city lines has become serious. The problem of how to guard the ever-increasing population in our great but geographically limited metropolis is a question that has baffled the best traction experts in the country. To this arduous and intricate task Mr. Shonts has brought thirty years of practical railroad experience, coupled with a personality of vim and courage that has found expression in all his undertakings.

"The time has come," he says, "for what the President calls a 'square deal,' but we want it all around. All agitation that is not necessary for the enforcement of the law should cease, and the American public should stand by us in our work. With public sentiment behind us, our task will be an easy one

"The good-will of our people is the best and biggest asset any corporation can acquire, and I believe that fair treatment of the public will bring fair treatment in return. We must convince the people that we will give them the best facilities American ingenuity can devise, and in my judgment the people will stand by us.

"Two problems now confront us. The first, and the one pressing for immediate solution, is to devise ways and means, even though necessarily of a temporary character, that will give relief from the existing congestion.

"The second and broader one is to prepare plans, looking to the future, comprehensive enough to provide adequate facilities for the next fifty years of the city's growth, and on a scale liberal enough to give it better transportation than is furnished the people of any other city in the world."

SHE REPORTED HIM TO HIMSELF.

How Superintendent Colvin Side-Tracked a New York Young Woman's Complaint Against an "Impudent Employee."

DURING a recent celebration that brought large crowds of strangers to Washington the travel to Mount Vernon over the Washington, Alexandria and Mount Vernon Electric Railway was unusually heavy, and a number of trains got "tied up" at the Mount Vernon end of the line. Superintendent Joseph Colvin hurried to that point, and was busily engaged in an effort to straighten out the tangle when a young, pretty, and stylishly dressed woman, her whole get-up bearing the unmistakable stamp of "little old New York," approached him as he scrambled from beneath a motor he had been repairing and asked him how long it would be before a car would start for Washington

"In a few minutes, miss," replied Colvin in his inimitable drawl

"That's a lie; they've been telling me that for the past hour," and with that shot she walked away

In a few minutes Miss New York went back to where Colvin was standing and said

"My mother and I have got to catch a train for New York this afternoon. At what hours do the trains leave on the Baltimore and Ohio?"

Colvin drawled back, "I wouldn't like to tell you, miss, because you wouldn't believe," and it was his turn to walk away

Miss New York followed him, though, and, bubbling over with anger, informed him that she would report him to the superintendent of the road as soon as she reached Washington, "if we ever reach there," she added spitefully. About that time the first train in the line started and Colvin jumped aboard, while Miss New York took the one following

Colvin had been at his desk in the office at Twelfth Street and Pennsylvania Avenue about five minutes, and was signing some letters, when the fair complainant was ushered in and at once launched into the details of her charge, claiming that she had been treated in a most impudent and outrageous manner by one of the employees of the road, who had pointedly refused to answer her questions. Without raising his head, Colvin said

"Didn't you call the poor fellow a liar?"

"How do you know that?" she demanded, and with that Colvin rose from his chair and grinned at her.

Miss New York was furious in an instant, and declared that she did not propose to be trifled with

"You are the man that was impertinent to me," she fairly shrieked. "I want the superintendent of this road. You are nothing but a workman."

"I am the superintendent and a workman, too; I'm the man with the monkey-wrench," replied Colvin, and in the next instant Miss New York was convulsed with laughter.—*Washington Post.*

THE BOSS OF THE "JAP TRAIN."

BY DENNIS H. STOVALL.

When Charlie Mason Was Dropped from the Mountain Limited He Had Nerve Enough Left for a Work-Train.

CHARLIE MASON was "spotted." He had committed the railroad conductor's unpardonable sin.

No matter if he had grown gray in the service. He let a poor cripple keep a seat in the day car notwithstanding he was without a "pasteboard" and minus the funds to cover the fare. The clerical-looking gentleman who sat across the aisle saw the whole affair. He was paid to see such things. A week later an order arrived from headquarters, and the ax came down and struck Charlie between his collar and his hair.

The average railroader who gets a "down-and-out" order expects nothing better than a transfer to the "hog train." Charlie Mason did not get it quite that bad. From chief of the West Mountain Limited, vestibuled from nose to tail, he was reduced to conductor of No. 56.

No. 56, by the way, consisted of fourteen cars, all painted a reddish brown, with the exception of the caboose, which was of a color styled by Mason a "subdued antique." Half of them were station cars, equipped with pine tables, bunks, "grub," and tin dishes for the Japanese workmen. Along the line it was known as the "Jap train."

The company, out of the bigness of its heart, gave Charlie the "Jap train." He accepted his new charge without a murmur. He was too wise in the way of railroading to complain. He laid his brass-buttoned uniform carefully away, much as a true soldier lays down his sword after years of hard-fought battle. Then he donned a suit of corduroy and a slouch-hat.

The conductor of the "Jap train" had a double duty to perform. Besides being chief of the fourteen cars, he was also boss of the Jap crew. This double responsibility made the position a difficult one to fill.

There had been three conductors in as many months. The very first day out, while the train was loading gravel at the siding in Umpaua Pit, the wily little brown men tried the same game on Charlie that they had carried to a successful issue with his predecessors.

The crew were surly, and handled their shovels reluctantly. Mason caught a gleam of defiance and hatred in every Jap's eye. The trouble started when Tokio Kato, the recognized leader of the Japs, came to Mason with the information that this was one of the days which the "gods of the Children of the Sun" required them to celebrate. To celebrate appropriately, they must have a half-holiday

"Back to your shovels!" commanded Mason with the voice of authority. "You're in America now, and off the god's territory."

Tokio declared they would work no later than noon. The behest of the gods must be obeyed.

"Back to your shovels!" roared Mason with greater emphasis. "I'll be responsible to your gods. If you don't lean a little heavier to your work I'll keep the whole lazy gang of you at it till dark!"

The Japs realized that they had in this big, hard-muscled giant a different species of conductor and boss from that which had preceded him. Though his heated and forceful command subdued them for the moment and sent them growling to their work, it did not quench

the fire of anger that burned within each swarthy bosom.

In due time the gravel cars were loaded and an order was received at the little ten-by twelve station in the pit for the train to move on down the Siskiyou slope to Randburg, there to take the siding and let the West Mountain Limited pass

Charlie held the thin yellow slip in his hand for some time, reading it first with falcon-keen eye and then with dimmed and blurred vision. An expression of sadness drove the sternness and soberness from his service-wrinkled features as he inwardly repeated the words that thrust the spear of disgrace deeper into his soul:

"Take siding at Randburg and let Mountain Limited pass."

The Mountain Limited—his train—the pride of the Western railroad world—the one "clear track" train on the whole line! And now he must humbly take the siding to let her pass! She was queen of the road, and her way must be clear. It was due her majesty that he, conductor of a "Jap train," poke his head through the caboose lookout and doff his hat to her chief!

"What's the matter? Can't you make it out?" asked the operator, who waited impatiently for him to O. K. the order.

"Oh—yes—yes," stammered the old conductor, coming to himself. "I understand it," and he read it over, as required.

Then he waved his hand to the engineer and ordered the brakeman to open the switch and let the train out on the main line.

Randburg was forty miles down the Siskiyou slope, with a swift drop all the way. The light engine snorted madly pulling the train out of the pit, then started down the slope with a jump, giving the brakeman brief time to catch the tail-step

No sooner was the train under way than Tokio and two of his followers came into the caboose and repeated their request for a half-holiday. Instead of going on down the line to scatter the gravel during the afternoon, they wanted the train to lay over for the remainder of the day at Randburg.

Mason did not give them immediate reply, for at that moment a shrill blast sounded from the locomotive. It was the call for brakes.

"There's something wrong with the air!" Mason yelled to the brakeman as he climbed to the lookout and leaped through the window.

The two of them raced over the swaying cars to try the brakes. The train was running wild, and the whistle shrieked again.

"His air won't hold!" Mason yelled. "Run forward to the gravel-flats, Bob—these brakes are out of kilter!"

The hand-brakes were useless, the train having depended on the air. But for some reason the air would not hold. Only two cars of the fourteen had brakes that would set; these were unable to hold the heavily loaded train.

Again and again the whistle shrieked, like some demon in despair. The engineer applied the reverse, and the drivers ranked desperately on the back turn, streaking fire from the rails, but the string of cars pushed forward with ever-increasing momentum.

Then came a succession of wild staccato blasts on the whistle not known to the "Book of Rules." It was the engineer's call to jump. With a full realization of impending disaster, the men in the cab made ready to desert the run away. Mason, with both feet planted firmly, leaning well forward, the stiff wind blowing the brim of his hat flat against his crown, muttered an oath when he gazed ahead and saw the engineer and fireman hanging to the cab-steps waiting for a favorable place to drop. On the car ahead the brakeman was also hanging low, doubled in a knot; he, too, was looking for a soft spot. The train shot out of a deep cut and over an embankment of sand. All three let go at the same moment, rolling over and over in the deep sand.

Though unmanned, the locomotive still back-pedaled madly, her drivers screeching on the steel. When Mason turned toward the caboose the train was running a mile a minute and still gaining speed. Then did the old conductor realize his helplessness.

Not since the link-and-pin-coupling, hand-brake days, when he was a young "freighty," had such a danger as this

presented itself. On the Limited, with its double and triple emergency equipment, danger was almost entirely eliminated.

Years of assured safety had driven the old-time uncertainty from his mind; and it is this uncertainty, this continual likelihood of the unexpected, that makes the railroader keenly apprehensive and alert.

In other days Charlie Mason would have had a plan of procedure instantly outlined; moreover, he would have seen to it, before the train took the down grade, that the hand-brakes were in working order. But now the great force of gravity, merciless and all powerful, against which he had fought and conquered in those other days, was pushing him and the train under him to death and destruction.

As he walked over the car-decks he heard the Japs yelling and shouting below. They had become aware of their peril, and were stamping and tearing to and fro in their narrow quarters like caged beasts. Lifting his head, Mason saw Tokio and his two followers coming toward him. All three were armed with shovels.

Murder gleamed from their eyes as they leaped across to the car where Mason waited. He knew they believed him responsible for the runaway. They had seen the three men drop from the flying

THE TRAIN SHOT OUT OF A DEEP CUT AND OVER AN EMBANKMENT OF SAND. ALL THREE LET GO AT THE SAME MOMENT.

INSTANTLY THE JAPS SWARMED LIKE HORNETS FROM THE CARS.

train, and they realized that with the increased speed of the cars there was now no chance of escape—it would be certain death to jump.

With a howl of rage, Tokio rushed forward. Mason leaped straight from his tracks and fairly crushed the little Jap beneath his herculean weight. He tossed the brandished shovel into flying space and forced the Oriental to the deck. Then he stood up, and swinging his heavy brake-stick, awaited the attack of the other two.

Instead of rushing upon him as Tokio had done, they shouted a cry of alarm. Instantly the Japs swarmed like hornets from the cars, climbing the side-ladders and scrambling over the decks. Most of them kept discreetly to their hands and knees. All were armed with shovels and knives.

The double responsibility of his position—to oversee the train and to "boss" the Japs—was now presented in grim reality. Mason believed himself equal to the task, and, swinging his heavy club, he swept an open path through the line of angry Japs

Fighting his way through, he leaped from the forward station car to the first gravel-flat. He was determined to reach the locomotive and try the air himself. He remembered the order, "Take siding at Randburg and wait for Mountain Limited to pass."

At the rate the gravel-train was running it would reach Randburg in twenty minutes more, possibly in less time, provided it kept the track. If he should not get the train under control and passed Randburg—

"My God!" he cried, clenching his fists, "I must stop her, or we'll go into the Limited!"

It was the Limited that the old conductor had most in mind—his Limited—and it was a desire for her safety that set his blood to pulsing with renewed energy, that imbued him with greater determination.

"I must stop her!" he repeated.

Summoning the full power of his strength, he rushed forward, wading ankle deep in the gravel.

When he had crossed the line of flats and reached the tender he saw that the engine-trucks were dragging, and by this he knew that the air was in working order. The trouble lay between the tender and the first flat. Mason concluded that it was either a faulty coupling or a straight "cut out."

He was courting death, but he dropped down and hung by one hand to the tender, supporting his weight by one foot on the brake-beam. He leaned far over, till his head was but a foot from the flying earth, while he examined the air coupling.

Dust and gravel blinded his eyes, but he discovered the cause of the trouble. Both nozzle-ends were dragging! The couple had not been made.

Then came the final test of nerve and strength. Raising himself to the narrow deck, and hanging on by his toes, he stretched full length and reached both hands for the dangling nozzle-ends. Again and again he tried, missing each time by a finger's length as the lurch of the racing train swung them away.

At last, by a supreme effort and at the risk of losing his balance on the tender, he reached far over and grabbed both nozzles as they swung toward him. An instant more and he snapped them together.

The valves popped like a rifle-shot, and the air-brakes responded instantly from end to end of the train. The steel shoes bit the wheels, tightening with every revolution. Then the wheels locked, and the gravel-train dropped from its mad pace, upsetting the tin dishes and tumbling the Japs like tenpins. The train slid to a halt not forty yards from Randburg siding.

Mason dropped limply down and tottered forward. The ground seemed still to be flying under his feet. He climbed into the engine and shut off the steam. Then he pulled his watch from his fob, and smiled grimly. The "Jap train" had reached Randburg twenty minutes ahead of time.

He took the siding "farmer-fashion," opening the switch himself, and closing it again after he had run safely in. Twenty minutes later the old conductor, sitting at his post in the caboose lookout, bared his head when the Mountain Limited thundered by.

REST FOR THE WEARY RAILROADER.

How the Pennsylvania Preserves the Energy of Its Employees for the Good of the Service.

A FAR-SIGHTED development of railroad economy is that of rest-houses for the employees, instituted by the Pennsylvania Railroad. These rest-houses have been established by the company on the lines east of Pittsburgh and Erie wherever train-crews are changed. Seventy-five thousand dollars has already been spent on furniture, and the maintenance costs thirty thousand dollars annually.

In some instances the houses are connected with the train-despatchers' office by electric wires. They are established on the hypothesis that clear brains and steady nerves in the employees are valuable assets for the company. As an example, the site, erection, and furnishing of the house at Filbert Street, Philadelphia, cost over thirty thousand dollars, and the cost of service is between four and five hundred dollars a month.

Everything is absolutely free. There are reading, lounging, and game rooms, seventy-two beds, sixteen couches for use in the daytime, and nearly a thousand lockers.

There is also a library of thirteen hundred books, circulating among the families of the men at the rate of three hundred a month. One thousand men every day enjoy the privileges of the reading-room. To get a bed, one has only to register, as at a regular hotel, and the clerk sees to the rest, including calling the men in time to catch their trains.

THE SUBWAY EXPRESS.

BY EDITH SUMMERS.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

THROUGH the black of the sub-
world cavern,
Red-eyed with blood and fire,
With the swish of the opened air-path
And the strain of a tense desire,
The ponderous dragon rocks and jars,
And its burnished sides are like banks of stars.

Swift with the speed of a demon,
Strong with the strength of a god,
Drunken with fury of onrush,
Steel-mailed and iron-shod,
It reels on its glittering, sinuous flight,
A comet, lost in the boundless night.

Campaigning With a Railroad Army.

(Second Series.)

BY GILSON WILLETS.

WHEREVER human beings are gathered together in large numbers, there are to be found the materials for tragedy—or comedy In a great railroad station conditions are peculiarly favorable for the combination of these elements in their proper proportions. As journeys end in lovers' meetings, so they often begin in sorrow and tears. Meeting and separation—these are the basic elements in the compound which may be called the Inner Life of a railroad station.

Chicago is well situated for observing the vagaries, the conceits, the humors and tragedies, of travel. More passengers pass through this railroad gateway every day than through any other similar place on the continent The center and metropolis of the West, it is also the center of the railroad world, and he who would see life on the rail can see it best from the vantage-point of this city, where so many rails converge.

In the next—and last—number of this second series of "Campaigning" articles Mr. Willets will relate some of the stories which were told him by trainmen in Chicago, the place to which all good railroaders go sooner or later.

NUMBER VII—INNER LIFE OF CHICAGO STATIONS.

Some of the Incidents Which Shed the Light of Humor or the Gloom of Tragedy Over the Daily Life of Busy Railroad Terminals.

STRANGE scenes met my eyes in the Union Station, Chicago, late one afternoon in April. Hindu coolie women, scorning the benches, sat flat on the station platform. Silver bracelets covered their arms from wrist to elbow, and their legs from ankle to knee, the jewelry thus displayed representing their entire earthly wealth Cheek by jowl they sat with Nautch dancing girls, who had silver rings pendent from ears and noses.

Farther along the platform Filipinos, shivering in raiment of cotton, squatted on the pavement and ate rice from earthenware bowls, their fingers serving as spoons. Eskimos, sweltering in furs and skins, hungrily watched the gorge of the Filipinos.

One Eskimo woman moaned weirdly, and tears rolled down her bronzed, wrinkled, greasy cheeks. She had lost her child. Presently a station policeman approached, leading the Eskimo offspring. The mother from the frozen North rushed to her toddling babe and smothered it with kisses.

Those coolie women from "India's coral strand," those Nautch-girls from Bombay, those Filipinos from Iloilo, those Eskimos from the roof of the continent—all were on the way to the Jamestown Exposition.

I have described only one curious scene at the Union Station. Multiply it by ten, twenty, a hundred, even, and you have some conception of the human kaleidoscope that daily forms what may be called the inner life of the great Chicago terminals.

Imagine a railway depot where ordinary travel calls for a train in and out every two and a half minutes of the daylight hours; where two hundred and seventy-one trains leave and depart daily; where an army of between thirty and forty thousand passengers comes and goes every day, at the rate of thirty for each minute of the day and night.

When the "Colonists" Gather.

Add to this every-day traffic of the Union Station, not only Jamestown "show" scenes, but all the extraordinary travel sights that may be witnessed at this depot at five o'clock on any Tuesday during the spring of the year, or the "colonist season," Tuesday being the day agreed upon by all the Chicago railroads for starting colonists westward from all the terminals.

Think of hundreds of colonists, home-seekers, health-hunters, and tourists, all waiting to board a veritable procession of outward-bound trains; conceive of them representing all the nations of the earth; know that each of the hundreds of foreigners is in native costume and is playing his part, in transit, according to native custom—imagine all this and you will have some conception of the cosmopolitanism of the scene at one of the most important railway stations in America at its busiest hour.

On the morning of the Tuesday in question Pennsylvania passenger-train No. 3 pulled into the Union Station in two sections of fifteen cars each. Out of those cars filed more than eleven hundred "new Americans," immigrants of many different nationalities, direct from the ships that had landed them at New York.

All day they waited in the station for the trains that were to carry them to the Dakotas, or to the Northwest, the Southwest, or just West. Every one of these was a mighty-long-distance traveler.

Toward the Sunset.

Early in the afternoon other colonists began arriving at the station, scores at a time. These had been waiting in Chicago for days for the half-fare "Tuesday trains" that were to leave that night. By five o'clock over two thousand persons thronged the station, "new Americans" and native Americans going toward the setting sun to begin life anew.

There were "landless men *en route* to the manless land"—colonists bound for the Salvation Army farms in the Salinas Valley, California, and in the Valley of the Arkansas, Colorado. Among these were Finns, Scandinavians, Hollanders, Italians, and German Swiss.

There were health-hunters — victims of the Great White Plague—about to embark for the ideal climate of the world in the great Southwest. Many of these were men of high education but of small purses. One man told me he would arrive at his destination with only twenty-five cents.

Not all in the throng were bound West, however. A band of Kickapoo Indians from Oklahoma, painted and beaded, were on their way to Washington to register their "kick" with the Great White Father regarding certain palefaces that had invaded Kickapoo land.

But my interest centered chiefly in the American home-seekers. These were surrounded by their wives, mothers, and sweethearts, who had come to the station for a last adieu. One man from San Francisco told me he had been ruined by the earthquake. He had come to Chicago to find work, bringing his wife. He had failed in his quest, and now, with

only a few dollars in his pocket, he was off to the Dakotas in the fond hope of soon having a home of his own again.

Nearly all the immigrants were ticketed, like so many express-parcels, with billets giving information of destination and number of chair-car to be occupied *en route*. Here were Russian muzhiks, in baggy trousers, grouped around steaming samovars and drinking tea out of tin cups; Italian women with gay kerchiefs half hiding their shiny coal black hair; Chinamen in conspicuously clean attire, with their queues hanging down their backs; Japanese in American hand-me-downs, on their way to Texas rice-fields, and Turks, Greeks, and Armenians in fantastic garb who had seized the opportunity to sell their native textile products to the well to do members of this extemporized Congress of Nations.

Another Kind of Traffic.

Amid the turmoil of the "Tuesday rates traffic," with its babel of tongues, all the regular traffic of the Union Station went on uninterrupted. There was the Pioneer Limited, a two-hundred-and fifty-thousand-dollar train more than a city block long, ready to pull out for Minneapolis and St. Paul; there was the Milwaukee Special, prepared for its run of eighty-five miles in a hundred and five minutes; there was the magnificent Southwest Limited and the equally grand Overland Limited, and other trains leaving for the four corners of the continent.

Among the passengers boarding these regular trains was a woman in a black-silk dress on the bodice of which was pinned a huge blue badge reading "World's W. C. T. U." She was the "personal conductor" of a party to some convention, and what trouble she was having in corralling her flock! Then in came trains from Galena, with delegates who had been honoring the birthday of General Grant at his old home.

Now upon the scene came a Chinaman, his hair cut short, and his person neatly clothed in a suit that was the acme of Americanism. The Chinaman strolled among the groups of colonists, tourists, and "Jimtown" importations as one who would say: "I'm merely looking the bunch over."

When he came to the group of immaculately clad Chinese laundrymen with the long queues I never saw a more disgusted looking native of Far Cathay. He turned on his heels, walked rapidly up the tracks till he came to a private car, boarded it, let himself in with a latch-key, and slammed the door behind him.

The Literalness of Lem.

That Chinaman was Lem, the autocrat of the breakfast-dinner-and supper table of President Felton, of the Chicago and Alton Railroad. The private car was Mr. Felton's, aboard of which Lem is the cook. The cause of Lem's disgust at the sight of his fellow countrymen, as I learned afterward, was that he has no use for any Chinaman who by retaining his queue indicates his intention of returning to the land of the dragon.

They tell tales out of school about Lem. For example, President Felton, one day while on the road, was entertaining a party of distinguished railroad officials in his private car. He sent Lem to the stateroom occupied by Mr. George Charlton, the general passenger-agent of the road, to request that officer's attendance at the conference.

Presently Lem returned to the observation end of the car, where President Felton and his guests were holding their powwow, and, to the amazement of all present, said with his usual solemnity,

"Mr. Felton, Mr. Charlton him say, 'Tell Mr. Felton to go to hell. Me vely sleepy man.'"

Whereat Mr. Felton grew red in the face and carefully explained to his visitors that Mr. Charlton was in the habit of joking with the Chinaman, and that Lem was "extremely literal." To the general passenger agent the president afterward said:

"George, for Heaven's sake, don't josh Lem when there are Alton directors aboard the car. Your compliments to the chief executive of this road as conveyed with much exactitude of speech by Lem threw the directors into several kinds of fits."

And to-day, a Tuesday, always the most strenuous day of the week at the Chicago terminals—to-day, while Lem locked himself in President Felton's car,

what do you think Mr. Charlton (the G. P. A. just referred to as the "josher" of Lem) was doing? He was worrying. And so were his brother G. P. A.'s whose roads use the Union Station—Mr. Francis, of the Burlington, for instance, and Mr. Miller, of the St. Paul.

Yes, all were worrying over the problem of getting enough tourist sleeping-cars and chair-cars to accommodate the throng bound for prairie and mesa.

Even the barbers around the Union Station were doing a thriving business that Tuesday. Shaving colonists? No!

Close Shave for Trainmen.

"We've had the biggest run of railroad conductors and trainmen in the history of my shop to-day, all getting their whiskers mowed off," said the owner of the largest of the "tonsorial parlors." "And they're all Chicago, Burlington and Quincy men," he added.

"You see, the Burlington line has issued orders to all its conductors and train-hands that to-morrow, the first of May, they must report for duty either clean-shaven or with full beards. Mustaches and fully developed whiskers will be permitted, but no stubby growths—no near beards.

"Conductor Macklin came in here a little while ago with whiskers that made him look like a member of the Russian Duma. He went out looking like a Roman Senator in the time of Julius Cæsar. And there was Conductor Dana. He had been wearing a beard for thirty-five years. To-day he paid me fifteen cents for shaving it off. But both those conductors entirely misunderstood the orders."

The barber was right. For Vice-President Daniel Willard's order read: "There is no objection to goatees, full beards, side-burns, or mustaches. All that the company insists upon is that a conductor declare himself.

"If he wants to adorn his face with a beard, all right. If he is going to shave, let him keep his face clean. The end and aim of this order is to improve the personal appearance of the conductors by directing attention to a minor detail of the toilet."

Yet when I went to the Union Station on the 1st of May not a single Burlington Route conductor had any hair on his face excepting his eyebrows.

But the Union Station is only one of six great terminals in this capital of the Middle West. To get the inner life facts in their broadest sense—the story of the actors behind the scenes, among both railroad men and passengers—the X ray of inquiry was applied, not only at the Union Station, but also at the other great terminals where Eastern and Western trunk lines meet.

Before going to the Union Station, on the day named, I had paid a visit to the Dearborn Station, where that great highway to the Southwest, the Santa Fé, has its beginning. There, at four o'clock, I witnessed a scene that was similar in nearly every particular to the one I have described as giving action and color to life at the Union Station at five o'clock. Here were similar partings of families and lovers.

At Dearborn Street, however, a train had come in from the Southwest, a special from Bliss, Oklahoma. Passengers from that special were now spread over the station, waiting for transportation to another part of the city.

Fresh from the Plains.

Here were cow-punchers and broncobusters, Mexican greasers and vaqueros in high-heeled boots with jangling spurs as big as saucers; Moki snake-dancers, Navajo blanket-weavers, and blanketed red men and squaws of various tribes, including Running Horse and White Rock, chiefs of the "Six Nations." Wherever you looked in that station you would see "Lo! the poor Indian" in full native regalia.

It was an army of plainsmen, including even some stunning "cow girls." And these of the wild West, like the natives of Hindustan and the Philippines and Alaska at the Union Station, were bound for "Jimtown." This was a "show" from the famous Bar—Circle Bar—known in the East as the "101" Ranch.

Several hundred Chicago boys, with eyes staring and mouths agape, were on hand to see the Indians and cow-men. And it was the youthful males of the

Windy City, not the red men, nor yet the whites, of the plains, who were giving the station police the time of their lives.

"Arabs" Getting Under Way.

To go back still another hour and to another depot, at three o'clock that day a suburban train from Pullman had landed me at the Illinois Central Station. What pomp and circumstance there greeted the eyes of passengers!

On track one stood a special train of fourteen sleepers, two diners, a buffet-car, and an observation-car, ready to pull out. Presently, outside the station a blare of trumpets rent the air, and then at least fifty motor-cars pulled up at the curb and disgorged their passengers.

Now, preceded by an "Arab Band" dressed in the flowing robes of the desert, the Shriners of Medinah Temple, Chicago, with their wives and daughters, marched through the station and aboard the special. At 3.30 their train glided out of the big shed, and the Shriners had begun their pilgrimage to Los Angeles, to their annual convention.

If you want details of the inner life of the stations, ask any baggage-master. Tens of millions of pieces of baggage are handled at the Chicago terminals in the course of a year.

"Lose baggage!" exclaimed the horrified baggageman at the Union Station when I suggested that sometimes travelers find themselves plus checks and minus trunks. "Very seldom. Why, not more than three trunks were reported by this station as even temporarily lost during the whole of last year

"Look at the Pennsylvania baggage business alone," he continued. "That road last year handled over eleven million pieces of baggage, valued at two billion dollars, or about two hundred dollars for each piece. Of all that baggage, practically none was lost.

What Is a Baggage-Charmer?

"Half of all the road paid for claims was on just nine trunks. And not even all of those nine trunks were actually lost. Some disappeared as the result of the wiles of baggage-charmers.

"What! Never heard of baggage-charmers? A charmer is, in plain words, a thief. He fills an old suit-case or trunk with rubbish and checks it to a big terminal where a great deal of baggage is handled. Then he follows it and shows up at the baggage-room.

"When the baggageman's back is turned, or when he is busiest, the charmer slips among the baggage and removes the check from his worthless property and quickly attaches it to the most promising looking trunk or bag in the place. Then he claims the baggage for which he holds the check

"We get notices every now and then of the operations of charmers. For instance, not long ago the rascals cinched a lot of drummers' trunks, in the way I told you, at the station of the New Haven road, at Taunton, Massachusetts. The trunks were checked through to Charlotteville, Virginia, and the charmers hopped down there and got the trunks, containing property worth about ten thousand dollars!

"But there the rogues made a fatal mistake. They rechecked the baggage to Richmond. When they turned up at the Richmond station to claim their 'charmed' property the station police nabbed 'em.

At the "Old Hoss Sale."

"What do we do with unclaimed baggage? Auction it off. The Northwestern has an auction of the kind to-morrow. Go see it. You'll have fun."

And truly it was amusing; to me, the most amusing of all the things that I saw in the Chicago terminals. These auctions are held annually by each of the Chicago roads, and are called "old hoss sales."

When the Northwestern's official auctioneer mounted his rostrum on the 29th of April fully five hundred women—and a few men—all unmistakably of the bargain-hunter variety, crowded into the room

First of all, umbrellas, canes, and overshoes left in trains or stations and never called for were sold by the dozen, no "lot" bringing more than fifty cents. One young woman bought twelve walking-sticks for twelve cents. Selecting a

particular stick, she gave the others to a beaming neighbor.

Then other articles left in trains or parcel rooms were "put up." There was a box of wedding-rings, to secure the first bid for which the auctioneer had to shout for five minutes. Not a woman would bid. Finally one of the men buyers bid one dime and—he got the rings.

Next began the sale of unclaimed baggage. Trunks and suit cases were offered unopened, and the bidders were obliged to bid blindly and "take their chances." The first trunk slammed at the auctioneer's feet bore a label reading "Goldfield, Nevada."

For that trunk of magnificent promise the women bid frantically, the general impression probably being that some rich mine-owner had abandoned his property. The bidding began at two dollars, and the trunk was "knocked down" finally for seven dollars and seventy five cents.

In a side room a porter forced the trunk open—and next minute the woman who had bought it flung herself back into the auction-room and confronted the auctioneer with sarcastic remarks to the effect that she could find nothing in that trunk to indicate that it came from the "golden" West. The man of the red flag actually had to suspend business while he convinced the indignant purchaser that she was not entitled to receive back her seven dollars and seventy-five cents.

Sale of a "Sell" from Paris.

Another trunk, a "steamer," was covered with foreign hotel posters, with "Paris" predominating. Here was a trunk that the women coveted in dead earnest. That label, "Paris," inspired visions of all sorts of feminine finery

During the bidding a mild panic developed, and the auctioneer abruptly brought down his gavel at nine dollars. "Sold to that young lady over there, whom I now expect to see attired in the latest Parisian creation."

When "that young lady's" bargain was pried open it was found to contain one battered silk hat (male), two travel-stained neckties (male), and a pair of worn-out shoes (male).

After selling all the unopened trunks, some of which brought as high as fifteen dollars, baby-carriages and go-carts were brought forward. There were a great number of these, many of them prettily upholstered and rubber tired, but not one elicited a bid higher than a quarter, and one went for eight cents.

"Evidently, babies are not popular in Chicago," sneered the auctioneer. "Gee! but I'd hate to have the job of selling an orphan asylum in this burg."

Next to the baggage rooms, the ticket-offices are the best fields for tales of the inner life of the stations. The men in the ticket-offices tell pathetic tales of travelers who reach Chicago without enough money to continue their journeys. For example, at the Central Station, on the night of April 28, a young girl stepped up to the window and asked for a ticket to Denver.

Helping the Helpless.

When told that the fare was twenty-odd dollars, she uttered an exclamation of dismay, emptied her pocketbook on the window-ledge, and cried: "That's all the money I have. Can't you get me to Denver for that much on some kind of cheap train?" Her total capital was ten dollars and fifty-five cents.

The clerk shook his head. Then the girl told him that she was fifteen years old, that her name was Georgia Farney, that she had just come in on a train from Cold Springs, Kentucky, and that she was on her way to her parents at Denver.

While listening to the girl's story the ticket-seller called for a number on the telephone. Now, talking into the 'phone, he said: "Is that the Y. W. C. A.? Traveler's Aid Department? Please send Mrs. Fisher to the Central Station. Young girl here needs assistance."

Half an hour later Georgia Farney was taken away under the wing of a Good Samaritan from the Young Women's Christian Association, and a few days later she went on her way rejoicing, calling the Central Station a "House of Fairies."

As a contrast to the pitiable plight of the traveler without enough cash there is the grimly humorous predicament of the man who actually has too much of the coin of the realm.

"The passenger with more than suffi-

cient dough," said one of the ticket men at the Union Station, "is the one with a thousand-dollar bill. In a big station like this he's all right, of course—if we know him, or if he brings proper identification.

"He can get change here for any kind of long green at any time of the day or night. But when he strikes a small station along the road with a bill of that denomination his troubles begin.

"Only the other night a man entered the station at Aberdeen, South Dakota, a really good-sized town on the St. Paul road, and asked the station-agent for tickets to his home city, Detroit, *via* Chicago, for self and wife and three children. The agent promptly tossed out the billets, all stamped. In payment the traveler tendered a thousand-dollar bill

"At sight of that bill the station-agent threw the tickets aside in disgust. 'This ain't one of them night-and-day banks,' he said. And he hinted, further, that travelers with nothing less than thousand-dollar bills in their clothes were regarded by railroad men as cranks, if not as suspicious characters.

Had Too Much Money.

"And because that poor man had too much money he and his family were marooned in Aberdeen two nights and a day—for his troubles began late Saturday night. Not a soul in the town could change his bill. Even the clerk at the hotel at which he at last applied for lodging accepted his thousand-dollar note as mighty dubious security.

"All day Sunday the traveler sought in vain to break his bill. He found that it had practically no purchasing power He could buy nothing. Even the hotel proprietor reluctantly supplied him with food. Not till Monday morning when the bank opened did he succeed in getting money that people would accept.

"When his train pulled into Chicago he told us about his experiences in Aberdeen, and—wasn't he hopping mad!

"'The idea!' he cried, fairly frothing at the mouth, 'of a man with plenty of money having to put himself and his whole family in hock for thirty-six hours and beg food like a tramp. Why on earth doesn't the St. Paul Railroad, with its annual earnings of fifty five millions, supply its station-agents with small change?'"

Would you know the dramas of the underworld that are played—in part, at least—in the great Chicago stations? Then, talk to the station police. They are in uniform, as a rule, and the casual passenger regards them as of no more interest than the ordinary city policeman outside. Yet they can give you many a glimpse of the inner life of the terminals.

Standing on Guard.

On the night of April 26 the station police at all the Chicago terminals were more than usually "on the watch." They had been warned to be on the lookout for "Eddie" Tate, self-confessed "gentleman burglar," dynamiter, and safe-blower, who had escaped from the police at Peoria, Illinois. It was supposed that he would make for Chicago

"Our orders are to fire at Tate if he makes the slightest move to escape us," said a member of the railway police force at the Union Station. "Yes, hardly a day passes that we are not on the watch for some specially named fugitive from justice

"In an unusually important case like Tate's there's a lot of detectives—plain-clothes men—stationed at the terminals, too. There's a few here right now. I daren't put you next to 'em, but mebbe you can see certain gents loafing round each incoming train.

"Do you notice how cunningly all the incoming passengers are diverted to two exits? No one can get out of this yard to-night except by one of those two gates —I mean no one except railroaders. If a stranger tried to get out by any other exit he'd be nabbed and made to prove that he's not Eddie Tate."

Tate was captured a few days later in South Chicago. Despite all the vigilance of both the railroad and regular police, he slunk in on a train.

To show the part the station police play in securing clues in the hunt for "persons wanted," the station policeman at Englewood, on the Erie, in the suburbs of Chicago, found a small satchel on the tracks not long ago. It was empty.

The finder turned it over to the police at the Dearborn Station, and they quickly discovered that they had in their hands the best clue thus far obtained in the quest of the Chicago office-boy, Willie Havens, who disappeared while on his way to the bank with five thousand six hundred dollars in cash belonging to the Independent Packing Company.

If you have a taste for tragedy you can gratify it to the full at the Union Station on the nights that Chicago detectives and police board Chicago and Alton trains, bound for the penitentiary at Joliet with prisoners. Then you'll see farewells barren of the hope that softens the ordinary traveler's parting from those he leaves behind.

By good—or ill—fortune I was at the Union Station on the afternoon that a certain famous "lottery king" boarded a parlor-car of an Alton train in the custody of a deputy marshal, on his way to serve a four-year sentence at Joliet.

The Parting at the Station.

The pathetic part of the business was not the sight of the broken-down lottery king himself paying the penalty of his crimes. It was the sight of his sorrowing wife and of his sad-faced son. Both the wife and the son had come to the Union Station for the leave-taking. The poor woman's sobs could be heard by even the baggageman at the far end of the platform, and I am not ashamed to confess that I finished my business and departed as speedily as possible.

As I came back down the platform I was forced to pass near the pathetic little group as the deputy marshal ordered the prisoner aboard the train. I could see that he was given a seat near the door and was not manacled. The marshal sat in the seat behind him.

As the train pulled out of the station the lottery king turned for a last look at his weeping wife and boy. Then he was gone to his punishment, leaving behind him suffering greater even than his own.

That is only one example of the dramas of the underworld that are enacted almost daily at the great railway gateways. Passengers coming and going see a woman weeping. But they hurry on, believing it to be only a case of a wife grieving over separation from a husband who is starting on an ordinary journey. Few suspect that they have had a glimpse of the tragedy that hovers even in the hurry and turmoil of a railroad station.

Things That Are Hidden.

"And that isn't all," said a station policeman. "Sometimes whole car-loads of prisoners go through here on their way to Uncle Sam's prisons at Leavenworth or Atlanta. They come from State penitentiaries. They are government prisoners, however, and in due time are transferred to the bastiles in Kansas or Georgia.

"A few nights ago a car-load of prisoners of that kind came through. The men were chained together in pairs, the chain connecting each two men running down the car over the backs of the seats. Well, sir, the guards in charge told me that some of the strongest men among the prisoners had done nothing but weep like babies all the way from the State penitentiary to Chicago.

"Why? They had been taken from different State prisons without warning. The suddenness with which they were brought face to face with the outside world again had proved too great a shock to some of them. They raved like lunatics, in a very ecstasy of delight over the glimpse so unexpectedly vouchsafed to them of the world they had forfeited.

"I always dread the nights the United States prisoners go through here, for they give me fearful nightmares. The public seldom gets a sight of this side of life, as the cars in which the prisoners are confined are traveling jails.

"The men are locked in, and armed guards are stationed at either end all the way to Leavenworth or Atlanta. Yes, sir, we station police sure do see living pictures illustrating that the way of the transgressor isn't in Pullmans."

Another of the duties of the station police is the handling of crowds and the protection of individuals from the deft fingers of pickpockets. One railroad detective told me that the biggest crowd ever handled at any terminal in Chicago was the one that gathered at the La Salle Street Station a few years ago to welcome Sarah Bernhardt.

Madame arrived in the Vanderbilt private car, the Mayflower, and the crowd was so big and so demonstrative that police reserves had to be called out. Eleven of the deft-fingered gentry were yanked out of that mass of citizens.

Treasure and Tramps.

Again, the station detectives must be particularly on the alert when the "money-cars"—express-cars laden with cash from the East—come in. Every night, at the Central Station, an American Express train rolls in from New York bearing, sometimes, as much as a million dollars in coin and bills.

Every man on that train is armed, and from the time it hits the Central yard till all the cars are unloaded the station detectives are very much awake. Any stranger lurking about the cars is ordered out of the station.

Another duty of both uniformed and plain-clothes men at the Chicago terminals is to keep an eye open for tramps. "Chi," the hobo name for the city, marks a break in the transportation across the continent, not only of regular travelers, but also of the country's unemployed wanderers. Fully five hundred of the Weary Willie class enter and leave the city daily, all riding on the trucks of freight-cars, in box cars, or on the blind baggage.

In the Kingdom of Idleness "Chi" is the hobo's Elysian Field. Here he can live cheaper than in any other great American city. So every hobo, east or west, has "Chi" on his itinerary for a visit at least once a year. To "spot" these vagrants, then, and to hand them over to the law is part of the daily routine of the station railroad police.

"And ain't they generous to one another when they have money!" said a railroad secret-service man. "I spotted a hobo here (Union Station) the other night as he oozed out of an empty stable-car—one of those palace horse-cars that carries draft-horses to the farms of the Northwest.

"I nabbed that hobo and—what do you think? He said: 'You can't turn me over to no vagrancy officer, mister, 'cause I ain't technically a tramp. I've got money.' And he flashed a roll of bills—said there was a hundred and twenty dollars in it, and it sure looked it.

"Two days later, that man loafed past the station. He told me he had spent the whole wad in one night, treating vagrants in a rooming-house. He was now penniless, he said, and was looking for the loan of a nickel. I told him that if I caught him loitering about any stable-car in my jurisdiction I'd see that he had free board and lodging for at least ten days."

The most remarkable tramp I heard of at the terminals was an old man of eighty-three, well known at the Union Station. He had once been the owner of a great plantation and many slaves in Virginia, but for years had tramped about the Middle West mending pans and pots and umbrellas, and passing—or being passed—from town to town.

At the time of my visit to Chicago a lawyer from Virginia was in the city in search of the heir to a large estate.

Pursued by a Fortune.

"For years I have been searching the country over for the man," said the Virginian to the police at the Union Station. "And now I believe that the tramp you tell me of is the man I'm looking for. I heard he was in Detroit, but couldn't find him there. Then I learned that he had been seen riding in and out of Chicago on box cars, and so here I am.

"Years ago he was left an estate by a relative in Virginia. The estate is still unsettled. If you spot the old fellow around this station please jail him and notify police headquarters, where I've left my address. That old tramp is worth at least a hundred thousand dollars, and he doesn't know it."

One day at the Union Station I saw a distinguished-looking man, dressed, Western fashion, in broad sombrero and frock coat. He, too, was indirectly of the railroad secret service. He was then on his way to Butte, Montana, and a mighty interesting individual he was. He could spin thrilling yarns by the hour of the pursuit and capture of railroad bandits.

His name? Ed Reed. As an assistant superintendent of the Pinkertons at

Chicago he took part in the chase, through five States, and capture of the notorious railroad bandit, Kid Curry (Harry Logan), whose story I told in the February issue of this magazine.

Ed Reed had had a hand in what was the most remarkable train murder on record. The murdered man's name was Tate, and he was a well-known railroad official. At the time he met his death he was riding in his special car over the line in Texas.

Tate's train was running at high speed. He and his fellow officers of the road were sitting at the observation end of the car. The door stood open by not more than one inch. Suddenly Tate fell over dead, a bullet through his head plumb between the eyes.

No one in that car had heard the report of the gun or revolver. There was not a mark or a scratch of any kind on the door or the casing to indicate the flight of a bullet. How, then, was Tate murdered?

That question agitated Pinkerton men, and railroad bandit-hunters generally, for weeks

The Mystery and Its Solution.

A few hours after the tragedy the Texas police jailed a cow-puncher who admitted that he had fired a shot at about the time Tate was hit, near the place of the murder, and in the direction of the train. One chamber of his revolver was empty when he was captured.

And what was worse for him, he confessed that he had long nursed a grudge against Tate. Yet he denied all knowledge of the crime, declaring that he was perfectly innocent. Nevertheless, he was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

At this juncture Ed Reed, Pinkerton man and expert hunter of railway bad men, took a hand in the case. He had been investigating "on the quiet" and was convinced that the cow-puncher was guiltless. Also, he believed that a negro called "Buck" was the murderer of Tate.

He caused Buck's arrest, and the negro confessed that he had hidden on the steps of Tate's car, had fired the fatal shot through the narrow space between the door and the jamb, and had then jumped off the flying train without sustaining serious injury. By securing this confession Ed Reed saved the cow puncher's neck.

When Ed Reed passed through Chicago on his way to Butte he said he was going to the Northwest to establish several branch offices of the North American Secret Service, of which he is president, a part of his business being to find the few remaining active railroad bandits of the Northwest, and to land them, if necessary, in cemeteries.

At Her Journey's End.

Be a "mixer" among railroaders for a time, campaign with them, and you will learn that a really surprising number of passengers—on the wing, as it were—reach romantic and crucial moments in their lives, and even supreme moments, at a railroad depot.

At the La Salle Street Station they told me of a little love-story that reached its climax in the station there that very week. A pretty girl alighted from a Lake Shore and Michigan Southern train to fall, half laughing, half crying, into the arms of a handsome, strapping young man. Then, holding hands like two children, the lovers hurried through the station, oblivious of the stare of the Public. And the place they hastened to direct from the station was a parsonage.

That pretty girl was a rosy-cheeked English maiden, from a village near the great and only Oxford. At the La Salle Street Station she had completed a four-thousand-mile journey to Chicago—by the liner Ivernia, and then westward ho! *via* Boston—in response to a hurry call to her own wedding.

The groom, a handsome, strapping man, who met his sweetheart at the train, was from Birmingham, Alabama. He had come all the way to Chicago in order that the marriage-knot might be tied by a friend from England.

A Race with Death.

Some passengers, in their flight through this great gateway between East and West, are following a trail that leads to tragedy. There was Mrs. "Jim"

Farley, bride of a successful miner at Butte. Her flight through Chicago was part of a race with Death—a race of nearly six thousand miles, from Dublin, Ireland, to the Montana city that lies over copper mines.

She had married Farley, only a few months before, in the Irish capital. Farley then came to America to "seek his fortune," leaving his bride behind. At Butte he secured a good job, saved his money, and was about to send for his wife to join him when pneumonia laid him low.

Convinced that he would not rise again, he cabled the woman of his heart to hasten to him with all speed over sea and land, in the hope that she might reach him before the end. A fast Cunarder brought the wife from Queenstown; a Pennsylvania flier brought her to Chicago.

At the Union Station she flew to station-master Glenn's office, asked anxiously about her connecting train, and was told that a Burlington train at that moment had steam up for Butte, *via* Billings.

Did she win the race with the Great Mystery? It is strange how the stories of sequels of flights like that are carried up and down the lines for thousands of miles by railroad men. Yes! Trainmen at the Union Station knew that the brave little Irish bride won her race—by ninety minutes!

Couldn't Beat the Stork.

Chicago trains have raced with the stork, too. Out of the Central Station, on April 23, drew a Big Four train bound for Indianapolis. At a station one hour out Conductor James, much flurried, rushed into the telegraph operator's office and sent a message to Dr. Garstang, the railroad physician at Indianapolis, saying: "Meet train on arrival." Then, still greatly excited, and with an apoplectic flush on his face, he ran up to the locomotive and addressed the engineer solemnly.

"Feely," he said, "let her out. Do your darndest. There's a stork racing with this train, and I want you to beat it into Indianapolis."

But, despite all the "darndest" of Engineman Feely and his fireman, the stork won.

There is a certain class of passengers that trainmen dread above all others. They are the people who board a train intent upon self-destruction. Of such passengers station men are prone to say afterward: "I knew it. I spotted that person as a suicide. Thought something was queer with him [or her], but didn't like to butt in."

Passengers Trainmen Shun.

Railroaders at the Central Station, Chicago, made these remarks in relation to a Michigan Central passenger, a young woman, who boarded a train there bound for New York. When that train was running nearly sixty miles an hour, near Kalamazoo, the young woman jumped off. For hours she lay unconscious beside the track, till the crew of a passing freight-train picked her up. In the caboose, on the way into Kalamazoo, she died.

On hearing the news the Pullman ticket-seller at the Chicago depot remembered that "she acted queer" when she asked for "a whole stateroom" in a sleeper, and the gateman recalled that she seemed a "strange sort of lady" when he punched her ticket. Even the negro porter who carried her bag aboard the train was sure that the lady had "acted kinder off in her haid."

Such gruesome happenings "on the line" cling for years in the memory of station men. Yarns of this sort are recited over and over again, till the listener wonders if his hair will ever lie flat again.

Just one more station tragedy—myself, this time, an eye-witness. On a Sunday evening (it was April 28), while I sat in the station-master's office at the Union Station, in walked a boy with a telegram containing a request that an invalid-chair meet an incoming train of the St. Paul, from the west. That is one of the station-master's rules—conductors must wire ahead for invalid-chairs, when needed, to save time.

I determined to see what part that wheeled chair was to play in the destiny of a human life. When the train thundered in a very weak old man was car-

ried out of a Pullman and tenderly placed in the waiting chair. "To the Auditorium Annex," he said feebly.

I was myself stopping at the Annex, and thither I hurried. I found that the invalid was Dr. H. S. Wood, of Utica, New York, on his way East from Pasadena, California. During the night he moved on "to the pale realm of shades." And once more the railroad terminal figured in the destiny of that man when his remains, on Monday, were put aboard a train to be carried eastward to his old home.

That same Sunday evening I stopped in at the entrance at the Northwestern Station. An elderly man, "stepping lively," crossed the concourse on his way out of the building. With a jerky movement of his hand he saluted the gateman, the baggageman, the station policeman, and the carriage agent.

"Know who that is?" asked a conductor from whom I was seeking information of the early days of the Northwestern

"Yes. That's Marvin Hughitt, the president of the Northwestern Railroad. But what's he doing down here on Sunday night? Working?"

A Man Who Never Rests.

"Right!" assented the conductor, who had been many years in the service of the Northwestern. "Marvin Hughitt," he went on, "never does anything but work. He's never done anything else in his whole life. That's why he's the boss of the greatest railway out of Chicago. In fifteen years he has not taken a vacation of more than a few days at a time. The longest rest he ever allowed himself was two weeks in the White Mountains."

Besides stories of passengers, trainmen come into the terminals from their runs west and east with all sorts of tales in which the heroes are members of their own fraternity.

"In the early days of the Illinois Central," said Conductor Meeks, at the Central Station, "I was working on the Louisiana division on construction work We had a section-foreman named O'Callahan. One day the roadmaster ordered O'Callahan to build a tool-house at a spot exactly half-way between two particular mile-posts.

"To locate the desired spot midway, O'Callahan said to one of his trackmen: 'I'll walk south from the north mile-post, and you walk north from the south post. We'll start at exactly the same time, and the place where we meet will be the half-way point.'

"This plan was carried out. At the spot where the two men came together O'Callahan proceeded to build a shanty for the storage of tools. Hardly had he finished the job, however, when along came one of the company's surveyors, saying:

O'Callahan's Mistake.

"'O'Callahan, I've heard how you located that midway point, and I want to tell you that you're off in your reckoning. You are a tall man with a seven-league-boot stride, while the man who did the walking from the other end is a sawed-off-and-hammered-down dub with a step like a dancing-master. Now, I've measured the distance, and find that your tool-house is ninety feet nearer to the south post than to the one at the north. You'd better fix the matter before the roadmaster hears of your blunder and calls you down.'

"A week later the roadmaster turned up.

"'Well, O'Callahan; is that tool-house exactly half-way between the two mile-posts?'

"'Yes, sir; precisely half way.'

"'But I hear that you built the shanty, at first, on the wrong spot, too near, by ninety feet, to the south post. Did you have any bother moving the house to the right place?'

"'Not a bit of bother, sir. I didn't move the house. I moved the post.'"

At the Dearborn Station an Erie conductor took off his hat and showed me a printed slip pasted on the inner side of the band. It was a poem, headed "Morning Prayer."

"Tell you where that came from," he said. "The original, on an illuminated card, hangs over General Superintendent Dunkle's desk, in his office at Cleveland. It was composed by his chief clerk, and comes mighty near hitting the spot for railroad workers. Read it."

The lines were as follows:

Now I get me up to work,
I pray the Lord I may not shirk.
If I should die before the night,
I pray the Lord my work's all right

Czar of the Union Station.

The overlords of the Chicago terminals are, of course, the station-masters. At the Union Depot the "old man of the station" is Mr. T. M. Glenn. He is the Czar of a realm which has not been closed to the public for one minute, day or night, since the day it was opened, thirty years ago. He makes the station rules. Also, he sees that they are obeyed

One day an engineman neglected to keep his fire under control while standing in the station-shed, and the big iron horse forthwith began blowing off steam and emitting clouds of smoke, and making a rumpus generally. That engineman was promptly "jacked up" by the "old man of the station."

Another engineman once dared to "oil up" on a station platform. That was a heinous offense, and the engineman was unmercifully called down by Mr. Glenn Engineers in the Union Station simply must not spread oil where passengers are likely to track it into Pullmans

Courtesy is the key-note sounded by the overlords of all the terminals, and all the station employees must keep in tune. Take the gateman, for instance, the one at the Union Depot. He wears an imposing uniform, and is, to some passengers, the "functionary" responsible for all belated trains and all sorts of travelers' woes. Old ladies tell him he "ought to do better," and disgruntled commuters assail him with verbal pyrotechnics.

And yet this gateman must, under all conditions, maintain a courteous demeanor toward even the grumpiest passengers. A suburban train from Lake Forest came into the Union Depot too late for a certain passenger to make his express connection for the East. The belated man buttonholed the gateman and made him the auditor of abuse of all Chicago roads and the employees thereof. He ended his harangue by blaming the gateman personally and comprehensively for all his troubles.

Mark, now, how that gateman turned the other cheek. While delivering the peroration of his speech of abuse the spluttering passenger's hat blew off and rolled down the platform under the wheels of the Southwest Limited Whereupon the gateman, on his hands and knees, crawled under the Pullman, recovered the hat, and politely returned it to the fuming passenger, just as though the latter were the sweetest-tempered and most reasonable man that had ever passed the iron wicket of a terminal station

Next Train West.

A certain humorous incident occurs many times daily in Mr. Glenn's office. "Station Master" is the sign in big letters that hangs over his door, on the great concourse. Passengers, seeing the sign, decide that here is the place for information. So they stop and ask: "When's the next train west?"

Next train west! Imagine such a question in the face of the fact that more than one hundred and thirty trains of many different classes over half a dozen different roads leave the Union Station for the West every day, and as many more trains over as many more different for the East!

Yes, the more you learn of the inner life of the great terminal the more certain you become that the "old man of the station" has troubles that passengers wot not of

(To be continued.)

Many men worry so much about what they can't do that they never have time to look around and find something they can do.—Chief Despatcher.

Mainly About R.R. People.

A Few Facts From the Records of Some of the Men Who Are Making Railroad History on the Great Systems of the United States.

N. Y. CENTRAL'S MEN.

Where They Came From, Where They Have Got To, and How They Got There.

SEVERAL important changes have recently taken place in the executive positions of the New York Central system, among them being the following:

E. P. Crowley has been appointed assistant general manager of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad, being promoted from the position of general superintendent in charge of freight traffic west of Albany. Mr. Crowley's railroad career began twenty-nine years ago, with the Erie, as a telegraph operator.

He was with the Erie until 1899 as operator, station-agent, and train-despatcher, leaving to go to the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg as train-despatcher. He was appointed chief despatcher when the road was leased to the New York Central, and was later made trainmaster

In 1900 he became chief trainmaster of the Pennsylvania division, and in 1901 was appointed superintendent of that division. In 1906 he was promoted to general superintendent in charge of freight traffic west of Albany, the position he is now leaving.

The post of general superintendent at Syracuse, rendered vacant by Mr. Crowley's promotion, has been filled by the appointment of James H Hustis, who is promoted from the superintendency of the Hudson division. Mr. Hustis began with the New York Central, in 1878, as office-boy in the office of the general superintendent, passing gradually up through the grades of chief clerk, acting trainmaster, trainmaster, assistant superintendent, and superintendent.

Succeeding Mr. Hustis as superintendent of the Hudson division is Frederick T. Slack, promoted from passenger trainmaster at the Grand Central Station. Entering the service of the Hudson River Railroad in 1868, Mr Slack has risen from the lowest rank.

In 1873 he was transferred to the Harlem division, returning to the Hudson division in 1886. Up to 1878 he served on these divisions as a brakeman. In 1878 he was promoted to conductor, and in 1892 he was made station-master of the Grand Central Station, being appointed passenger trainmaster in 1895.

W. J. Fripp, who is appointed to the post of assistant general superintendent of the Boston and Albany, entered the employ of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad as yard clerk at West Albany twenty-seven years ago. He was later made timekeeper and chief clerk, and was then transferred to the superintendent's office, where he remained four years. He has been successively general despatcher, freight trainmaster, passenger trainmaster, assistant superintendent, and superintendent of the River division, from which position he is now promoted.

The new superintendent of the River division, succeeding Mr. Fripp, is Miles Bronson. Mr. Bronson was born in the province of Assam, British India, where his father was a Baptist missionary. He entered on railroad work in 1890, in the law department of the Grand Trunk.

In 1895 he became secretary to S. R. Callaway, president of the New York, Chicago and St. Louis. In 1897 he was appointed superintendent of the Buffalo Terminal road, at that time under construction, but before the road was completed he came to New York with Mr Callaway, as his secretary at the Grand Central Station. Later he was made assistant to the president, and in 1900 he became superintendent of the Harlem division.

Before embarking on a railroad career Mr. Bronson worked as a grocer's boy, and was a good grocer's boy at that. On the Harlem division he is succeeded by Gerard Van Tassell, who has seen thirty-four years' uninterrupted service on the division of which he is now superintendent. He entered the employ of the road as operator at Croton Falls, in 1872. In 1880 he was appointed operator and despatcher

at Dover Plains, and in 1880 was made chief despatcher, with headquarters at White Plains. In 1900 he was appointed trainmaster of the Harlem division, which post he filled until his latest promotion.

FISH IN THE WORKSHOPS.

Son of a Famous Railroad Man Seeks Experience in Shops, Stations, and Signal Towers.

RAILROADING with Stuyvesant Fish, Jr., son of the ex-president of the Illinois Central, is a serious matter, so serious, indeed, that he is entering the Rock Island shops in Chicago as a common workman. He has already had some experience along this line, having worked in the shops of the Illinois Central, as well as in the traffic department of that road, and having been engaged for two months at the station at Attica, Indiana, on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois, a leased line of the Rock Island.

While there he took lessons in train-signaling, handling switches, and copying orders for engineers and conductors, sometimes working all night, in order to master station routine. He will begin at his new job with a salary of sixty dollars a month, and when he has thoroughly acquired the necessary mechanical knowledge he will go to the Chicago and Eastern Illinois traffic department to learn the details of the traffic business.

ONLY BLIND OPERATOR.

McDonald, Who Has Encountered the Greatest of All Difficulties, and How He Is Winning Out.

GILBERT MDONALD is said to be the most wonderful telegrapher in the world. He lives at Maunie, Illinois, a little village on the Louisville and Nashville, and has been blind almost since his birth. He is twenty-five years old, and in the course of his life has done various things to support his widowed mother, including selling papers, blacking shoes, and running errands

While he was a boy a strong friendship grew up between him and John W. Foster, the agent at the station, and the blind boy would sit for hours listening to the click of the instruments. Foster asked him, one day, if he would like to learn telegraphy. He answered that he would.

In less than a month he could send, and in less than six months he could receive or send at a wonderful rate, having made himself proficient at the typewriter. This was his only schooling. He had to learn the meaning of words gradually, but he soon had command of over two thousand, which he mastered with the help of his sisters. He had also learned to make change, sell tickets, and weigh baggage

One day the agent was away, and the superintendent, coming to the station, was startled to see a blind boy selling tickets, making change, and answering questions with the confidence and accuracy of an experienced agent. The superintendent got the officials interested in the boy, and he was sent to the State School for the Blind at Jacksonville. Since then he has worked for the Western Union, and is as fast as any operator on the line

AT PITTSBURGH IN 1877.

Augustus Dowdell, the Man Who Sat through Fire and Riot in the Discharge of Duty.

AUGUSTUS DOWDELL, who died recently in Philadelphia, was well known among railroad men, first coming into prominence through the part he played in the riots at Pittsburgh in July, 1877. During those troubles the Pennsylvania Railroad lost property to the value of five million dollars, for part of which the company was reimbursed by the city.

At that time Mr. Dowdell was a young telegraph operator, and it fell to his lot to be stationed at the Union Depot for the purpose of sending messages to officials who were in consultation outside the city. Soon the station was set on fire, but the young operator stuck to his post. His only reply to the angry rioters who threatened him through the window was to place a loaded revolver on his desk in full view.

At last the heat became so intense as to render further tenancy of the office impossible, and Dowdell concluded with this short message: "Fire too hot. Good night"

This feat attracted the notice of President Thomas A. Scott, who made him his private secretary. Mr. Dowdell was also of great service in rendering personal protection to the late A. J. Cassatt during the riots, at the time of which Mr. Cassatt was vice-president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Dowdell was born in Philadelphia, in 1854.

MIDNIGHT MAIL MYSTERY.

BY HELEN TOMPKINS.

Events of a Night When an Operator and a Detective Play at Cross-Purposes.

CHAPTER I.

An Hour Late.

JOHN WESTCOTT was nothing if not methodical. He lighted the one lamp in his tiny box of an office, as he was in the habit of doing every evening, just as the last flicker of light faded out of the western sky, and when that was done closed his door and made everything snug for the night.

His was rather a lonely life, that of telegraph operator at Curtis, a little station on the Coal Meadow Railway, thirty-nine miles from Maplewood. The town was not large, and his office, so far as work was concerned, was something of a sinecure. Only four trains a day ordinarily stopped at Curtis, two from the north and two from the south.

The first from the north, locally known as the "accommodation," was a mixed train, dragging at the tail of a string of freights, usually loaded with fragrant cypress logs or ranks of fresh yellow-pine boards, a dirty passenger-coach cut in half by an inadequate partition bearing on one side the legend, "For Colored Passengers," and on the other, "For Whites Only." This train always stayed at Curtis ten minutes—sometimes longer.

The second train, popularly termed the "local," was a freight-train only. It usually stopped long enough for orders and to allow the discharge of certain articles of freight. The conductor was a cousin of Westcott's, and the two men usually foregathered in the tiny office and exchanged news of a personal and family nature while the business of the Coal Meadow was more or less speedily transacted.

The history of the Coal Meadow was an interesting part of the history of the State. In the first place, for many years it had had a monopoly of the railroad business.

And then one day a young man with rather more money than discretion gathered together some men of his own kind and the South Western built a road from a place on the borders of the State a couple of hundred miles north of Aslin to Maplewood, the State capital. The young man, as well as his coadjutors, had visions of the beginning of a mammoth railroad system, built along original lines and managed in a striking manner, that should one day stretch from the Lakes to the Gulf. Therefore, they threw down the gauntlet of defiance to the rival road by building their own nearly parallel with it from Aslin to Maplewood.

Money was spent very freely at first—and as long as it lasted—by the South Western people. The Coal Meadow naturally fought them tooth and nail, with such success that at the end of five years the South Western went into quiet and unobtrusive bankruptcy. Even the traveling public, although the road still ran dilatory and occasional trains, practically ignored its existence.

The South Western track made a détour three or four miles above Curtis and swung to the left far enough to miss the town entirely by about six miles. It was generally understood that trouble of a personal nature between some of the officials of the road and one or two of the Curtisites was responsible for the fact that the town had been left in the lurch. For this reason Curtis displayed little concern when the South Western went into the hands of a receiver.

There was a passenger-train from the south due at Curtis at noon on the Coal Meadow. It was always late, but was of rather more local importance than the other trains, and there was a freight-train, to which little attention was paid. Sometimes the latter stopped at Curtis for water, but oftener it did not.

In the meantime, traffic on the Coal Meadow grew almost as rapidly as did trouble on the South Western. Train after train of stately Pullman cars, gay with paint and gaudy with varnish labeled with all sorts of fantastic names, thundered through Curtis, with charmingly garbed femininity toying with grapefruit or ices at tables shining with silver and damask and cut glass, and well dressed men lounging lazily in the observation cars, smoking or gazing at the flying landscape in huge content.

Sometimes these railway aristocrats stopped at Curtis long enough for the engines to drink from the heavy water-tanks that frowned above the lines of gleaming rails, but not often. The road bed was well-nigh perfect from Aslin, twenty miles on one side of Curtis, to Maplewood, the State capital, on the other, and the experienced engineers usually trusted to the clean sweep of level track lying between to make up for unhappy grades and heart-breaking bits of road-bed lying to the south.

The event of the twenty-four hours, so far as Westcott was concerned, was the passing of the south-bound Midnight Mail, due at Maplewood at 12.15. It carried only a single passenger-coach, a dining-car, and a sleeper, and was the pride of the Coal Meadow. It was due at Curtis at 11.50, and thundered by the rocking platform of the little station like a dust-scattering, foul-smelling thing of evil.

Pessimistic Curtisites, unaccustomed to high speed, were of the opinion that some night an imperfect flange or a spreading rail would fling the Midnight Mail rocket-like through the tiny building. Perhaps it was an unacknowledged touch of the same belief that gave the train such a fascination for John Westcott.

Invariably he found himself listening for the derisive hoot of the iron monster as, guided by the reckless hands of "Shorty" Dismukes, it hurled itself like a catapult down the level ladder of ties between the shining steel rails. Although there was no reason why he should stay up to wait for it, he always made an inquiry about it the last thing before he closed his little office for the night.

He had turned away from the flare of the lamp this autumn night in the tiny room, when a voice at his side made him start sharply.

"Are you busy, Mr. Westcott? If you are not, may I have a few words with you?"

Certainly," said the operator at once. "Who is it? Oh, Mr. Airlie! If you will sit down for just one moment, sir, I will be quite at your service."

Airlie sat down a little uncertainly, as if he had not been quite sure of his welcome. He was a keen-eyed young chap, and he gazed rather curiously at the operator as he did so. Westcott shifted some signals that gave the right of way to a cattle-train from the south bound for Kansas City, and then sat down again, across the little table from his caller.

"I didn't know that you were in town," he remarked, with a perceptible effort to appear at his ease.

"Yes, I came in across the country this morning. I haven't had time to look you up before."

"Same old business?"

"The same old business, yes, and a fat lot of trouble I am having with it. What about Price, Westcott?"

Westcott started, flashed a keen glance at his interrogator, then, evidently with something of an effort, repressed an ejaculation

"Which Price?" he asked, with a fine air of indifference.

"Abner Price, the old chap who lives about half a mile from Curtis. Do you know anything about him?"

"Not very much," confessed Westcott "He drops in at the office, here, occasionally—not often. Why?"

"Well, the old man has a half-idea that Price may be responsible for a part of the trouble that the Coal Meadow has been having lately. Have you heard anything to lead you to believe that the old chap had a grudge against the railroad?"

"Not a word." The operator spoke with some warmth. "There's nothing in

it, Airlie, as you ought to know. Price is a crack-brained old fellow—"

"With a daughter?"

Westcott flushed. "Yes, he has a daughter, although I must confess that I utterly fail to see what that has to do with it," he said stiffly.

Airlie grinned; then his eyes narrowed as he looked at the other.

"Have you seen the last article published in the *Globe?*" he asked.

"A late one?"

"In the issue of day before yesterday. And, by Jove! it's had its effect, old man, the thing has. The general manager says that traffic has been cut in half since the trouble began, a month ago. Of course, our people had an idea, at first, that the South Western was responsible for the fuss, but they've had to give that idea up.

"It's to their interest, all right, to give the Coal Meadow the double-cross, but there's not brains enough in the whole push to put up a job like that."

He had been fumbling in his pockets as he spoke. Finally he succeeded in unearthing the paper he sought from among a heterogeneous mass of articles and laid it down on the table in front of the operator under the flare of the lamplight. It ran:

> The public is hereby warned that the road-bed of the Coal Meadow, especially that part of it lying between Aslin and Maplewood, is extremely unsafe. The railway, with the reckless disregard of human life peculiar to great corporations, has refrained from spending the money necessary to put the track in even ordinary repair.
>
> As an inevitable consequence, a disaster may be confidently expected at any time—a casualty amounting to a crime—in which many helpless and innocent lives will be remorselessly sacrificed to the heartless greed of a soulless corporation.
>
> The Midnight Mail is the train for which most apprehension is felt, as the high rate of speed renders even ordinary principles of prudence impossible and the interests of the traveling public a secondary consideration. Twice during the month of September a horrible tragedy was narrowly averted only by the personal exertions of one of the railway employees who happened to rate flesh and blood higher than speed and money.
>
> This warning is given in good faith, and with the hope that it may have its effect. Let the public beware!

"Now, what do you think of that?" asked Airlie admiringly. "Isn't it a peach? Calculated to reassure the nervous traveling public, eh?"

But Westcott only looked back at him helplessly.

"I suppose there is no truth in what that article says?" he remarked, a little doubtfully.

Airlie laughed contemptuously. "About the road, you mean?" he asked.

"Yes, about the road."

"The condition of either the track or the rolling-stock of the Coal Meadow is as little your concern as it is mine, young man," Airlie replied, with a stern gravity which the mildness of his face belied. "We are paid, you and I, you know, to do a certain line of work; and I, for one, remember being told, when I was a child, that there were many cases on record of people who had attained to vast wealth by simply attending strictly to their own business and leaving other folks alone. Not that I am at present aware of any bright and shining examples of that class," he added impartially, as an afterthought.

"Then the road has really suffered from these anonymous attacks?"

"The road has suffered undoubtedly. You see, Westcott, there is a man of brains back of this business, although what the deuce he means or what he hopes to gain by his actions I must confess I fail to see. There hasn't been a thing, so far, that the general manager and his satellites, sly old foxes that they are, have been able to get hold of.

"For instance, an article appeared in the *Globe* last week with reference to the condition of a certain railway bridge north of Aslin. It was about four miles from town, and the article declared that it was extremely unsafe, and actually on the verge of collapse. The Coal Meadow sent an attorney—Gresham, by the way—to the editor, and demanded a retraction and the name of the man who was responsible for the unprovoked attack.

"The editor rode a high horse, at first, and talked independent enough. But when Gresham showed him plainly that

the road had pretty good grounds for a nice little libel suit he got down and talked sense. But they were never able to learn the name of the writer of that article.

"And where a dozen people read the letter about the dangerous condition of the bridge, printed with flaming headlines on the front page, possibly one or two saw a feeble retraction of the same article in a bare half-dozen lines printed in small type and tucked away in a corner

"It's pretty safe to assume that at least one-half the people who did read it believed that the first article told the truth, and that the Coal Meadow had later bought the editor. There is something rotten on foot, old man, and the railroad would give a pretty penny to know just what it is."

"What in the world ever led you to believe that Price had anything to do with it?" asked John Westcott, a trifle disgustedly.

"Well, several things. To begin with, he is a disgruntled old fool who is said to be at war with the world generally, and with corporations in particular. The articles written for the papers, as well as the different circulars that have been scattered broadcast, are clearly the work of an educated man.

"The writer is presumably, also, from this territory—at least, his familiarity with this part of the road would indicate as much. Price, or so I have heard, is a college graduate. I never said that he was the party who was guilty, you know. I only suggested that he might be."

"Well, I can tell you that he isn't," said the operator gloomily. "I have come to know the old man pretty well in the last few weeks, Airlie, and he's not that sort"

"It beats me!" said Airlie.

If he still held to his original opinion of Price's guilt, he at least abandoned the open expression of it cheerfully enough

"You see, Westcott, there are only three motives that could actuate a fellow in a matter like this. A grudge against the corporation, an unbalanced mind, or a general craving for notoriety. The Coal Meadow has its fighting-clothes on now, and means to make somebody suffer. It ought to be an easy matter to get hold of the fellow—"

"You don't seem to have found it so," retorted Westcott. "But you came down here to ask me to do something, Airlie. What is it you want?"

"Pretty slow place, this is—for an ambitious man," remarked Airlie irrelevantly. "It's like being out of the world to my mind. How would you like a place at Centre, Westcott? Your people live there, don't they?"

"I have a brother there," said the operator slowly. A dull-red spot was burning in either cheek, and his voice was hoarse. "What is it, Airlie?" he asked again dully.

"If it was me, you know," remarked Airlie casually, "I should look at the matter in a practical way and from a common-sense standpoint. On the one hand—and in this case clearly in the right—is a great corporation with unlimited money and unlimited influence behind it. On the other hand—"

The red spots in Westcott's thin cheeks had deepened in color. "What is it you are asking me to do?" he asked again mechanically

"On the other hand, just as you have so sensibly said"—Westcott had said nothing of the kind—"there is a poor, deserving young man with only God knows how many ungratified wants. Unless, to be sure, you are a man of infernal anarchistic principles—"

"I am no anarchist," said the young fellow with the ungratified wants bluntly. "What is it that you want, Airlie?"

"The salary will be double, you know," hinted the detective. "Double pay, and a chance to live among congenial people and to see something of the world. Why, I'm no unreasonable man, I hope, but I'd just as soon be dead and buried as to have to live here in this God-forsaken hole."

"You must want a whole lot from me, and you must be mighty doubtful about being able to get it, if I am to judge from the preamble of your remarks," said Westcott shrewdly. "What is it, Airlie?"

"A sight of old Price's handwriting," said Airlie at last bluntly. "The Coal Meadow recognized their adversary's fine Italian hand in the article published in

the last *Globe*, and they've got the original of that article—no matter where they got it. It cost them a pretty sum, I can tell you that, to lay their hands on the thing.

"And they've got mighty good reason to believe that Price is their man. But to save my life, although I've already wasted twenty-four hours on the job, I haven't been able to get a scrap of paper with his fist on it. The Coal Meadow wants this—it wants it bad—and is ready and willing to pay for it.

"The question now is whether or not you can help us a bit. You've been in Price's house more than once, and he's been here, I am told, more than a dozen times. What are you going to do about it?"

The purple flush on the operator's face faded to a dingy pink, and then vanished altogether. His jaws set in an ugly bulldog fashion that made his rather plain face unprepossessing enough.

"Wait a minute," he said thickly. He spoke as if his mouth was full of porridge or his throat choked with cotton-wool. And he did not look at Airlie. "Wait a minute," he repeated. "I ask Aslin about the Midnight Mail every night."

He did not once lift his eyes to the other's face as he spoke. Airlie was an old operator. He had handled a key more than once before he dropped into the softer and more lucrative berth of railroad detective. He listened with little interest to the operator's call for Aslin and his inquiry about the Midnight Mail, already nearly due at that place. And he heard, still indifferently, Aslin's answer.

> Reported at station above, Catlin, one hour late, but way clear and likely to make up time. Good night

Westcott touched the key again, a little uncertainly. Then, with his back to the instrument, he turned and faced Airlie again, his jaw set hard in a sullen bulldog curve.

"I've put the matter squarely before you now, Westcott," said the detective in a conciliatory tone. "A better berth and double pay for a scrap of paper with old Price's signature on it. What do you say?"

"I say *no!*" said Westcott, with a deadly earnestness in his usually gentle voice. "I would not betray a friend who trusted me for every dirty dollar that the Coal Meadow owns. You can tell the general manager that I said so."

CHAPTER II.

The Borrowed Hand-Car.

AIRLIE whistled softly under his breath. "It's your business, you know," he said pacifically as he shrugged his shoulders. "You needn't make a personal matter of it, however, since I am only carrying out instructions."

"I don't mean to make a personal matter of it," said the operator doggedly.

He was a little ashamed of his momentary heat, and he was thoroughly convinced of Price's innocence. If Airlie had only been tactful and sensible enough to have approached the subject in the right way this story might have ended before it was fairly begun. But Airlie was neither very tactful nor very sensible; he was a friend of young Westcott's, and he was heartily ashamed of the part which circumstances had forced him to play.

"Price is not in this, Airlie," said the operator, a little apologetically. "I tell you, I have come to know him rather well—"

"*And* his daughter?" questioned Airlie slyly.

"And his daughter — yes." John Westcott flushed a little. "Price has his head filled with all sorts of useless lumber—inventions and the like—and is just about as crack-brained, besides, as he can well be and keep out of an insane asylum. But the Coal Meadow does not enter into any of his wild schemes. I can assure you of that."

"All right—if you say so," said the detective cheerfully.

He had decided opinions of his own in the matter, opinions which did not coincide with the operator's exactly, but for the present he saw nothing whatever to be gained by dwelling on them.

"Hush! what is that?" he said suddenly.

"What?" asked his startled companion.

"Something—I don't know exactly what. It may have been a freight-train. But I heard no whistle Did you?"

"There's no train due now," said the operator. "The line has been cleared for the Midnight Mail. But sounds carry a long ways on a night like this I have noticed it many a time. Maybe it's an engine on the siding at Ouchita."

"Maybe it was," said Airlie carelessly.

He had opened the door as he spoke, and the two men stepped outside on the narrow platform in front of the tiny station. It was a singularly quiet night, so quiet that the fluttering of the sweet-gum leaves from the tree that overhung the platform was distinctly audible—so quiet that the faint dripping of water from the brimming reservoir only a few feet away could be heard. Early autumn as it was, there was a faint hint of ice in the air, and the thin frosting of stars in the sky above them looked coldly distant.

"Why, I do hear something!" said Westcott suddenly. "It sounds like—it is—a hand-car, Airlie! Something must be wrong down the track."

He had taken a few steps forward as he spoke, and, followed by the detective, stood squarely in the center of the track. The faint singing of the wheels as they bit into the frosty rails came to them more plainly from the south.

"Somebody has broken the lock on the tool house and stolen out the hand-car," said the operator. "They've given me trouble about it more than once before."

"Who has?" asked Airlie.

He was staring over Westcott's shoulder in the direction from which came the humming, now rapidly becoming more audible. A half-grown moon swung just clear of the pines along the track, and a long lane of light cleft the lesser darkness that marked the forest-fringed right of way.

Suddenly the sound of suppressed voices and a stifled laugh reached them. Some one was smoking, and the odor of an unusually vile cigar mingled with the breath of the frost-touched pines.

"Do you suppose he's asleep?" a voice asked.

"No, he is not asleep!" said the operator sternly. "What are you fellows doing with the railroad property?"

The hand-car stopped with a sudden jarring of the wheels. There were at least half a dozen men on the car. Two of them were smoking; one of them had a cigar. The smell of an atrocious pipe poisoned the night air. The men whispered together in carefully suppressed voices.

"Say, you fellows will have to put that hand-car back where you got it!" said Westcott peremptorily. He was no coward. "You know the rules—"

"We don't mean any harm, Mr. Westcott!" pleaded a youthful masculine voice. "It's all a lark, you know—"

"Where are you going?"

The spokesman for the party engaged in the wilful perversion of the railroad property to their own illegitimate use, evidently prompted by some one else, answered the question with a little less pleading in his voice.

"There's a blowout up the road at old Clark's," he said glibly. "We only borrowed the car, you see—"

"Well, you can't have it—that's all there is to it!" said the operator decidedly. "I've been jacked up more than once lately for carelessness, and I stand to lose my place if there are any more complaints. Take that car back and put it where it belongs!"

There was another stifled laugh, and more whispering. John Westcott, for all his brave stand and big words, was being put in a false position, and he knew it only too well. It was no part of the Coal Meadow's policy to antagonize public sentiment by undue severity, and he knew well enough that while he was expected to obey orders strictly, and stood to lose his place if he failed to do so, the railroad would sacrifice him mercilessly if he aroused unnecessary friction between the railroad employees and the people with whom they came in contact.

In this emergency he turned, naturally, to Airlie, who in a manner represented the legal aspect of the case, to back him up, only to find that Airlie had unaccountably disappeared. The whispering on the hand-car had ceased again, and in the thin moonlight only a jumble of dark forms could be seen. Westcott's pistol was back in the little office, even if he had cared to resort to it.

"I wish you fellows would put that car back," he said again, but less sternly this

time. "You can't have it, you know—it's simply out of the question. The Midnight Mail will be along, now, in less than an hour."

The whispering began again. "We'd better hurry," the operator heard one of the men say in a slightly startled fashion. "I had no idea that it was so late."

"I knew it was getting late," said another voice, one that had been silent before.

Something in the tone made Westcott shudder, it was so icily merciless. Before that he might have fancied that the whole thing was merely what they evidently wanted him to think that it was—a boyish lark. That voice told him that it wasn't.

Something more was afoot than an idle attendance on a dance at the mill, five miles above, or the thoughtless mingling of a lot of young people in a backwoods frolic. Besides, there was something in the situation—some intangible quality—some vague influence in the lowered voice that made its tones as familiar to Westcott as—Gifford Airlie's would have been

"There was a chap standing there with him a minute ago," said the last speaker, his voice still carefully lowered. "Wasn't there? I thought I saw two men."

"If you did, the other fellow has got out of the way, all right, now," said another voice consolingly. "You needn't mind about *him*."

A certain vague uneasiness began to stir in Westcott's veins. Airlie's desertion—the something that seemed so sinister in the hour and in the actions of the men—made him long inexpressibly for his revolver, back in the office of the station. Some one whispered again, and one of the men detached himself from the others and went forward toward the operator.

"Say, you just go on back there inside the office and let us alone, old man," he said persuasively. "You see—"

"You'll have to put that car back where you found it," said Westcott, half turning on his heel. "You fellows had as well take warning. I mean what I say."

He had turned with the faint idea of retreating to the office and getting his pistol. The possession of it and the vantage ground of the station would give him an advantage that he lacked out there on the right of way in the moonlight with half a dozen men or more against him. Besides, Airlie—

And just then the man who had quitted the hand-car flung himself at the operator's throat. He was as strong and wiry as a half-starved wildcat, and Westcott, a slight, not overmuscular man, went down before the onslaught.

The shock served, momentarily, to stun him. Before he could recover more than partially he had fallen face downward, and he felt himself seized roughly and turned over, while something cold and faintly sweet was forced down his aching throat.

When he recovered, after the lapse of what seemed only a moment to him, he found himself quite alone. The men had vanished, gone on their way unmolested, doubtless, and he could not even hear the humming of the rails under the wheels of the hand-car. So, he judged that possibly more time had passed than he had fancied—quite ten minutes, possibly—and that they were as safely beyond hearing as they were beyond sight.

Still a little faint and sick, and almost blind from a splitting headache that seemed to rack his very brain, he raised himself on his elbow, relieved to find that his assailants had evidently relied entirely upon the drug which they had forced down his throat, and had not bound him in any way.

His limbs were stiff and unmanageable at first, and his lungs still smarted and ached oddly as he tried to breathe more freely. Evidently, the men had borne him, personally, no ill will. They had simply meant to hinder, and not to harm, him.

He staggered to his feet slowly, noticing with a dull sense of surprise that the light was no longer burning in his little office, as he had been quite sure that he and Airlie had left it when they stepped outside, and that the moonlight was gone. As the sky above him was still cloudless, it was his first intimation that it was more than a few minutes since the attack upon him.

He judged now that possibly almost an hour had passed, but he could not hear the midnight train, and he knew

that on such a quiet night he should have been able to hear it at least from the time it left Ouchita, five miles away. And Airlie's absence troubled him unaccountably. He knew that Airlie was no coward

He would scarcely have held his place with the Coal Mountain if he had been. Had he, in the railroad's interests, avoided the trap into which Westcott had stumbled so clumsily by taking refuge in flight? Had he been cleverer, or less clever, than the operator had hoped or feared that he would be? What was the answer to this special phase of the riddle of the night?

It was only a few steps from the place where Westcott had been knocked down to the door of the office, but he was a long time covering this distance, for his limbs bent and twisted beneath his weight in a manner as painful as it would have been ludicrous under other circumstances. And still, strange to say, from all about him there was neither sign nor movement of living thing.

Even in so small a place as Curtis there was seldom a night when some idler did not find his way down to the railroad track to watch for the passing of the Midnight Mail. But to-night no one, at least so far as he could tell, was about.

Suddenly, just as he laid his hand on the door in the pitch-darkness illumined only by the light of a few pale stars, the operator heard a sound behind him that turned him faint again. It was the siren shriek of an engine roaring up from the south. There was a cattle-train somewhere on the line due to leave Maplewood after midnight and to arrive at Curtis at two o'clock.

It was with a sense of something like panic that Westcott realized that a fearful mistake had been made. Through some unaccountable error the cattle-train had been allowed to leave the Union Station at Maplewood, and with every signal on the line set clear for the passing of the Midnight Mail, was thundering toward Aslin on the express's time!

The train was running at a high rate of speed, even for a cattle-train that usually had the right of way over everything on the road except the mail and express. Just as Westcott thrust the door of the office open, staring backward over his shoulder he saw the engine tear past, rocking the tiny office with its foul breath. Shadowy cars, loaded with stirring, moaning cattle, flitted by him.

Before he could stir, or even cry out, the caboose at the end of the train slipped by, the jangling of iron flanges and steel rails died into an indefinite murmur, and the flicker of light at the tail of the caboose faded into a flickering star—and vanished.

Westcott could never tell how he managed to get inside the office in the darkness, or how he found and lighted his lamp. He found later that the palm of one hand was badly burned, so he judged that he had been too dazed to drop the lighted match after the wick of the lamp had been ignited, and had held the burning splinter in his hand until it was entirely consumed. He never knew what else he did or how he did it.

His brain was a mad jumble, with only one picture clearly imprinted on it and standing out clear and distinct; that was a mental portrait of the men and women and little children on the Midnight Mail, and of the head-end collision so sure and soon to come. He saw as in a mirror the débris of the awful wreck—heard the hissing of the escaping steam —the screams of the injured—the moan of the mangled—

When he came partly to his senses he was shaking like a leaf and crying like a hurt child. And the sounder was rattling like loose-strung metal beads under his shaking fingers.

"Al—Al—*Al—Al!* For God's sake, send call out for the wrecking-train. Cattle-cars just gone by running north to meet Midnight Mail somewhere on the line. Hurry—"

His sending broke and trailed off aimlessly. Aslin answered at once.

"What is the matter with you, you fool? The Midnight Mail nearly at the end of her run by this time. Look at the clock!"

Westcott raised his head stupidly. The tiny office was filling rapidly with greasy black smoke that was pouring out of the top of the lamp-chimney like liquid from a funnel. Above it the

stupid face of the idiotic moon faced clock stared back at him. It was three o'clock!

CHAPTER III.

On the Race-Track.

AT Aslin, that night, the Midnight Mail was held for a few minutes, an occurrence that was rather unusual, while the general manager's private car, the "Astarte," was coupled on to the rear end. Events that occurred afterward render it necessary to spend at least as much time in dwelling on the Astarte and her passengers, as well as on the driving force of the Midnight Mail, as the train itself spent in the yards at Aslin.

The general manager was a martinet in a small way. He was irascible, domineering, and obstinate in the extreme, unpardonably insolent to his inferiors, and testy and choleric enough even with those who fancied that their social importance nearly equaled his own.

His name was Morgan, and he was a rich man's son and a rich man's grandson. Neither circumstance helped his disposition in the least, even in his own imagination. He was a widower with one child, a daughter, who on this eventful night had prepared to accompany him on his customary trip over the road in the Astarte.

The colonel was not in a good humor, to begin with. He had been irritated almost to the verge of insanity by the fact that the Coal Meadow had been traduced and vilified by an unseen assailant whom they could neither identify nor crush. The Coal Meadow had spent money freely enough—money that might have been much better spent in strengthening the weak places in the road bed of the railroad—in trying to run down and punish this maligner of their interests.

Their efforts, so far, had been productive in the highest degree of just nothing at all. Then the colonel had allowed his temper to lead him into folly. With all the vigor and spirit of which he was capable he had flung himself into a wordy war with his unknown antagonist through the columns of the daily press.

The result was not a thing to which his friends could point with any degree of pride, nor did it noticeably increase the amount of travel on the Coal Meadow or the value of the rolling-stock of the company.

Since the chief efforts of the enemy had been to cast a shadow on the crack train of the system, the Midnight Mail, the colonel had decided that he could not show his faith in the road and in the train better than by taking his daughter and a small party of favored guests whom she had been entertaining in his private car over the road to the State capital.

He had seen to it that sufficient publicity had been given to the fact that Colonel Morgan, the general manager of the Coal Meadow Railway, his daughter Edith, attended by her chaperon, and a small party of guests from Windermere, the colonel's country home, near Aslin, among them an ex-Governor of the State and a United States Senator-elect, would on the night of October 15 reach Maplewood on the Midnight Mail.

Another fact that had been given much less publicity was the fact that, hidden in specie-bags in the express-car, on that same night of October 15, was nearly or quite one million dollars in shining gold. To go into the reasons for carrying such a large sum of money with no especial precautions to insure its safety would be to make a longer story than this one.

It is enough to say that the money belonged to a private individual whose faith in the Coal Meadow was as boundless as the colonel's faith in himself, and that the railroad in this instance chose to assume the entire responsibility for the safe transference of the coin from Aslin to Maplewood, where it would soon melt into the avenues of trade.

Some one had suggested to the general manager that it might be as well not to invite especial attention to this particular trip of the Midnight Mail by his attendance with his private car. But the general manager was as pig-headed and pugnacious as he was insolent.

He chose to resent the suggestion, which had been made in good faith, as

an imputation on his physical courage and his personal honor. After that, in defense of those rather doubtful and mildewed rags, he would have sacrificed even his own daughter to have carried his point.

The two Dismukes—Scotty and Shorty—both old and reliable railroad men, had been given charge of the Midnight Mail over the division which comprised the stretch of road lying between Aslin and Maplewood, popularly known as the race-track. On that night of October 15, however, something had happened, and it was one of the other men, and not Nate Rogers, who was firing for Shorty Dismukes.

The Midnight Mail had been delayed by a slight accident on the grade a few miles north of Aslin, and she was one hour and five minutes late when Shorty, with one hand on the throttle, sat waiting impatiently for the signal to pull out of Aslin.

"What's the matter?" asked the general manager fiercely, as he stared up at the impatient figure of the engineer.

Now, it happened that Dismukes disliked Morgan quite as sincerely as did the others who were obliged to take orders from him under the new régime. So, Dismukes only breathed a little harder, and did not speak. It was the man who was firing in Nate Rogers's place who answered.

"There's a nasty bit of grade on the other side of the hill, sir," he said coolly, "and we had a rather heavy load to pull. We'll make it up on the race-track."

"We'd better; we can't afford a thing like this!" said Morgan doggedly and unreasonably.

Behind him the burly figure of the ex-Governor loomed large and strengthened the colonel's courage. It was always safe and easy to insult one's subordinates.

Satisfied that Dismukes, although he had not been very responsive, had been duly impressed by the importance of the occasion, Morgan, still followed by the ex-Governor and the Senator-elect, walked down the long station platform to the rear of the train. Edith and her friend were waiting at the door of the Astarte to be helped aboard.

"Where is Airlie, by the way?" asked Morgan. He had already helped his daughter and her chaperon aboard the car, and had his own foot on the step when the thought occurred to him. "He promised to meet me here. I had forgotten it."

His private secretary was at his elbow.

"Mr. Airlie expects to join us down the road a bit, he said at Curtis, I think. There was a wire from him this afternoon. Probably you forgot to read it."

"But this train does not stop at Curtis. There's no stop between Aslin and Maplewood."

The secretary, conscious of being detected in an inaccuracy, flushed. He was young and inexperienced, and the frown of the majestic general manager of the Coal Meadow was still as gall and wormwood to him, and in a manner struck terror to his unaccustomed soul.

"Maybe I was mistaken," he said hurriedly. "Maybe he was to meet you at—some other place. I am a stranger here, you know, and the names of the different towns are still unfamiliar to me."

"I think that it is very likely that you were mistaken," said the general manager, still unmollified. He glared savagely at the young man before him.

There were two sharp blasts from the engine-whistle, and the train started forward with such a jerk that the dignified general manager seated himself with undignified celerity. One by one the lights of Aslin flitted by in the shadows. Then, with a parting shriek of defiance, the engine of the Midnight Mail settled down to her gait on the well-ballasted road-bed, the pride of the Coal Meadow.

CHAPTER IV.

The Body in the Wood.

STILL a little dazed and sick, John Westcott tried to gather his stricken wits together. He was satisfied that the drug which had been forced down his throat was more deadly and insidious than he had thought at first, for he rallied from it but slowly.

He felt himself relapsing more than once into a sort of stupor, haunted by all sorts of hideous dreams. From one of

these he was roused by the repeated call for his station, and the sounds reminded him oddly that in a sort of separate consciousness he had heard the same call over and over again.

He threw the door wide, that the fresh air of early dawn might sweep unhindered through the room. Then he bathed his face in cold water, trying to fight back the torpor which he felt so sure was still lying in wait for him as soon as he should cease his efforts.

It was not until he felt the icy shower on his face repeatedly and the shock had rendered him more sensible of his surroundings that he dared trust himself in the room again with the door closed. At last, looking about him less stupidly, he turned the flame of the lamp down to a mere spark, and felt that for a time at least he could fully trust his clearing brain.

Again the call for Curtis sounded through the silent room

"Cu—Cu—Cu—Cu."

"I—I—Cu," he tapped back unsteadily. "What do you want?"

"Where in Hades have you been? We've been calling you for an hour."

"I've been—" The inadequacy, the utter uselessness, of any attempt at explanation overwhelmed poor Westcott. "What do you want?" he asked again, only.

The chief operator evidently waived his right to haul his inferior up on the carpet—for the moment. "What about the Midnight Mail?" he asked. "What time did it pass your station?"

Westcott, on the point of quoting the operator at Aslin, remembered just in time that he did not *know* positively anything about the Midnight Mail, and he also remembered, fortunately in time, that it was no business of his *to* know He had set the signals clear at ten o'clock, and was supposed to be in his bed and asleep at 11.15.

The instrument was chattering again like an angry monkey. "The Midnight Mail left Aslin an hour late at midnight," said the exasperated operator at Maplewood. "Four hours ago. There must be the deuce to pay somewhere on the road."

Westcott was pulling himself together, still with some difficulty, and with but indifferent success.

"I am not responsible for any trouble," he said with some spirit.

"Nobody blames you. A wrecking-crew left here an hour ago, but there will be forty miles for it to cover if you can't be sure about when the train passed Curtis—if it passed there."

"I cannot be sure," said Westcott, still half-heartedly

Dazed as he was, he felt sure that it was no time for either doubt or hesitation on his part.

"Then, get out the section hands and send them up the track toward Aslin."

Westcott, still bareheaded, still confused with the recollection that the conductor of the cattle train or the operator at Aslin ought to know something about the affair, roused Big Pat Kearney with his story, and watched him as he hurried out with his crew of burly Irishmen. It was not until they reached the tool house that Westcott remembered his experience of the night before and the thieves who were responsible for his drugged condition, and for the blow on the back of his head that was still rendering him a little stupid.

In the meantime, another question besides the question of the identity of his assailants troubled him greatly. *Where was Aslin?*

(To be continued.)

GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE FOR ANY ONE.

A SUBURBAN train was slowly working its way through one of the blizzards of 1894. Finally it came to a dead stop, and all efforts to start it again were futile.

In the wee small hours of the morning a weary commuter, numb from the cold and the cramped position in which he had tried to sleep, crawled out of the train and floundered through the heavy snow-drifts to the nearest telegraph station. This is the message he handed to the operator:

"Will not be at office to-day. Not home yesterday yet."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Off the Main Line.

Curious Accidents, Unusual Engineering Problems, Strange New Things That Railroads Are Doing, and Other Out-of-the-Way Facts.

FATHER OF THE AUTO.

Showing How a Great Invention May Be Retarded by Popular Prejudice and Its Own Lack of Beauty.

IF popular prejudice had not been against them it is possible that automobiles, in some more or less efficient style, would have been seen dashing down our highways and scenting our salubrious atmosphere some seventy years or so earlier than they did.

It is seventy-four years since one William Church built a contrivance, which he called a horseless carriage, that projected its own fearsome outline over the King's Highway between London and Birmingham, England. It had accommodation for twenty-eight passengers inside and twenty-two outside.

As far as mere running was concerned, it was an undoubted success, but appearances were dead against it. Popular favor could never be courted by such a dangerous-looking monstrosity. Heavy road-tolls were imposed, so that it became impossible to run the vehicle at a profit.

Then the railroads induced legislation to compel the owner to have a man, with a red flag during the day and a red lamp during the night, walk one hundred yards ahead of the coach, and the automobile as a going concern faded into the list of England's memories—and her prophecies.

CAR-SWALLOWING SWAMP.

One of the Railroad Engineering Difficulties That Involve More Labor than Shows on the Surface.

THE Bessemer and Lake Erie Railroad is endeavoring to carry its tracks across a large swamp just north of Hartstown, Pennsylvania, and is finding it one of the biggest tasks it has ever been up against. A few months ago an entire train of cars sank out of sight in the mud, and were only recovered after a great deal of labor.

It was found, in driving piles, that the depth to solid bottom is one hundred and eighty feet. Before trains can be run, thousands of cubic feet of slag will have to be dumped into this mighty maw.

JUSTICE IN A TUNNEL.

How One Man in a Rocking-Chair Overcame a Railroad Company by Wit and Patience.

THERE is a law that no man shall be judge in his own cause, but there is a justice of the peace near Utica, New York, who was judge, jury, and executor of the sentence in his own cause, recently, without violating the deep-seated principles of justice. The Ontario and Western road passes through Justice of the Peace Albert Young's farm at Sidney Center, and one of the conditions attached to granting of the right of way was the leaving of a way under the track for the justice's cattle.

Last March the company decided to double-track the line at this point, and the official in charge conceived the brilliant idea of using the cattle-pass as a dump for loose dirt. Mr. Young expostulated, but the superintendent insisted that those were his orders.

Now, the justice is evidently a quiet man, with a very patient disposition. Instead of fruitlessly trying to get the man to disobey orders or spending a day or two getting an injunction he went back to his house, and when he returned he was reenforced by large quantities of tobacco, a pipe, numerous magazines, a large bucket, and one rocking-chair. He placed the chair in the pass, seated himself, lighted his pipe, and

proceeded to reflect on the wisdom contained in the magazines.

The superintendent was somewhat nonplused. He intended to carry out orders, but he had no orders about burying anybody Anyhow, he thought he would solve the problem, so before day had fully appeared next morning he had his men there. But still there, serenely smoking, sat the justice, and the condition of the basket proved that he hadn't missed any meals. He didn't say much, but he stayed there until the company officially compromised.

DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

An Engine and Boiler That Could Not Get Along Well Together, and the Consequences Thereof.

ALTHOUGH freak railroad wrecks without number have been reported, it is doubtful whether it was ever recorded that an engine collided with its own boiler until a Southern Pacific engine managed to perform the feat at Gilroy, California, a few months ago.

The locomotive was a large Atlantic-type machine. It was hauling a passenger-train when the boiler exploded, killing the engineer, the fireman, and the superintendent of block-signals, who was riding in the cab.

The boiler went up in the air and fell on the tracks about two hundred feet ahead, while the engine, carried forward by the momentum of the train, crashed into it and pushed it a short distance before coming to a stop

THE "GENERAL PUBLIC."

A Railroad Employee Whose Business It Is to See the Road as Others See It

THE General Public is to travel officially An office has been created on several railroads in the West that is said to be giving the holder considerable pain. The trouble with him is that he doesn't know what he is. He has no title, and it is reported by one of these unfortunates that he came near being arrested for asking people whom he met "Who am I?"

This Sphinx riddle had driven the poor fellow wild eyed, when he chanced to meet one of the vice-presidents. "Who am I?" he demanded, holding his breath to catch the answer that might save him. "You are the General Public!" replied the vice-president, who was a humane man, and who, besides, proceeded on the supposition that whoever asked him a question was in some way representative of the General Public. The light of reason came back to the tired eyes, and the General Public went on his way rejoicing

The duty of the "General Public" is to travel over the lines of his own road and the roads of competitors, making notes and remarks as to the general manner in which the public is handled. He is not, by any means, a "spotter." He simply makes comparative notes, and suggests here a change or there a change, perhaps in conformity with some method adopted by another road under similar conditions. He buys his ticket, and travels in every way as a passenger, seeing things from the passenger's view-point

HE NEEDED THE WATER.

How an Engineer Proved His Resourcefulness and a Fire Department Its Good Humor and Charity.

ACCORDING to the latest from Morristown, New Jersey, the Lackawanna has an engineer, named Peter Mowry, who deserves a good many merit marks for his ingenious method of getting out of a difficulty. One night he ran into Milburn, New Jersey, and discovered that he had not enough water in his boiler to keep the engine going as far as Morristown, especially as there was a stiff pull up Summit Hill, in between.

After a moment's contemplation the engineer climbed down from his cab, and telling the fireman he would return in a few minutes, he disappeared. He had not been gone very long when there was a loud ringing of a bell and the clattering of horses' hoofs as they galloped madly toward the station with a fire-engine in wake

"Where's the fire?" shouted the firemen

"It's in my engine, and I haven't enough water to boil over it," said Mowry, who had returned to the scene. "I can't get up Summit Hill to Morristown unless I have some water, and there is none near the tracks, so I thought I'd call out the fire department."

With good will the firemen set to, and in a short while the salutes of their clanging bells were being answered by the puffing steam and tooting whistle of the big engine as, beaming gratitude from the flash of its headlight to the hiss of its cylinders, it steamed slowly away.

Going to a Fire.

BY A. L. WOOLDRIDGE.

THE TRUE STORY SERIES. In the last generation our ideas of speed have been revolutionized. Heavier rails, more powerful locomotives, straighter track, fewer and smaller grades, and stronger bridges have made possible train schedules that would have been nothing less than miraculous thirty years ago. But while our regular through trains ran at a rate unprecedented then, there were emergency performances in those early days that still stand as respectable records.

To be sure, engineers and firemen took their lives in their hands over the light rails and crooked track with the light, low-wheeled engines which they rode, but good luck and nerve brought them through more than once

When the news of the Chicago fire went out over the wires there was a general rush of fire-engines and fire-fighting apparatus to the stricken city from all directions, and high speed was the order of the hour. But it remained for a little engine on the Chicago and Alton to eat up the track from Bloomington, Illinois, to Chicago at a rate that had never before been equaled. The story of that run follows.

TRUE STORY, NUMBER ELEVEN.

An Old Throttle-Lever Inspires a Veteran Railroader to Tell the Story of the Major Knowlton's Run to the Aid of Burning Chicago.

THE day was a cold, dismal one in early winter. A slow rain splashed on the sloppy pavement and trickled sluggishly away into the gutter. Now and then a carriage rumbled over the cobble-stones, the driver clad in a cold-looking "slicker," his head bowed to keep the rain from beating on his face. Most persons preferred to remain indoors and sit idly by a fire.

E. J. Sanford, president of the Kansas City Union Depot Company, was in his private office, with some old, time-worn papers spread out before him. The light from incandescent globes shining on them showed where age had made the paper brittle, and some of it crumbled as he moved it to one side. Near the president's desk was a narrow wooden box, about four feet long.

It had just come to him "deadhead" from Springfield, bearing a relic, and

EDITOR'S NOTE. All the stories published in this True Story Series have been carefully verified by application to officers or employees of the roads or companies concerned who are in a position to be acquainted with the facts. Contributors should give us the names of responsible persons to whom we may apply for such verification, in order that fruitless inquiries may be avoided. This condition does not imply any lack of confidence in the veracity of our contributors, but is imposed merely to give greater weight and authenticity to the stories.

this relic had made him reminiscent. He looked long into the narrow box, and then at the papers spread out before him.

"Poor devil!" he said.

There was a look of abstraction in his eyes, and he unconsciously drummed on the desk with his fingers. Were his thoughts wandering back to the days when he swung a lantern by the side of his local freight-train, or was he thinking of the race made by an Alton engine when it established a new world's record?

Perhaps he was only worrying over the troubles of the most congested passenger-station in the United States. It was growing dark, and the street-lights flickered dimly in the fog laden air, before his reverie was broken. A young man hustled into the office.

"Why, hello, Harry!" exclaimed the president. "What can keep you out this dismal evening? Here, have a cigar! Tell me, what's in the wind?"

"Just dropped in a moment to shake hands," the caller replied. "Thought you might— Why, hello! what's this?"

He had caught sight of the old papers on the desk and the curious box on the floor.

"I was sitting here thinking, when you came in," Mr. Sanford replied, "of a time 'way back in the seventies, and of a little engine that broke the world's record for speed on the way to the great Chicago fire. See this, Harry?"

The Old Throttle Lever.

He dug down into the box before him and brought out the throttle-lever of an old engine. It was hardly more than an iron bar, crooked slightly at one end.

In the days when that throttle was used no ratchet regulated its movement. It was the kind the engineman had to hold to keep his machine from jarring the throttle farther open. Hands off for fifteen minutes might mean the taking of the train at full speed around some dangerous curve.

This old lever had been polished until it shone as it lay in the hands of the depot president.

"There's a story to that throttle," Mr. Sanford said — "a wild, weird story. Listen, and I'll tell you how it made history on the Alton."

The gray haired man gazed at the bar fondly.

"I was handling a local, in those days, out of Bloomington, Illinois, into Chicago," he said. "It was the day of hand-brakes, link-and-pin couplers, you know, and all those things; no safety appliances of any kind.

"A little engine with the name Major Knowlton engraved on a silver plate on its side and numbered Ninety Seven had been sent down for use in the passenger service. It was a pretty machine, spick and span from constant rubbing. Ninety-Seven, from the day it went into service, was the pride of the Alton.

The Call for Help.

"People liked to watch her making forty miles an hour on fifty-five or sixty pound rails, and in those days this was considered speed. Little Ninety-Seven could spin along with the local at that rate without any effort at all. The boys often wondered how fast she could run if the general offices would tell the engineer to give her her head.

"Along in the fall of 1871 the country was dry, and prairie fires had caused some damage. Talk of fire was common along the line, but still we were hardly prepared for the rumor that came one afternoon that Chicago was in the grip of a great fire. During the night a message came saying that the whole city was threatened.

"The next morning another message said that the fire had eaten up every building along the lake-front and was ruining the heart of the city. People in Bloomington stood aghast.

"'Send help!' was a message to Springfield we heard on the wires.

"At eight o'clock a message came to Bloomington — 'Rush aid! The city will soon be in ruins!'

"Bloomington had a fire-engine. Chicago was one hundred and twenty-six miles away. In a few minutes the 'local' would be ready to leave.

"'Hook a flat car on to 'er and take our engine in,' some one suggested.

"We heard little Ninety-Seven blowing off steam down in the yards.

"'Too slow,' another answered. 'We orter get there sooner'n that.'

"At that moment the superintendent came rushing from his office bareheaded. He carried a message in his hand.

"'Men!' he shouted, 'Chicago's gone, and people are burning there like rats. Can't we do something for 'em? What about our fire department?'

"'Let's send it,' a young man answered. 'We can help some!'

"A tall, swarthy, sinewy man approached. He tapped the brim of his hat and said:

"'Won't you let me run special to-day?- I'd like to do something.'

"It was Louis Hawks, engineer of Ninety-Seven, the Major Knowlton.

"'I don't know about special,' said the superintendent. 'I—'

"He turned on his heel and went back to his office. In ten minutes he ran out again, waving his arms excitedly.

"'Take 'er, Lou!' he yelled. 'Take 'er and do your best!' And in almost the same breath he turned and shouted to a switch crew:

"'Unhook the Major Knowlton and couple onto a flat car! Tell the boys they can have a special! Get that apparatus down here, boost 'er on the car, and nail 'er down! Get, now!'

Waiting on the Mark.

"He hurried back into his office. The Major Knowlton was run in on a siding, buckled on to a flat car, and pulled out on the main line. Down the street came the clanging of the fire-bell, and the engine pulled up alongside the platform.

"A half-hundred men took hold and boosted 'er on the car. The fireman on little Ninety-Seven was throwing great shovelfuls of coal into the fire-box and breaking up lumps in the tender

"In a few minutes steam was popping from the safety-valve and the gage showed that power was up to the limit. Hawks had discarded his street suit for overalls and jumper, and had tied a red bandanna handkerchief about his neck.

"He had looked his machine over from pilot to tender, filled the oil-cups, and tested the valves. She was never more fit for a run. It was just twenty minutes from the time the special was ordered that the engineer climbed into his cab and announced that all was ready.

"'In just a minute,' said the superintendent.

"The crowd stood around pulsing with excitement. The firemen climbed on the flat car and took hold of their engine. The door of the superintendent's office flew open and he ran to the special.

"'Here ye are, Lou!' he cried. 'Everything on sidings, men posted at switches! You've got the right of way over everything! Now go!'

Start of the Race.

"Hawks smiled. He waved to the crowd about him and took his seat, his left hand on the throttle. Ninety-Seven gave a hiss and started slowly from the station. She had stood there panting and nervous, as if she knew what was to be expected from her. Hawks increased her speed slowly as she wound out through the railroad yards.

"Before she disappeared in the distance she had jumped to thirty miles an hour and was running easily. The crowd at the station lingered to talk of what Lou Hawks might do and then went slowly back to town.

"No one but the train-crew and the fireman know the particulars of that run. No one knows how that steaming, panting little engine fairly burned the rails into Chicago. Only persons standing by the side of the track could tell how she strained every ounce in her cylinders to get to the burning city.

"She showed for a minute down the two little threads of steel, only to disappear the other way like a speck. She stopped once for water, but only for a minute.

"Past Chenoa to Pontiac, ten miles in ten minutes; past Dwight to Gardner, nine miles in nine minutes; and better still, Wilmington to Elwood, seven miles in barely over six minutes.

"The officials in the general offices were dumfounded. The special was making a run the like of which had never been made before. Hawks was noticed at all the stations, sitting in his

cab, his cap pulled down low, his body bent slightly forward, watching every turn in the rails.

"The firemen on the flat car clung to their engine, looking every minute to be hurled into eternity. The little special slowed up for few curves, watched out for no trains. She clung to the rails, and used every pound, every ounce, of steam her coal could make.

"Hawks spoke not once to his fireman. His jaw was set and he nursed his engine along as a jockey nurses his horse.

"Mile after mile was clipped off in fifty-seven seconds. The Major Knowlton tore through Joliet working like a beaver. Out into the open country the little engine roared, leaving a trail of black smoke to whip and curl behind her.

Breaking the Record.

"Hawks made that run into Chicago, one hundred and twenty-six miles, in two hours and thirty minutes. It was a record that stood unbroken for years. When he pulled into the burning, smoke-enshrouded, stricken city and stopped at a station he climbed down from his cab, and his face, they said, showed the strain which he had undergone. One hundred and twenty-six miles in two hours and thirty minutes! It hardly seemed possible. But Lou Hawks made it.

"His record run was history. In all the years that followed, he was known for his drive on the Chicago Special. Hawks was with the Alton nearly fifty years. When he got too old to take his accustomed place on an engine he was given a position as superintendent of air-brakes.

"He died January 3, 1905, at Bloomington. His little engine, for years after the phenomenal run, was kept in the passenger service. The news of its performance was telegraphed to the remote corners of the world.

"Photographers hunted the engine for its picture. Hundreds of persons went to the terminal stations to see it. Officials of the road were asked for a description of 'the little iron horse.'

"It seemed that an engine which could run a mile a minute was an impossibility. But its time at stations along the Alton furnished indisputable evidence of the speed.

"But the Major Knowlton was like other little war-horses. It became obsolete, and was placed in freight service. When it became too badly worn for even this it went to the 'disabled track,' and finally wound up at the scrap-heap. It had served its day, and was forgotten."

The depot president was lost in thought for a minute. Then he concluded:

"Not long ago a little old fashioned engine was pulled down the main line of the 'Frisco Railway from St. Louis to Springfield. It was to be thrown into the railway scrap-pile.

"Time had made it a wreck. Its bearings were rusty, its couplings loose, and it rattled as it was jerked over the rails. I had pulled the lever on that little engine occasionally, my boy, and had learned its whims and its fancies.

"I loved that engine. I wrote to C. A. Swan, foreman of the 'Frisco roundhouse at Springfield, to take the throttle from her and send it to me."

Mr. Sanford reached into the long, narrow box before him.

"It was the throttle from the Major Knowlton I wanted. And this is it."

The throttle now hangs in a case in the depot president's office.

VETERAN OF AN OLD ORDER.

A VETERAN of great importance among the old railroad conductors of the country passed away when Jule Coleman died recently in Palatine, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. Mr Coleman was the first Grand Chief Conductor of the old order of the Brotherhood of Railway Conductors. He was seventy-three years of age, and was for many years a passenger conductor on the Burlington between Chicago and Quincy, as well as on the Hannibal and St. Joseph between Quincy and St. Joseph and Quincy and Kansas City.

Coleman was the proud possessor of a lantern which, among other items in its history, was distinguished as being the one held by Conductor William Westfield at the time he was killed by the James boys, on the Rock Island. The lantern had just been loaned to Westfield by Coleman.

Out of the Scrap Heap.

Little Yarns That Are Said to Be True About Men and Railroads That We Have All Heard Something About.

WHY HE WENT TO SLEEP.

Colored Porter Gets Out of a Tight Corner and Throws a Bouquet at the Road.

F. A. MILLER, general passenger agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, tells a story of one of the sleeping-car porters who was recently found asleep while on duty. This is contrary to the rules of the St. Paul road, and the negro man was in trouble when found by the inspector on the Pioneer Limited.

He had his wits about him, however, and in response to the inspector's inquiry as to what he was doing asleep he said:

"I'll tell you how it was, boss. I have only been with the company a short time, and before coming here I was working on such and such a railroad The line was so rough that I couldn't get any sleep. Since I have been working for the St Paul the road has been so smooth that I just couldn't keep awake."—*Cleveland Leader.*

HOT OR COLD DAVIS.

Santa Fe Office-Boy Develops a Preternatural Faculty of Terse Character-Delineation.

A NUMBER of years ago there were two men in the employ of the Santa Fé who were named Davis. One was James A. Davis, who was then in charge of the railroad's industrial department. The other Davis was in charge of the railroad's refrigerator line. James Davis was a "hot-air" artist whom the company always selected to "jolly" State legislatures.

The other Davis was also a genial fellow, but owing to the fact that he had charge of the iced goods which went over the road and could not hold a candle to James A. when it came to talking things out of people, he acquired the reputation of being somewhat chilly

One day the president pushed the office-boy's bell-button and the young autocrat hastily put in an appearance.

"Boy," said the president, "tell Mr. Davis that I would like to see him right away."

The boy started for the door, hesitated, thought a moment, and then, turning to the president, he said:

"Mr Davis, sir?"

"Yes, Mr Davis"

"Hot or cold?"—*Kankakee (Illinois) Gazette*

COULDN'T LOSE HIM.

Brakeman Who Had to Overrule the Superintendent or Lose His Credit at the Lunch-Counter.

IN Kansas the railroads have a good deal of difficulty in providing competent men to fill vacancies in the train-crews and other positions which do not offer attractions that are especially inviting.

At each division terminal there is usually maintained a "crew-board," upon which is written in chalk twice a day a list of conductors and brakemen available for the following twelve hours. This list is posted by the "caller" or some other employee familiar with the situation, and from it men are chosen to fill the various runs.

One day an accident happened which caused some dismay at headquarters, for, aside from breaking up some cars and tearing up some track, it shattered the plans of the superintendent, who was about to start upon a vacation trip.

Investigation developed that a brakeman had forgotten to close a switch properly, and the following train ran into it, with the result noted above.

The brakeman was dismissed forthwith. Six weeks later the superintendent boarded a freight train at a way station on the divi

sion, and mounting the "dog house" steps in the caboose, was much surprised to find that same brakeman on guard.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the surprised official.

"Workin'," replied the culprit, with a dismal grin.

"Upon whose authority?" persisted the superintendent.

"Aw! I ain't lost no time a-tall," answered the brakeman.

Further questioning brought out the fact that the industrious one had been marking up his own name on the crew-board, and in that way was being called regularly to go out on the run.

Asked why he had taken such a course to keep at work, he replied:

"Well, boss, me credit for grub is good as long as I keep busy, but when me pay stops me chuck stops!"

He is working yet.—*Kansas City Star.*

PAID HIM TOO MUCH.

Methodist Minister Says Railroad Was Too Generous and Returns Part of Damages Paid Him.

"YES," said the railway claim agent, "we come across queer things sometimes. The queerest thing in my experience was the case of a Methodist minister. Those Methodists are the most honest of all sects.

"This man was hurt in a rear-end collision, and we gave him five thousand dollars damages. At the end of a year we got a letter from him that ran something like this:

"'My salary is two thousand dollars, and the accident caused me to lose it for a twelvemonth. My medical expenses were seven hundred and fifty dollars. My board at a mountain sanitarium for six months was eight hundred and fifty dollars. Other expenses due to this accident were, in round numbers, one thousand dollars. Total, four thousand six hundred dollars. You gave me five thousand dollars.

"'Now I am back in the pulpit again as well and strong as ever, and I have four hundred dollars of your money on my hands. Not being entitled to that sum, I do what any other Methodist minister would do in my place—I return the money to you as per check enclosed.'

"How was that for honesty?" said the claim agent. "The Methodists are a wonderful lot. We sent the four hundred dollars back to this honest minister, and he gave it to charity in our name."—*Chicago Chronicle.*

PAYS TO BE HONEST.

But General Manager of Western Street-Car System Finds That Some People Will Be Honest for Pay.

THE general manager of a traction system of a Western city recently received the following communication, together with a five-cent piece:

"I beg to advise you that a week or two ago I rode home on Car 1999, of your Main Street line. The car was very crowded, and the conductor, through no fault of his own, failed to reach me. When I left the car he was too far to the front to enable me to get to him. I therefore now remit you the amount of my fare, and beg to say that I would have done so sooner had it not been that I was out of town."

This unusual occurrence was reported by the general manager to the road's board of directors, with the result that, by their instructions, an annual pass was sent to the honest patron, together with a letter couched in complimentary terms. The recipient must have recounted his experience to his neighbors, for in a little while the manager received a letter from another patron:

"In view of the fact that yesterday I neglected to pay my fare on your line, I herewith enclose a five-cent piece. Kindly forward pass to address below."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

VERY MUCH SIMPLIFIED.

Letter to the General Passenger Agent of the B. and O. Goes Spelling Reformers Two or Three Better.

A STRIKING example of simplified spelling has been received by B. N. Austin, general passenger agent of the Baltimore and Ohio. Here it is:

"ZILIENOPLE, PA., March 7.—Dear Frind: I Kindly impose on you to jange tis Tiket if you Please. I tel you howe it hapind. I got the Tiket Irly and went up Street and again I caim back the Train just puled out and the next Mornin I askd the Conducter wether I could ride with the Tiket and he toled me I could not. He sed the Station Agt would jange it and he toled me to send it to you, so I kindly ask you if you would oxjange it. Do the best you can for me. I remain your Tru Frind

"M. J. HECK."

The ticket was changed.

CANE AND COFFEE.

BY STELLA F. WYNNE.

Tale of the Debt That Robert Gilfoy Incurred, and How He Paid It Off.

SHOULD you ever come to Manui, where the break of the Pacific on its reefs is ever in your ears and the glint of sun on green foliage ever in your eyes, the government agent will try to sell you cane land or coffee land, and the doctor at the station will offer you his house (which has the best verandas on the island) very cheap, for he is pining for the paved streets of a Western town in "the States."

They will tell you that fortunes are made quickly in Manui, and then as a clincher they will cite the case of young Gilfoy, who was a perfect fool in the beginning. And should you inquire about young Gilfoy, you will find that every word of what they say is true.

He arrived at noon, on one of the hottest days that ever shriveled up the Godforsaken island. The ice at the hotel had given out an hour before, and the guests were lolling and gasping on the verandas, sipping lukewarm drinks without pleasure or profit.

The sea below was flat and oily and the color of dirty copper. Under the weight of the heat the tide crawled in slowly with a sinuous undulation of long waves, like the ripple of muscles along a snake's back. The whole length of the beach, with its burning yellow sand, flashed back in the face of the sun.

Even the sight of the steamer rounding the reef did not stir any one to attempt the heat-beaten strip from the hotel to the landing, and only a mild interest was awakened when a quickly moving figure, smiling and looking around, clothed in a white pajama suit, hurried up the algeroba slope that stretched its vivid green in front of the hotel.

At luncheon the new arrival revealed the fact that his name was Gilfoy—Robert H. Gilfoy, engraved in correct Old English lettering on cards of gentlemanly size—and that he was from the State of Ohio. He had certain friendly human qualities, and made acquaintances as easily as a dog or a baby

The second day the ladies were calling him Bobbie and using him to fetch and carry, and the men were calling him Rob and telling him their best stories between games of pool. In four days everybody knew that he was senior class president at college, that there was a girl in the States named Catherine who was fond of him, and that his father had given him two thousand dollars on which to begin his business career in the islands.

He talked a great deal about that career, and aired long-headed and sagacious plans to any one who would listen—so it was only natural that he should fall foul of trouble.

It was on the fifth day that Curwin discovered him. Curwin was an Irishman, owner of the great Kihei sugar-plantation, which stretched in a clean-cut tract from the coral beach to two thousand feet above

In the islands he had the reputation of being a hard master, a churlish neighbor, and an ungenerous citizen. Then there was a story about political unpleasantness in an Eastern State and something unsavory in a Western town; but that is neither here nor there—the islands are outside East and West, and when a man hears the coral crunch under his heel he shakes off the dust of whatever went before.

The morning of the fifth day after the arrival of the steamer Curwin rode over to the hotel. While he tied his horse he watched Gilfoy on the hotel veranda, light-haired, pink-faced, and spotlessly white, with a *lei* around his neck, picking out the notes of "Sweet Lahna" on an *conalali* for the benefit of the government agent's daughter.

Curwin watched a full two minutes, his little pig-eyes half closed in calculation, and during the interim Gilfoy giggled four times in a high falsetto and broke his *lei* trying to throw it over the head of the government agent's daughter.

Half an hour later the hotel-keeper, passing the open window, saw Gilfoy and Curwin in earnest conversation and caught stray scraps of talk. Later he looked out again and saw them strike down the beach road toward the town—for courtesy so called—and he shrugged his shoulders and said:

"If he play, being young and unskilful, shekels of silver and gold,
Take his money, my son, praising Allah, the kid was ordained to be sold."

The next day Curwin's luna went down to the Reef House on a spree, and by six o'clock the whole island knew that young Gilfoy had bought the coming year's bearing of Curwin's upland coffee-crop, as a speculation, for two thousand dollars, which seemed a wise-enough investment until some one remembered that this was only the second year from the planting of Curwin's coffee.

Then everybody smiled, for everybody knew that coffee does not bear until the third year from planting—that is, everybody but young Gilfoy. He didn't know anything about coffee, and nobody told him, for who would have the heart to spoil a good joke before it was ripe?

So, when coffee-time came he went every day and peered hopefully among the shiny, leathery green leaves for the white blossoms. The island watched and smiled. It was the best joke in many a long day. Finally a few premature trees blossomed, and then showed the little red berries.

At the end of the season young Gilfoy had thirty-eight and a half pounds of pure coffee, which at the then rate of ten cents a pound netted him exactly three dollars and eighty-five cents—three fresh, crisp dollar bills and a handful of small change.

Gilfoy took it coolly—more coolly than an older man would have taken it—because it sank deep. It was not so much the loss of the money, but the ridicule and humiliation, that hurt.

Even the natives grinned when he passed, and the scurrilous little paper referred to him as the "Coffee King of Manui." He was pointed out to the occasional stranger who chanced that way as the man who had bought the second year's bearing of a Java coffee-crop as a speculation. All this was salt rubbed in the wound.

Gilfoy did not say much—only upon two occasions did he mention coffee. Once, at the hotel, he said he would even up scores with the Irishman if it took the rest of his natural life, and once later, in the moonlight, he confessed to the government agent's daughter his theory that every man had a "heel of Achilles," that he had discovered Curwin's to be his stinginess, and that to him—Gilfoy—in the fulness of time, the gods of just values would give the chance to use this knowledge to Curwin's undoing.

But the first time Gilfoy saw Curwin he smiled up into his face and talked about the new combination chopping and shredding machine—which was not because he was a bare one hundred and thirty and Curwin tipped the scales at two hundred, but because under his neat pith helmet there was something of a brain.

Then Gilfoy dropped out of the little world around the algeroba slope and the hotel. From some place he borrowed a little money, and, with a Portuguese luna and a few native boys, worked a couple of acres of cane land—ragged, stumpy ground, at an elevation of two thousand feet—just within the cane limit.

All day he worked in the fields, weeding and irrigating and fertilizing, and in the evening he lighted an oil-lamp in the bamboo shack and read pamphlets on the "Care and Culture of Cane," the "Diseases of Cane," "Hot Water Maceration for Sugar-Cane," and many

other things about cane which a benign Department of Agriculture furnishes to island growers.

But never for an instant did his interest in cane make him forget the debt he owed Curwin. That dwelt with him as part of the fiber of his life.

So matters went until a few weeks before the beginning of the cane season. Then some sort of a native disease settled like a blight on the Kanakas. It turned their muscles to water, so that they scarcely had strength enough to hold the cane-knives When a Kanaka gets sick he is good for nothing—he cannot work on his nerve like a white man or a Chinaman.

All day long the sick lay strewn over the sun-soaked beach, burning with low fever, their eyes staring wearily into the hot blue sky. All night long the wizard fires out on the reef-point reddened the sky—but the devils were not exorcised.

Now, cane is an exacting master. It must be cut when ripe, or the stalks grow dry and woody. Once cut, it must be transferred to mill within three days, or it sours and is unfit for use. Thousands of dollars are often lost by the delay of a few hours.

It was too near the cutting season to quibble over odds and ends of expense, and every planter on the island, except Curwin, got licenses from the Board of Importation to send out for shiploads of coolie and native contract laborers.

Curwin did not send with the rest, which was queer, for he ran his plantation on economical lines all the year and was now a little worse off for labor than any one else. But every one was too busy "pounding his own taro," as the Kanakas say, to bother about Curwin—that is, every one but young Gilfoy.

When his luna told him that the Irishman had ordered no contract labor he put a neat pencil-mark at the beginning of the paragraph which stated the extent of the ravages the leaf hopper had made on the young cane of the preceding year and began to think. He knew that Curwin must have labor—he knew that he had balked at the expense of getting it in a lawful way—he knew that he would not hesitate to get it in an unlawful way, for get it he must.

He thought long over the three facts, and the thought bore results. Every night he swung up on his bamboo roof and with a glass carefully swept the surrounding country and bay. The island curved like a horseshoe, with ends rather wide apart.

The interior of the horseshoe formed the bay, and the two ends the strait that led out into the Pacific. Gilfoy's plantation was situated near the center of the island, on high land, so that his view took in practically all parts of the island and the bay.

One night about two weeks later Gilfoy, as usual, climbed up on his roof. It had become so much a thing of habit that his native boys put it down as a form of religious ceremony and had ceased to watch him.

The night was almost a perfect one. The air was pure as crystal, the heavens bright with a thousand constellations, and the earth sent up a constant incense of pungent tropical smells. Suddenly, off to the west, near the very end of the horseshoe, Gilfoy saw a thin thread of yellow light cut the darkness. His pink face flamed with excitement, and he scrambled off the roof with a bound that nearly broke through the bamboo thatch.

"Ho, Joe, *repas*—come 'ere!" he called to his luna.

When the Portuguese came running up he thrust the glass into his hand and said:

"What do you make of that light?"

"Sheep," said the Portuguese laconically.

"Why?" asked Gilfoy

"Light on water—sheep behind reef."

"You've got the idea," said Gilfoy; "and why is she out behind the reef, sending up lights when decent and God fearing island folk are abed? Why don't she come into the shelter and not skulk out there?"

The Portuguese shook his head.

"I know," said Gilfoy; "I've known for the last two weeks. Wake me up early to-morrow, Joe. Curwin can't do anything before to-morrow night. The doctor borrowed his launch to go over to Kalua, and he can't be back before to-morrow morning at the earliest."

The next morning, about ten o'clock, Gilfoy donned his smooth white duck and neat pith helmet and started off to-

ward the southwest of the island. As he went he stopped Joe and said:

"I'm going away for a few days. Be sure and have those contract blanks filled out and ready for use."

Master and overseer smiled into each other's face in the best of good understanding, and Gilfoy went whistling down the path.

Three quarters of an hour later he presented himself, still fairly immaculate, at the front door of the Curwin plantation-house. He stated that he had come to make that little stay which Curwin had urged. Fact was, it was pretty lonely up on the mountain.

Curwin had never been an enthusiastic host, but now, as he looked at young Gilfoy, white and pink, with uncovered yellow hair and pith helmet politely in hand, he dimly remembered that in his satisfaction over the coffee deal he had invited him to make a stay at the plantation. He might have made any of twenty excuses, but his bad angel or a spirit of perversity, coupled with two extra glasses of a certain importation of usablagh, prompted him to a half-hearted and grumpy welcome and a seat at the table opposite his daughter.

The excitement got into Gilfoy's blood. His face flushed a deep pink. He joked and talked in his best manner, and never turned a hair under Curwin's gaze, as he drank a cup of the third-year bearing of the Java crop.

That night every one went to bed early. After the household was still Gilfoy, who had not undressed, went out and took his station on the east veranda. He watched the house-door as a cat watches a rat-hole, patiently, persistently, without a sound. Between twelve and one a figure hunched up in an overcoat came out.

"Good evening—or, rather, good morning," said Gilfoy, stepping out from the shadow. "It's a beautiful moon."

"'Tis that," said Curwin. "Did you never see one before, that you can't go to bed, like a Christian? You're like the bull pup back yonder—'twas full moon when I got him off the steamer, and he stayed up all night to howl at it. I walk about a bit before I go to bed."

"Glad you have the habit. I walk myself before I sleep," said Gilfoy, following him.

The Irishman scowled, but Gilfoy walked along beside him. As soon as they were off the veranda and out in the cool night world silence possessed them, and the only sound was the crunching of their shoes over the coral gravel of the yard.

A glorious moon rode high, but to the west humid cloud-masses, silver-rimmed, were piling up. A northeast trade was chasing torn bits of cloud across the sky. The air overhead was all in motion, and the shaking of the tree-tops was like the sudden sputter of rain on the ground

They walked slowly, to the north of the house, along a path that skirted the edge of the cane and led to the beach. On one side rose the sharp black lava rocks; on the other stretched the wilderness of cane, with the wind rattling through it.

Suddenly Gilfoy saw a pin-point of light prick the darkness off the reef-end. It was very faint, and if he had not seen it before through a field glass he would hardly have known it for a light. Curwin, too, saw it, and his eyes fixed on the distance.

"What was the light?" asked Gilfoy as they turned to walk back.

"Did you see it? Oh, 'twas the Tokanoa smoking up to put heart into the sick niggers," said Curwin, but he knew that it was no wizard's fire.

"Do they build it at sea?" said Gilfoy.

Curwin whirled around, caught Gilfoy's glance, and knew why he had come. Curwin was a strong man, large and heavy, and he might have picked Gilfoy up and broken him across his knee as one breaks a stick of kindling for the fire.

The knowledge of it filmed his eyes and twitched his fingers. If Gilfoy's glance had wavered an instant from fear his body would have gone to fertilize the cane; but you cannot murder a man across whose face the moonlight glints and shows that his eyes are full and fair upon you.

They went in silence back to the house, and for the remainder of the night neither slept.

The next morning the doctor returned from Kalua and left the Speedy, Curwin's gasoline launch, fastened at the end of the long stone pier. That day and the next, during the hours of light, Gilfoy wandered about, looking over the cane with a critical eye, slept in the shade of the vine-covered veranda, or played cards with Curwin's daughter.

But as soon as darkness came he developed the sticking powers of a bulldog and the trailing qualities of a bloodhound. When Curwin went into a room he heard Gilfoy's soft step in the hall outside. When he walked he heard Gilfoy, quiet as a cat, behind him.

His guest hunted and hounded him from the cellar to the garret of his own house, and took a great joy in it. Gradually, whether from superstition or lack of sleep, a sort of fear came into the Irishman's eyes and dwelt there.

He knew that he must have labor, but he knew that he must get it without the damning evidence of an unlicensed ship and Kanakas unlawfully brought in without the blessing of the Board of Importation.

The fourth night after his arrival Gilfoy was watching on the east veranda. No sound broke the stillness, but some instinct turned his glance to the side of the house, and his eye caught just the shiver of the split-bamboo window-shade, as though a hand had that instant left it.

Then looking across the yard, he saw the tail-end of a shadow before it was blotted out by the cane. With a spring he cleared the veranda-steps, went softly over the graveled space, and slid into the cane by one of the narrow paths parallel with the one Curwin had taken. Curwin did not know he was followed, but he ran swiftly, with the lumbering gait of a bear.

There had been a moon earlier in the evening, but now there was only a thin starlight, and a threat of rain was in the air. Gilfoy stumbled and fell and tore himself in the darkness of the cane, but he kept on, for he knew that he would ultimately come out at the bay. At last he heard the rattle of pebbles in the surf, and a moment later came upon the broad and gleaming beach.

Gilfoy took the length of the beach in a glance, and saw, speeding before him, the bulky figure of Curwin. A long slope of rocky land—a sort of miniature promontory—cut off the part of the beach Gilfoy had come out on from the wharf. Curwin had come out of the cane on the other side of this promontory, and Gilfoy realized that if he took time to climb over he would be beaten to the launch.

Without an instant's thought, he kicked off both low shoes, tore off coat and vest, ran out until the water became too strong, then threw himself flat on the surface, and diving through the breakers, swam out with strong overhand strokes until he reached the Speedy. Curwin had just set foot on the long pier as he climbed aboard and threw off the fastenings.

Gilfoy knew that everything depended upon his getting the Speedy started before Curwin reached the other end. In two jumps he had crossed the cockpit, and with one hand felt for the swinging electric bulb over the gasoline-engine. With the other he turned on the bow lever.

Then he started the fly-wheel. He could only guess whether or not the tank was full, and his heart gave a bound as he heard the gurgle of oil in the feed-pipe, the whir of the fly-wheel, and the chunk-chunk of the cylinders.

As Curwin reached the end of the pier the Speedy gave a jump and left ten feet of oily water between him and her stern as she gathered head.

The last thing that Gilfoy saw was a pair of arms waving against the sky.

A wind was ruffling and whitening the sea. The sky clouded up, the stars went out, and the water became black. The shore-line dimmed and faded. There was nothing to steer by, but Gilfoy knew the reef was two degrees west of north, and he kept the needle as near the mark as he could; but he was not an expert steersman, and it veered with every wave that struck the launch.

All was dark ahead except where the spray broke white against the window. The wind was coming from the right hand, so he kept the port window half open, that he might hear the boom of the surf on the reef. He knew that he was as likely to run upon it as past it,

but he prayed to the god of luck and went ahead

When he came within hearing he calculated his distance as well as he could by the sound of the breakers on the rocks, and by careful maneuvering skirted the reef in safety and felt the choppy waters of the strait give way to the long swell of the Pacific.

Gilfoy wondered if the vessel would have lights, like a decent, God-fearing ship, or would be skulking in the ocean darkness, lost in the grim shadow of the lava-blasted outer coast. After he turned the reef he went at half-speed, the launch nosing her way through the water. Suddenly he saw points of red and green light to the east.

The vessel, whoever she was, wished to be taken for a casual passer, for she carried the port and starboard colored lights instead of the anchor-light. Gilfoy ran ahead slowly until a huge bulk loomed black and ragged before him in the night.

When he got within hailing distance he shouted a thin "helloo." An immediate answer came back in a hoarse voice, so near that Gilfoy jumped.

"Haul ahead another fifty yards an' you'll be alongside."

Gilfoy shut off the engine and let the Speedy drift in the direction she was going, and in a few minutes she rubbed her bow gently against the ship's side. He made her fast and climbed up on deck. A hairy man with an oil-lantern confronted him.

"Who the devil are *you?*" he asked, with a look of astonishment, after thrusting the lantern into Gilfoy's face. "Where's Mike Curwin? I'm Shaughnessey, captain o' the Mary Breslain."

"Curwin sent me for the blacks. Take your dirty lantern away! D'you want to ram it down my throat?" said Gilfoy.

"It's better'n been down my throat these three days! What's kept you? Was old Mike drunk ashore, that he didn't see the light? I've been flickerin' that blaze these three nights."

"Fellow from the importation bureau dropped anchor at the plantation four days ago. Curwin couldn't manage it, so he told me to slip off, sneak the launch, and come out here."

"It's lucky you did. Grub gave out three days ago—everything except tack an' coffee—and we've been on fish ever since. Jumping Jupiter! What d'you s'pose I'd give for a piece o' fresh meat flavored with herbs—or even salt-junk?"

"Say," broke in Gilfoy impatiently, "can you round me up the blacks in a hurry? I have to land 'em before daylight."

"Have you the money? I want that remainin' third first. I kept my part o' the bargain."

"You'll get it after they're landed."

"No, *sir!*" said the captain, looking ugly. "I don't trust no man, least of all Mike Curwin. What's to prevent him from backin' out, an' then what'd I do? I couldn't appeal to no court."

"All right," said Gilfoy; "if you want to give me the blacks, give 'em to me. If you don't, keep 'em. *Keep* 'em and feed 'em and land 'em and parade 'em in a procession before the Bureau of Importation—and plank down your fine and hand over your shipmaster's papers."

The captain ran his fingers through his hair, and then said:

"Well, that's so; you've got me; you know you've got me. I don't remember the time that Curwin couldn't get me. I can't land with this cargo aboard, an' I got to get water an' provisions before I go. Take the blacks, but tell Curwin that if he don't pay that other third I'll come ashore an' blow the top o' his red head off."

Gilfoy paced up and down impatiently while the captain and a couple of sailors went below. In five minutes the deck was swarming with naked Kanakas, chattering like a cage of parrots.

"Great Heavens!" said Gilfoy, with a shudder, as he saw and smelled the unsavory mass. "Where have you kept 'em?"

"Kept 'em?" said the captain. "In the hold, of course. D'you think the Mary Breslain has accommodations like an Oceanic Steamship Company's liner? D'you think I can provide deck cabins for Kanakas?

"They'll be all right after a bit. I've had 'em up several times to give 'em an airin'. But it's lucky you come. I was noticin' the whites o' their eyes was beginnin' to look like curdled milk—which is a bad sign"

"You need to go on a cattle-ship and take a few lessons," said Gilfoy.

"I don't care; they ain't mine," said the captain sulkily. "You can get 'em away as quick as you want to. I don't want no plague to break out an' long-nosed quarantine officers goin' round and smellin' o' the Mary Breslain.

"How many are there?" asked Gilfoy.

"Hundred an' eight."

"Well, I can get seventy-five into the Speedy at a squeeze. Can you lend me boats for the rest?"

"They'd be able to swim—they swim like the deuce," said the captain. "But I'll give you the boats if they can row theirselves."

In a few minutes the Speedy had a living coating of black humanity. Her top, decks, cockpit, and even engine-room, were full. Two ship's long-boats and two ordinary boats carried the overflow.

The sea was smooth, and the Speedy went clipping along, followed somewhat tardily by her escort of rowboats. As Gilfoy rounded the reef he looked back and saw the port light of the Mary Breslain, like a red eye in the darkness, wink once or twice and go out. He looked at his watch. It was four o'clock.

The water gurgled and sang under his prow. The Speedy cut cleanly through the waves. A fresh shore-breeze carried out the smell of lemon and vanilla. The sky became streaked with pink, and the morning star, shining white, hung trembling on the horizon-edge.

A moment later the sun rose red from the dip of the misty Waiahua Hills and gilded all the water. Happiness expanded the heart of young Gilfoy, and not having the gift of song, he whistled shrilly at the wheel. The Kanakas in the rowboats took heart and began to sing a *mêlé* in time to their paddling, for they had given up the attempt to row and used their oars as paddles.

They went gaily enough over the glittering surface of the sea until they came in sight of the mile-long breaker that parts with an upspurt of spray at the stone pier and rolls in two upon the sand.

The launch had dropped to half-speed, and the rowboats were a little ahead. Suddenly a report sounded from the shore and the water whirled in a little eddy in front of the foremost boat. Instantly the Kanakas in the rowboats were thrown into confusion.

They hit the water with their oars, and paddled out of unison. Then one of the men said something and the whole four boats turned and paddled madly in the direction from which they had come.

"Here, stop!" yelled Gilfoy; "you're out of range." But the Kanakas were terror-stricken, and paddled harder.

"Curse you for a pack of fools!" said young Gilfoy. "I'm not going to lose you now. I can play that game as well as Curwin."

He reversed the lever, jumped out on deck, and emptied the chambers of his revolver in front of the fleeing boats. The effect was strange, but instantaneous. With a howl of fright every Kanaka abandoned his paddle, leaped over the side, and disappeared. There was nothing to be seen except four empty boats, rocking gently, and some little whiteness where the water was broken by the descent.

Gilfoy stood open-mouthed and astonished. The Kanakas in the launch, who up to this point had been comparatively indifferent, in their place of safety, now laughed and rolled about the deck with amusement

"Where have they gone?" asked Gilfoy, throwing the question at random into the group

"Go under water," said a shaggy old chief. "Come up soon few minutes. No like get killee."

Gilfoy looked toward the shore, where Curwin was stalking up and down like the sentry of some besieged coast-line, and said half aloud:

"Heaven preserve me from the workings of an Irishman's or a native's mind!"

His attention was attracted by a commotion on the side of the launch away from the shore. As he looked a black head popped up, followed by another and another, until the water was full of them, bobbing like corks.

"Here," said Gilfoy, grasping the old chief by the arm, "tell them that they're safe—d'you understand, *safe*, no shootee.

I'll go slow, and they can swim along with the launch between them and the shore if they're afraid—although they're out of range of anything but a Gatling gun—d'you understand? Swim along and catchee rowboats!"

The old chief translated with many gesticulations, and finally the faces that peered up out of the water understood.

In a few minutes the rowboats were captured, and again the procession moved down the coast. Gilfoy, as he took a last look at the figure on the beach, saluted with three sharp barks of the whistle.

He remembered that about four miles to the south a lagoon cut into the shore, and he made for this as a possible landing-place. On account of the boats, he could go only at half-speed, although morning advanced and soon the island would be up, slapping and pounding baked taro-root into *poi* for breakfast.

It was heavy pulling for the Kanakas in the rowboats, for they were deeply laden and going against the set of the sea, but they kept at it valiantly, associating the idea of protection with the launch.

About half past five the head of the lagoon was reached. It was a desolate-enough place. A narrow strip of sand on either side made the lagoon beach. Besides this there was nothing but black porous lava rocks, with little pools of water between the clefts, caught and held from the high tides. A few scrawny pines of the kind called "screw" pines and some monkey-pod trees formed the only greenness.

The rowboats pulled in as far as they could; then two Kanaka boys who were on the beach waded in and dragged them through the little boil of white water that foams and eddies there. Gilfoy edged in as close as he dared.

Just in front of the inlet he found a fairly good holding-ground and anchored the Speedy. The rowboats came back twice to the launch, bounding through the midst of the breakers, and carried black loads to the shore.

When all were landed Gilfoy got his bearings from the boys, and with the help of the old chief started the band climbing over the rocks. Every once in a while he went to the end to hearten up the stragglers and weaklings with promises of *poi* and coffee and many presents.

Thus they traveled for upward of an hour, passing from the rocks to dense green vegetation, where the dew dripped like rain from overhanging branches of kukin and bunchy ohia trees and the young lantana-bushes caught and tripped the feet. They skirted the out-limits of cane and the beginning of coffee plantations, stopping sometimes to rest on the stone walls of abandoned taro-patches, which had become stagnant ponds.

Gilfoy kept away from the more-frequented paths, for he had no desire to meet a planter taking an early morning ride; and besides, he remembered that somewhere on the island Curwin was looking for him. Finally the country became familiar to him.

He struck across, and in a short time saw the bamboo stakes of his own plantation and heard the barking of his dogs on the hillside. He whistled his particular bird-call, and Joe came running down the path with a couple of terriers snapping at his heels.

He kicked up the dust of the road for joy when he saw his master and the band of Kanakas.

"From sheep?" he cried. "Have papers ready at house; also much *poi*, much coffee."

"Good boy, Joe—fine," said Gilfoy. "I guess they're nearly starved, poor beggars. Some hot toddy'll taste good—eh, chief, old boy?"

While the Kanakas were busily dipping their fingers in the *poi* Gilfoy went among them, and with the chief to read the labor contracts, written in both English and Hawaiian, according to the government requirement, he filled in each name and got each mark witnessed by Joe. Not until he had bound the last to Robert H. Gilfoy did he rest. Then he put the natives out in the bamboo sheds and went to sleep.

About eleven o'clock, when the sun was high and bright, he was awakened by a pounding on his door. He called from his bunk that it was open, and Mike Curwin strode in.

"Hello, Gilfoy," he said, coming over by the bunk. "Sick, or taking a beauty sleep?"

"Both," said Gilfoy.

"'Tis a fine mess of blacks you have under the sheds out there. Are you keeping them to scatter about your large and flourishing plantation as ornaments, or have you contracted them or no? Tell me."

"I have," said Gilfoy, "to Robert H. Gilfoy, citizen *and* planter, on the island of Manui. All shipshape, signed *and* witnessed."

"Hum," said Curwin. "The Board of Importation might be interested in the fact if their attention was called to it. Could you explain, now, where you got so many fine chaps?"

"I could," said Gilfoy, "from beginning to end, with Shaughnessey to help me. Would you like me to?"

"I would not, my son, when I come to think of it. Will you sub-contract them?"

"No."

"Come," said Curwin, his anxiety breaking through his light tone, "I know and you know that my cane won't last more than a week."

"Your cane will last until about this time to-morrow if you're lucky," said Gilfoy. "You see, I'm better up on cane than I was on coffee."

"Oh, let bygones be bygones. What's your offer for the blacks?"

"Half the net profits of the sugar-crop," said Gilfoy, without a tremor in his voice.

"Way, you're mad—stark, staring mad!" said Curwin. "I'll never give it to you—never in the world."

"That's my offer," said young Gilfoy. "Take it or leave it; and hurry up, because if you take it I'll get up and dress and we will have the contract made shipshape, before a notary, same as we did the coffee one, and if you don't I want to go to sleep again. I was up all night on a gasoline launch, in wet clothes, and I caught cold."

Curwin's mottled face turned purple, and he said

"You may sleep until the trumpet of the Angel Gabriel calls you, my sleeping beauty. I'll never do it."

But he did. And that's why the government agent, and the doctor at the station, point out young Gilfoy, who had no sense in the beginning, as one of the most successful planters in Manui.

A WRECK-PROOF SLEEPING-CAR.

One of the Things Which Cassatt Ordered Done, But Did Not Live to See Completed.

THE first steel sleeping car was completed recently at Pullman. It was constructed from the designs of Max Schneider, of the company, and was begun at the instigation of the late President A. J. Cassatt. Perhaps a more correct designation for the car would be, "an all-metal car," as some of the minor parts are made of brass and aluminum

The steel underframing is built as solidly as possible, and over it is laid the steel floor, consisting of plates a quarter of an inch thick. A layer of hair felt is laid above this, and then another sheet of metal, the corrugated surface of which is covered with monolith

The superstructure is formed of two divisions, inner and outer. The ceiling of the inner portion is of aluminum, while the window-frames are of brass. The steel car is about ten thousand pounds heavier than the wooden cars, but it is estimated that when the full plant and facilities are erected for their construction the weight will be reduced at least five thousand pounds.

Before leaving the shops, the car was subjected to a wreck test. It was attached to an engine and started at thirty miles an hour at one of the wooden sleepers. The vestibule of the wooden car and the tender of the locomotive were smashed, but the steel car withstood the shock perfectly The compression that it is estimated to stand is two million nine hundred thousand pounds applied gradually, which would seem to make the car as nearly wreck-proof as human fears can desire.

GOT A JOB BY BEING PROMPT.

Discouraging Conditions That Confronted a Young Man When He Struck a Street-Car Company for a Chance to Earn a Living.

THERE is something peculiarly fascinating about that first job—when you look back at it. Viewed at close range, it is apt to be more forbidding than otherwise. The job itself is usually commonplace drudgery, but romance may lurk in the manner of getting it.

Lester B. Colby, in the Chicago *Tribune*, tells the story of the first step upward of a man who is now the superintendent of a large Western electric railway system. The story is told in the superintendent's own words:

I was a strong, healthy farmer boy who came to feel the "lure of the city," as they call it now. Then they called it "leaving the farm." Well, one day I bade my folks good-by and started out.

I worked at a lot of jobs the first six months I was away. At last, in the fall, I found myself pulling candy in a candy-kitchen at a dollar a day and boarding myself. I boarded modestly, too.

There were a dozen young fellows, all working for similar wages, stopping at the place, a cheap boarding house, and by economy of the closest kind I managed to put away a small part of my earnings.

Making Up His Mind.

I had been eagerly scanning every opportunity for a chance to improve my condition. One day it struck me that the conductors and motormen on the street-railway were better off than I, and at the table that evening I remarked that I had a notion to strike the company for a job.

The statement was received with mirth by the rest of the young men about the board, who were better informed upon labor conditions. I did not know until then that it was considered next to impossible to get work on the road.

There was an oversupply of help in every walk of life that winter, and the railway especially had been pestered with applicants until it was considered a joke to try getting work from that source.

I stood this a couple of days, and then decided that I would show the fellows who were enjoying themselves at my expense that I could get the place. The dollar a day I was getting was not much if I did lose it, and, unless I did better soon, I foresaw I would be forced to return home, something my pride made it hard for me to do.

Early the next morning I presented myself at the manager's office and frankly told him I was in search of work and wished a place on a car. He looked me over, sizing me up carefully, and told me to see the assistant manager across the hall the next morning at eight o'clock.

There at the Time.

At eight o'clock to the minute I opened the door to the assistant manager's office, I explained why I had come, what the manager had said, and respectfully waited.

The man to whom I had been sent thought a minute or so, and told me he was busy, to call the following day at an appointed hour. I thought this singular, but kept the appointment exactly. When I came in he pulled out his watch, rubbed his thumb methodically across its face, and told me briefly that the manager himself would take up my case on the following day, and to be there at one o'clock.

I was a little put out at this, and when the boys asked me that night when I was going to work for the railway company I was mad. At one o'clock the next day I stood outside the manager's office, watch in hand, and waited for the tick that announced the even hour. I was of a mind to say something if I was put off again. I stepped into the room almost upon the second.

The manager looked up, and, seeing me, smiled. "I guess you do want that job," he said, "and I think you'll qualify."

That night I announced at supper that I was working for the street-railway company and had been working for it since one o'clock that afternoon. I have been working for it ever since. And that is how it happens I am here.

Great American Train Robberies.

BY FREDERICK LAWRENCE.

THIS month we swing from the extreme East to the Far West in this series of true narratives of modern Dick Turpins. Oliver Perry, our subject last month, was a lone-hand player, who did his work from pure criminal love of the excitement.

In the story which follows the robbery of an express car is complicated with a feud between the mountain ranchmen and the railroad.

The result is a long chase through the mountains, following blind trails and stumbling over clues that lead nowhere. It is an unusual tale of pursuit, capture, escape, more pursuit, and recapture, interspersed with battles in the open and from ambush that never fail to exact their due toll of blood and death.

Next month Mr. Lawrence will describe the Bicycle Robbers, another California partnership of evil that baffled the officers for a long time and gave much trouble to the railroad.

No. II.—THE EVANS AND SONTAG AFFAIR.

Two Men Who Played Hide-and-Go-Seek with Sheriffs' Posses Through the Mountains of California for Ten Months.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC passenger-train No. 17 had pulled out of Collis, a small town in Fresno County, California, shortly after midnight of August 3, 1892, and the engineer was pushing her along at a thirty-five-mile-an-hour clip, when he felt the fireman brush against him, saw his hands go up, and heard him gasp: "Look!"

A quick glance behind showed what had startled the fireman. Two men were standing side by side on the mound of coal in the tender. At their shoulders were double-barreled shotguns, covering the men in the engine-cab.

Masks of dark cloth concealed their faces. The engineer and his helper realized that they were facing road-agents, and that the fifth train-robbery in the San Joaquin Valley in three years was about to be perpetrated.

"Stop the train," ordered one of the masked men.

He was quickly obeyed.

"Both of you jump to the ground," was the next command.

The railroad men were joined at the side of the engine first by one road-agent, then by the other, one of them, however, being careful to keep the captives in line with the muzzle of a shotgun while his companion was jumping off the tender.

Taking a dynamite cartridge from his pocket, one of the robbers gave it to the fireman and told him to place it on the driving-wheel piston-rod, on the left side of the locomotive. Having seen his order obeyed, the road-agent commanded the fireman to light the fuse from the fire of a cigar which the fireman, in his excitement, had forgotten to stop puffing. A few seconds later there was a loud report and the engine, with a shattered piston-rod, was "dead."

With businesslike precision, which indicated that the robbers had rehearsed their parts well, the trainmen were made to walk back to the express-car, which was coupled behind the tender. By that time a number of windows in the passenger-coaches had been raised by travelers who had heard the explosion of the dynamite cartridge, heads had been thrust out, and voices along the length of the train were heard shouting:

Breaking Into the Car.

"What's the matter there?"

About the same time, lantern-lights toward the rear showed that the conductor and the brakemen were moving forward to investigate.

"Get back, all of you," shouted one of the robbers.

Then he pulled a big revolver from one of his pockets and fired a shot in the air, following this with two shots alongside of the train in the direction of the heads, which caused the instant disappearance of all signs of life Next the robbers turned their attention to the express-car.

"Open the door of that car," shouted one of the men.

"I'll see you in hades first," came the answer of Louis Roberts, the Wells-Fargo express-messenger.

There was no parleying. Eight dynamite cartridges were thrown against the car. They splintered the door, knocked big holes in the side, and smashed the floor. One of the robbers kept watch on the engineer and fireman outside while the other entered the car.

He ordered Roberts to open the express-safe. The messenger fumbled with the combination, but pretended to be so nervous and excited that he could not remember the numbers. The road-agent gave Roberts a blow on the head with the butt end of his shotgun that nearly stunned him.

"Maybe that will help your memory," he said.

Realizing that death would be the price of disobedience, Roberts opened the safe, and three canvas sacks containing money packages were revealed. The desperado produced a bag, into which he dumped the three sacks of coin, and then left the car, compelling Roberts to jump out ahead of him. The engineer and the fireman were forced to carry the bag containing the plunder, and all three captives were marched to a tree a short distance away, where a pair of horses harnessed to a wagon were tethered.

The treasure-bag was thrown into the wagon. One of the bandits occupied the wagon-seat, keeping the railroad men covered with his gun while his companion unloosed the halter, jumped up beside him, and lashed the horses, and they disappeared in the gloom, going in a southerly direction. The robbery had taken twenty-five minutes.

A train hand was sent back to Collis to telegraph for a "live" engine and notify surrounding towns of the crime. Within two hours posses of armed men were scouring the country for the robbers, but they were not found. The next day newspaper reports stated that twenty thousand dollars had been stolen, but Wells, Fargo & Co. officially placed the amount at two thousand three hundred dollars.

If the express and railroad detectives, and the peace officials of Fresno and Tulare counties, were at a loss where to look for the bandits, there were others who were not. During the night of August 4, within twenty hours after the hold-up, this telegram was received in California from Chicago:

The Unerring Pinkertons.

Collis bandits are probably George and John Sontag, brothers, who are living in Visalia. John was a railroad engineer in Minnesota. George was the leader of a band of train-robbers, which John later became a member of. They hail from Mankato, Minnesota, where they were known by the name of Contant.

They were engaged with Naughton in the Kasota, Minnesota, train-robbery, early this year. They committed the Western Union Junction robbery near Racine, Wisconsin, on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad, in 1891. We were not able to prove their participation in these robberies, but Pinkerton men have had them under surveillance ever since. Our operators have been watching them in Visalia for several months.

WILLIAM A. PINKERTON.

Shortly after the receipt of this telegram from one of the owners of the Pinkerton National Detective Agency, whose New York superintendent, Dougherty, furnished the main facts on which this article is based, the sheriff of Tulare County had deputies out searching for the Sontag brothers. George was found at home, and arrested. The officers learned that John was at the home of Chris Evans, a farmer, who lived with his wife and seven children near Visalia

Two men, Will Smith, a Southern Pacific Railroad detective, and Deputy Sheriff Witty, were sent to the Evans place to arrest John Sontag. As they were hitching their horse to a fence in the road the officers saw Sontag enter the house from a field. When they went into the front room of the building the officers found Chris Evans alone

They asked for Sontag, and were told that he was not in the house. Determined to search the place, the officers entered a bedroom. There stood Sontag with a shotgun leveled at them. A moment later Evans walked into the room with a shotgun in his hands.

Take to the Hills.

Realizing that they were confronting men who had murder in their hearts, the officers made a dash for the open. As they ran in the direction of the road they tried to get their revolvers from their pockets. The bandits pursued them, Evans firing at Witty, while Sontag poured buckshot after Smith. Both desperadoes brought down their men, Witty being seriously and Smith slightly wounded.

When the officers fell the train-robbers made a dash for the road, and jumping into the vehicle that had carried Smith and Witty to the Evans farm, they drove furiously away in the direction of the foot-hills. Detective Smith obtained help and took his wounded companion to Visalia. Within a couple of hours a hundred armed men were trailing the bandits.

The information that Chris Evans was an outlaw astounded the people of Visalia and Fresno counties. As a plodding, hard-working, honest farmer he had lived among them for a number of years and commanded their respect. His children—seven of them, of whom his daughter, Eva, sixteen years old, was the eldest—had been the playmates of the youngsters on the neighboring farms.

Eva Evans was popular among the young folks of Visalia. It was known that the family was poor, but failure to amass wealth is not considered a disgrace in that part of California.

A Farewell Visit.

But while Evans had fallen from his pedestal of law-abiding respectability and armed men had taken the field against him, ready to kill him, if need be, to enrich themselves with the five thousand dollars reward that the express and railroad companies and the State had offered for him dead or alive, there were men in the mountains above Visalia who stood prepared to help him. For years there had been a latent feud between the railroad company and the squatters, who had been evicted from railroad lands.

So it was toward the mountains that Evans and Sontag dashed madly when the hand of the law slipped from their collars. But before they had traveled far Evans called a halt.

"My wife and children are there; I'm going back to say good-by to them," he said

Sontag made no objection to the plan. Eva Evans was behind him, and the bandit had a soft spot in his heart for the pretty girl. So, they turned the horses' head and traveled back toward the farm, taking another road, however, than that along which they knew they would be pursued.

They arrived at the farm about midnight of August 5, and fastening their horses at a little distance from the house,

they made their way to Evans's home on foot. The family was there. The husband and father bade farewell to wife and children, and Sontag had a few minutes' sweethearting with Eva. Then they departed. Proceeding in the direction of the barn, the men were startled by a voice which cried:

"Stop!"

The bandits answered with pistol-bullets. There was return firing from a single weapon. Many shots were exchanged before the weapon of the challenger was silenced. Deputy Sheriff Oscar Beaver, who had been left on guard at the barn, lay still on the ground. Next morning at six o'clock he died.

"He was a gritty little devil," was the tribute Evans paid to the officer on learning from Harvey Ward, a rancher, that Beaver had died.

Capturing the Coin.

When, a few days later, the ground under the floor of the Evans barn was dug up the searchers discovered why the outlaws had intended going there. The sacks of coin stolen from the express-car at Collis were found.

Having disposed of Beaver, the murderers ran to the place where they had hitched their horse. They found the animal wounded by one of the bullets fired in the combat, and unable to walk.

Fearing to waste time by stopping to hitch up one of Evans's teams, the bandits hurried away toward the hills on foot. Additional men left Visalia in pursuit immediately on receipt of the news of the bold return to the ranch and the battle which had followed, but all trace of the fugitives was lost four miles from town.

At the inquest which was held in the case of the murdered Beaver, two days later, Harvey Ward, who lived twelve miles from the Evans farm, testified that the desperadoes walked into his house, between five and six o'clock on the morning of August 6. They were armed with shotguns and revolvers, and forced Ward to give them breakfast.

They stayed two hours, and then departed in a wagon hauled by a mule, for the loan of which they gave Ward two dollars. The route they took was toward the mountains, where, they told Ward, they had fortified a place and provided ample provisions, to be used in such an emergency as now confronted them.

Start of a Ten Months' Chase.

The pursuers thought their quarry had gone to a mining claim on Pine Ridge, in the mountain fastness, which Evans owned, and the hunt led there, but although the place was watched for many days, the outlaws were not seen.

Then commenced a long and heart-sickening pursuit, which was not to end for ten months. Day in and day out, week after week, month following upon month, the trailing posses patrolled the tortuous mountain trails. They neither saw nor heard of the men they wanted.

In the meantime, George Sontag was brought to trial. It was shown that he had been a participant in a train-robbery, and a verdict of guilty being returned by the jury, he was sentenced to serve forty years in the penitentiary at Folsom.

During the long chase for the bandits through the Visalia and Fresno mountains the officers had ample opportunity to learn how deep-rooted was the hatred borne by the mountaineers for the railroad. Well did the men of the hills shield the bandits. Many a weary chase did the man-hunters have over miles upon miles of trails on false scents given them by seemingly sincere men.

There was one man who the officers well knew was in constant communication with Evans and Sontag. This person was Clark Moore, a mountain rancher. Many a time he rode out of the hills to Visalia, where he bought food and clothing—much more than he had ever been known to buy before—and then took his solitary way back to the heights. Often, on his visits, he would stop for an hour or two at the Evans farm.

It was suspected that he carried money to Mrs. Evans from her husband. After his visits she usually paid the small accounts she had contracted at the stores. That the food, clothing, blankets, and ammunition which Moore bought were for the use of Evans and Sontag was more than suspected.

Men were put on his trail. He laughed at them. He was threatened with arrest. He laughed louder. The question was finally put to him point-blank:

"Whom do you buy these things for?"

"Find out," was his defiant reply

"What messages do you bring to Mrs. Evans?"

"Find that out, too."

Evans's Vulnerable Spot.

A genius who knew the character of Evans well—knew that his ruling passion was family-love—proposed a plan to force the bandit out of his hiding-place. The plan was the systematic persecution of Mrs. Evans and the children, and it was put into operation. Mrs. Evans was refused credit by tradesmen who had been induced to take that course with her. She paid cash. Men were sent to loiter around the farm at night. She got rid of them by threatening to resort to a shotgun her husband had not taken away.

The schoolmates of the Evans children were induced to refuse to play with them. Eva Evans was ostracized everywhere. The younger children were hooted at in the streets and called "Murderer's brats" by other youngsters. Mrs. Evans ended this by taking the children from school.

Then the officers attempted to compel her to send them back, so that the persecution could be continued, by invoking the compulsory-education law. At this time help came from an unexpected quarter

While the officers had been bending every energy to effect the capture of the fugitives, Henry D. Bigelow, a San Francisco reporter, had been in the field endeavoring to obtain an interview with Evans and Sontag. He had made friends with Moore, and had progressed so far as to induce the latter to take a message to Evans, but the reply had come back that Evans declined to permit any person to approach his stronghold, and that he would kill Bigelow if he came within range of his gun. In the dilemma of Mrs. Evans and her children Bigelow saw his opportunity for a master-stroke of journalistic diplomacy.

One Sunday Bigelow's paper appeared with a full-page denunciation of the persecution to which the family had been subjected. They were defended as the helpless dependents of a man whose crimes they should not be made to bear The tortures which were being inflicted upon innocent babies were painted in glaring colors, the sufferings of Eva were described in language calculated to make the young men of Visalia spring to the defense of the girl, and the horror of the faithful wife and mother's position was vividly portrayed

Bigelow was a master word-juggler. His article aroused a storm of protest against the methods of the officers. Public opinion forced them to stop their persecution of the family.

The reporter gained his point. When Moore showed Evans the newspaper containing Bigelow's defense of his family and told him of the effect it had, the bandit said:

"Bring Bigelow here; I want to thank him."

So, Bigelow was taken by Moore into the mountains. For two days and nights he rode blindfolded, Moore leading the horse. When at last he was told to take the bandage from his eyes he saw Evans standing before him with outstretched hand.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Bigelow," said Evans, "and I am grateful for what you did down yonder."

They were standing in the single room of a small hut. Only Evans, Moore, and Bigelow were in sight.

"You passed Sontag five miles down the trail," Evans explained. "We can't afford to take chances on you being followed, so John is down there laying for anybody that might have tried the trick."

Interviewing the Bandits.

This showed that the bandits had taken almost military precautions against a surprise. For several hours Bigelow was a guest of the bandits in their stronghold Sontag arrived before he left, with word that all was well.

Bigelow was not permitted to step outside the door of the hut until the end of his visit. There were no windows through which he could look to get a

sense of location. When he said he was ready to leave his eyes were blindfolded again and he was led outside and helped on to his horse.

"Don't try to come here again," said Evans, "and if I hear that you have tried to locate us for the sheriffs I'll find a way to kill you. Good-by."

About twenty hours later Bigelow had the use of his eyes restored to him. He was in Moore's cabin, on his mountain ranch

When the newspaper containing Bigelow's interview appeared it created a great sensation. The California public had been aroused to a high pitch of excitement by the dramatic and tragic events following the train-robbery, and were following the many columns of reports that appeared in the press with intense interest.

Flushing the Quarry.

Thousands of persons thought Evans and Sontag had succeeded in making their way through the mountains into Mexico and were safe. Bigelow's story was discredited by a large section of the public, who thought it preposterous that a newspaper reporter could reach men for whom dozens of trained officers had been searching for months. After a while its authenticity was confirmed by the bandits themselves.

The publication had the effect of spurring the man-hunters on to redoubled efforts. The trails swarmed with posses, crossing and recrossing each other's tracks. At last a small band of trailers flushed the quarry. Four men rode into a clearing in front of a long deserted cabin. There came a puff of smoke from a window.

"I'm hit," cried one of the horsemen as he swayed in his saddle.

The four rifles of the trailers spat bullets at the window.

Bang! Bang! came answering shots. One of the horses, stung by a bullet, sprang into the air. This and the noise of the firing spread panic among the other animals. There was a stampede, and when the riders regained control of their horses they were far down the mountain trail.

The man who had been hit was wounded only slightly, but the force thought it best to go to Visalia for reinforcements. When this had been accomplished and the enlarged party arrived at the cabin Evans and Sontag had disappeared.

Then came more weeks of riding hither and thither through the mountains. Hundreds of men were engaged in this pursuit of two outlaws who, assisted by the railroad haters, eluded every posse, avoided falling into dozens of traps that were set to catch them, and flitted here, there, and everywhere like will o'-the-wisps. And Clark Moore continued to ride into Visalia, lay in large stores of provisions, and disappear among the hills, flaunting his defiance of the officers of the law.

In the meantime, public interest in the exciting events had become so widespread that theatrical managers bombarded Eva Evans with offers to place her on the stage. One offer she finally accepted. A play was written for her the story of which embraced the principal exploits of her father. It was named "Evans and Sontag."

Before its production, an offer was made to Mrs. Evans to appear in the drama, which she accepted. The play was produced in San Francisco. Curiosity to see the wife and daughter of the celebrated bandit filled the theater for a week, but after that interest in the women waned, and the production met with failure.

All things must have an end, and the end of the ten months' hunt for Evans and Sontag came in the latter part of June, 1893. A posse of about a dozen men rode, by accident, close to the hut in which Bigelow had been received by Evans. A man was crossing an open space toward the hut carrying a bucket of water in one hand and a shotgun in the other. It was Sontag

End of the Man-Hunt.

At the instant the posse caught sight of him three of its members fired on him. Sontag dropped to the ground behind a log, over which he shoved his weapon and returned the fire. Hearing the firing, Evans rushed from the hut shotgun in hand, and dodging behind a tree,

joined his partner in the battle. Springing from their horses, the officers sought shelter behind trees and rocks.

Two man-hunters fell before they could reach places of safety. They were Deputy United States Marshals Wilson and McGinnis. Both died instantly. When Evans and Sontag had fired their shotguns they drew their revolvers. They had three weapons each, and plenty of reserve ammunition in their pockets. The battle raged fiercely for more than half an hour.

Suddenly a yell from one of the officers gave notice that he had been hit. A forty-five caliber ball had shattered one of his legs, which was afterward amputated. It was apparent to all the men that Sontag had been wounded at the first fire, but from his log rampart he continued to collect his toll of blood from his besiegers.

Suddenly he was seen to half jump above the log, as though another bullet had seared his body, and at that instant an officer let drive at him again. Sontag dropped back and lay still.

That left the posse with only one adversary. From his shelter behind a tree Evans continued the battle. Some of the officers started to work their way around to positions where they could fire at him from the rear. The bandit observed the maneuver, and thought to reach a more secure place by making a dash for the hut, from which he calculated he could make a more effective fight through the one opening—the door—and avoid the rear fire.

Battle of Sampson's Flat.

Volleys blazed at him as he made the dash. Once he reeled from the shock of a bullet, but recovered himself and sped on. Another bound and he would have been inside the hut, but another bullet struck him and he fell. The battle was over, and the two most desperate train-robbers California has produced were prisoners. The fight has gone into history as the battle of Sampson's Flat, from the name of the nearest settlement to the scene of the conflict.

The leaders of the victorious posse were Sheriff Scott, of Fresno County, and Sheriff Kay, of Tulare. The capture having been made in Sheriff Scott's jurisdiction, the prisoners were taken to the Fresno County jail, in Fresno. From the first the doctors announced that Sontag could not live. He had four bullets in his body.

The surgeon's examination of Evans showed that the bones of one arm had been so badly shattered that amputation would be necessary, that a bullet in his right eye had destroyed the sight of that organ forever, and that another ball had found lodgment in his body, but that none of his wounds would cost him his life. Both outlaws were given medical attendance in jail. Mrs. Evans nursed her husband, and Sontag had the benefit of his mother's attention. Sontag died on July 3, without having regained consciousness.

Another Sontag on the War-Path.

While John Sontag was dying in the Fresno jail his brother, George, led a revolt among some of the prisoners at Folsom penitentiary. They obtained rifles, revolvers, and ammunition, seized one of the guards, Briare, who was an overseer of convicts at work in the stone-quarry, and started for the hills surrounding the prison.

There are no walls at Folsom, the prison being guarded by men stationed in high towers and armed with Gatling guns and rifles. The American River flows through the prison grounds. The guards did not dare fire on the escaping convicts for fear of killing Briare, around whom the prisoners were closely massed

Suddenly Briare was seen to seize one of the convicts, throw him against his companions, and make a dash to escape. He was seized by a convict just as he reached a point on a bank above the river. They struggled, and in the end rolled down the slope into the water. Then the tower guards opened fire.

Gatling balls rained down pitilessly upon the convicts. Three fell dead; others, among them Sontag, were wounded. The others threw down their weapons and surrendered. Briare and the prisoner whom he had dragged into the river were rescued.

On recovering from his wounds Evans

was placed on trial for the murder of Wilson and McGinnis at Sampson's Flat. His attorney played with rare skill on the hatred of the people for the railroad, with the result that the jury reported to the court that it could not agree. After having been ordered to deliberate further on the case, the jury returned a verdict of guilty, but fixed the punishment at imprisonment for life, thus saving Evans from the gallows.

Evans in the Hills Again.

While confined in the Fresno jail awaiting the formal passing of sentence Evans escaped. His wife visited him as usual one day, and at six o'clock the bandit's supper was brought to him by Edward Morrel, a restaurant waiter. The supper was served in the jail corridor, to which Morrel, carrying a covered tray, was admitted, while Evans was let out of his cell to join his wife at the meal.

Presently the waiter called to the jailer, Scott, that he was ready to leave. As Scott unlocked the corridor door Morrel covered him with a revolver. At the same time, Evans produced a revolver and aimed it at the jailer. The weapons had been taken into the jail on the waiter's tray, under a cloth.

Taking his keys from Scott, the waiter and Evans locked him in the jail and ran into the street. At the first corner they were met by City Marshal John D. Morgan, who, recognizing Evans, called on them to stop. His answer was a bullet from Evans's revolver, which wounded the marshal. Near the jail a newspaper-carrier was making his rounds, delivering papers from a cart. The desperate men threw the boy out, and jumping into the cart, drove toward the hills.

Posses were organized immediately and started in pursuit, but they could find no trace of the bandit or the waiter. The escape was made on December 28, 1893. For six weeks the mountains swarmed with man-hunters. It seemed as though the ten months' chase was to be repeated.

To the astonishment of Sheriff Kay, of Tulare, on February 19, 1894, information that Evans and Morrel were at the Evans farm, near Visalia, was brought to him. Organizing a formidable force, the sheriff went to the farm and surrounded the house. Early in the morning a child came from the house bearing a note signed by Evans requesting a parley.

Several notes were exchanged. At last it was agreed that Evans and Morrel should surrender. They came from the house with their hands up, and, covered by the rifles of the posse, delivered themselves into Sheriff Kay's custody.

A lynching-party was formed of citizens who wanted to make short shrift of the criminals, but Kay smuggled them out of Visalia to Fresno. The next day sentence was imposed on Evans, and he was taken immediately to Folsom to begin his life term.

Even inside the walls of the penitentiary Evans managed to keep himself in the public eye. A few years after he had entered the prison a burglar, Fredericks, was released. Several weeks later the prison officials learned that in pursuance of a plot to liberate Evans a number of rifles, with ammunition, had been concealed by Fredericks at a place near the prison. The weapons were confiscated, and the plot failed. An unsuccessful search for Fredericks was made by the police all over the State.

His Last Struggle.

About a year later a man walked into a bank on Market Street, San Francisco, at noon, and seizing a bag of gold, started for the door. One of the bank's officials who attempted to stop him was shot dead. The murderer was chased through the streets by hundreds of citizens until, hard pressed, he took refuge under a house. A policeman for whom the murderer's revolver had no terrors crawled under the house and captured him single-handed.

The prisoner was Fredericks. He was convicted of the murder of the bank official, and died on the gallows. Before the execution of the sentence Fredericks confessed that he had tried to get the bank's gold in order to have money with which to enable Evans to escape from the prison.

(To be continued.)

RAILROAD MAN'S PRIMER:

NUMBER FIVE.

BY HERMAN DA COSTA.

Written for "The Railroad Man's Magazine."

What is a shipment?
Merchandise which reaches its destination too late.

What shipments are valuable?
All those upon which claims will be made.

What is a claim?
The cost of the goods plus what the consignee hoped to get for them.

When does a shipment increase in value?
As soon as the consignee learns it is lost.

What is a consignee?
One who claims a shipment was not received in good condition.

What is a shipper?
Another man who claims that the damage is up to the railroad.

What is a claim department?
A department organized for the purpose of refusing claims.

What is the chief duty of a railroad?
In the consignee's estimation, its chief duty is to pay his claims.

What is a legal department?
A department intended to facilitate the delaying of claims.

What is a just claim?
Any claim made by a consignee.

What is an unjust claim?
A claim made by the railroad that the consignee's claim is unjust.

What will make a consignee angry?
Receiving his goods after he has made a claim.

Why?
Because.

A "LOCOED LOCO."

BY FRANK CONDON.

What Happened When Engine Two-Forty-One Ran Amuck on the Quincy Central.

WHEN a locomotive decides to run away, there are a number of things the railroad must do, and they must be done in a hurry. For a "wild" engine is the one object more terrifying than a cannon torn loose from its fastenings on a pitching ship.

The days of runaway cannons have passed out with the wooden fighting ships, but the runaway locomotive is still a possibility all over the railroad world.

Engineers on the Quincy Central Railroad still remember the line's one monumental experience. Every man on the system can recite for you in detail how Engine 241, a wheezy old teakettle in the freight service, escaped from her keepers and trumpeted, like a mad elephant, over thirty miles of track, while despatchers went daft or contracted certain ailments of the heart that had to be doctored in later years.

It is a story the young men learn when they begin carrying messages for the company, and relate with accuracy to the grandchildren of their old age.

Engine 241 was sent from the works one luckless Friday morning, fresh, shiny, and aggressively painted down to the eccentric-rods. She began actual work on the following Friday; that day her tender bumped cautiously into a string of cattle-cars which she was destined to drag over the Westcott division three times a week when she felt well enough.

From the first flourish of her steam and the first wild plunging of her drive-wheels, 241 was a doomed loco. She radiated ill luck. On her first trip she killed a sheep, and the blood trickled redly over the bars of her pilot, making it a very fitting baptismal run.

A week later the company called an ambulance and an unfortunate wiper was removed from beneath 241's drive-wheels with both his legs missing. Then the old murderer broke down under the weight of her crimes and went up for repairs with twisted valves, clogged tubes, and a badly dented cylinder-head, which she got by casually side-swiping a switching-pony in the yards.

One week after she had reappeared in shame among the roundhouse fleet the wrecking crew slid out of their bunks and later on cursed bitterly over the sodden aspect of the mogul, which had neglected to ride a switch-point with the skill of a sensible engine and lay buried nose-deep in a potato-field, with several loaded box cars sitting on her tender.

It was just such nasty behavior that gave her a hoodoo repute before the new paint had all worn off, and consequently when the division force was called upon to worry sharply over how to stop a wild engine coming from the south, it was fitting that the scapegrace should be none other than 241.

Babylonia is a hamlet edging close up to the tracks on the Westcott division of the Quincy Central, and you identify it by the red water-tank from which 241 had stopped to drink one stuffy evening in the spring of 1905.

There was a sulk in the hissing of the old sinner's blower. The desire to be a bad loco rumbled viciously in the trip-hammer throbbing of her air-pump, and her single eye glared into the dusk with unblinking malevolence. It was a time for strict attention.

Stopping a heavy freight-train at a given point so that the manhole at the back of the tender will fall directly under the water tank's spout is cumbrous and difficult. An engineer will boast of his ability to make such a stop, but as John Sweeny valued time highly, it was one of the things he never attempted. Therefore, 241 was uncoupled and jockeyed up under the spout neatly, and all the time her evil eye beamed with the promise of trouble.

Dick Carroll, the fireman, clambered up over the pile of coal and took his station at the manhole, while Engineer Sweeny slid down from his seat and threw the spout into position.

Then it was that the demon of wrong clutched old 241 by the throat and she dropped her pretensions to decency. Fireman Carroll swears to this day that an unseen hand pulled the throttle wide open, but Sweeny avers, with equal emphasis, that the old devil opened her own throttle and tried to commit suicide.

At any rate, a shock was administered to the peaceful Carroll as he stood at the tail board of the tender with his feet jammed into the space back of the tank-hole, where the slightest movement of the engine would upset him. He was thrown, as from a catapult, straight up and backward, and for several moments thereafter passing events failed to interest Carroll, fireman.

The cause of his ascent was that 241 had bolted. Her throttle stood wide open. There was no doubting that. The sudden screech of escaping steam, the whirling drive-wheels, the snare-drum rattle of the exhaust, and the sudden disappearance of the mogul seemed to prove it unquestionably.

When Sweeny stood between the rails ten seconds later and looked at her, 241 was tearing down the grade and spitting red cinders like an itinerant volcano.

In Babylonia there is a telegraph-room four feet square, occupied by an operator of similar dimensions. He usually dozed.

This man was suddenly conscious of being kicked on the shins by two excited trainmen, and the next four minutes were consumed in telling Hicksville, the next station down the line, that a powerful and idiotic locomotive was bearing down upon it at the rate of seventy miles an hour, and without regard for consequences.

It was suggested hurriedly to Hicksville that it would be a good plan to clear the track, unless the railroad people there courted sudden annihilation. The one switch at Hicksville pointed the wrong way, or 241 would have been steered into a sand bank to end her trip in ignominy.

Hicksville received the news calmly and wired it forward, whereupon every one who knew—and the entire town knew in two minutes—walked out among the box cars and peered down the track to the south. Somewhere below Bowles Hole 241 was coming, bellowing with rage and proud of her infamy.

With a full fire-box and her water standing half-way in the glass, the crazy loco had buckled down to her work with the enthusiasm of a new-loosed colt. A flat sheet of fire streamed back from her stubby stack, and the rattle of her exhaust had become a fierce humming.

She leaped along blindly, gathering speed on the down grades, scarcely noticing the rises, and totally ignoring curves that might easily have slapped her into the ditch.

Meanwhile Loamsey, the next town north, had been notified, and in turn, Redmond, Quigley, Orchard Top, Stryker, Haverstown, and Whitehouse heard the news without joy. Ten minutes after Carroll had catapulted into the cinders, every man on the division, and many men on other divisions, had begun worrying profanely, and ever on her misguided way 241 pounded along in the dark.

A chief train-despatcher and his assistants tried to clear fifty miles of track in ten minutes, which is obviously impossible on a single-track system. It seemed feasible and necessary to ditch the runaway at once, but no despatcher likes to wreck a switchful of freight-cars unless it will save lives to do so, and at that particular moment every passenger-train on the division was snuggling safely behind a protecting switch-light.

Hicksville saw 241 briefly. At Loamsey the ninety-pound rails rattled like pipe-stems and the runaway was doing her seventy miles. She had never regretted her short wheel-base until that mo-

ment, and when she went through the yards at Loamsey every piece of metal in her groaned aloud.

People say a runaway locomotive is the most awe-inspiring spectacle men live to see. It is very much like a drunken man throwing hammers in a dynamite factory. And 241 was putting up a clever, but immoral, exhibition.

When she reached the long curve above Redmond she was clicking off the miles in forty-five seconds, and her headlight threw uncertain beams because of the rocking. Inside her cab, the firebox door swung back and forth drunkenly, and the night behind her was cut into red ribbons as the glare shot out over the tender in succeeding flashes.

It was a fine night for 241, but Martens, the chief train-despatcher, was already closing a strong hand over her metal throat; and she knew it not. He had a plan, and the wires were telling Engineer Tommy Calkins at Sylvester to capture the runaway without disfiguring her, if possible. She was worth ten thousand dollars in money and would have to be replaced.

Calkins read the yellow order-sheet thoughtfully. Then he climbed into the cab of 36, a light passenger-engine which had once done sixty miles in sixty-five minutes, and as they slid down the yards to Sylvester Junction he explained it to the fireman.

They were to take three heavy steel gondolas, run out on the main track and wait for the coming of the runaway. When she hove in sight, 36 was to slip off ahead of her and increase speed until both locos were making even time. Then if luck stayed, 241 would push her pilot into the rear gondola and the capture would be complete, unless, of course, she bumped harder than Calkins intended, and if she did, there would be a wreck.

It was all very simple in theory, but picking up a runaway engine going seventy miles is the work of a grown man who knows his engine. Calkins ran out on the track and his fireman stood on the cab-roof. They waited ten minutes and the crowd around them made suggestions, from the station master down to the newest wiper.

The fireman's yell, "There she comes!" was followed by a quick jerk that threw him into the tender. At Sylvester they say it was the quickest start ever made by a loco. The light engine fairly leaped at one bound into the dusk and was doing forty miles before she was out of sight with her trailing gondolas.

Old 241 sang into Sylvester and out again after the flying Calkins. Halfway up the slight grade north of the town, the runaway came within striking distance, and Calkins smiled grimly out of his cab window. When 241 struck the rear gondola there was a snapping of wood and iron and most of the pilot disappeared beneath her.

She held the rails and bucked viciously. Calkins felt the momentum and set the air. There was a bumping and a short struggle. They began to slow down. Fireman Perkins clambered back at the risk of his neck and laid a victorious hand on the nose of the runaway. In a moment he had wriggled along the foot-board into the cab, and 241's throttle grunted shut.

She was a trapped loco.

Calkins backed her into Sylvester and her shame enveloped her in a cloud of wet steam. But they will still tell you on the Quincy Central that old 241 opened her own throttle that night and tried to commit suicide because of her sins; which is, of course, untrue, as sensible engineers know.

Abraham Lincoln said that people who talked all the time reminded him of a steamboat on the Ohio that had such a big whistle that when she blew for the landing the engines stopped.
—The "Old Man."

Full Speed Ahead.

Facts from All Over the Country Which Show that the Railroads Are Not Losing Step in the Onward March of Progress.

OFFICIAL announcement has been made that the Burlington will spend a quarter of a million dollars in double-tracking north and south of St. Joseph, Missouri. Twenty-seven miles of track will be laid between St. Joseph and Kansas City, and fifteen miles will be installed north of St. Joseph

EVERY passenger-train on the Pennsylvania is to be renumbered. The various classes will be divided into series, a special series being apportioned to all through trains, and the lines east and west having special series for each branch line. Only a short time ago the company commenced a renumbering of all freight-cars on a similar basis.

WHAT is the nearest approach to an all-steel private car that has so far been attempted has recently been completed at the Buffalo shops of the Pullman Car Company It has been built for Colonel J M. Schoonmaker, vice-president of the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie. Practically no wood has been used in its construction, and it is said to be absolutely fire and telescope proof.

THE Milwaukee Street Railway Company has placed an order with the St. Louis Car Company for ten all-steel passenger-coaches. Except for the New York Subway's cars, these are the first all-steel cars to be ordered by any electric system. Each car will be fifty-two feet in length, and the first one was to be delivered in about thirty days from the placing of the order.

ONE of the most useful improvements in modern railroading, the telegraphone, is being installed by the Queen and Crescent. The line is already in operation from Chattanooga to Oakdale, Tennessee, and it is the intention of the company to fit up the entire system from Cincinnati to New Orleans with the invention. 'Phones are placed in all the offices along the route, and each passenger-train and freight-caboose is supplied with a telephone and other equipment with which the line can be broken in on at any point. In case of wreck or a washout the value of this system may be incalculable.

BETWEEN seven and eight million dollars' worth of new equipment has recently been delivered to the Rock Island, as a part of the extensive orders placed during the past year. Besides these orders, other far-reaching plans for improvement are under consideration, and one of the features decided upon is the thorough re-ballasting of the main line, outside of the Choctaw division, this summer

A NEW cut-off has just been put in operation by the Chicago and Alton between Springfield and Murrayville, Illinois, which shortens the Alton's route from Springfield to Kansas City by sixty miles, although the cut-off is only thirty-six miles long. The mileage of the Alton's new route is three hundred and sixty eight miles, a little shorter than that of the Wabash, and in consequence of this reduction and the wiping out of the toll over the Hannibal bridge the company will be able to lower the passenger rate.

LAST May work was commenced on what is expected to be the largest wood-preserving plant in the world. It is being erected for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy at Galesburg, Illinois. The building is of reenforced concrete, and the yard, which covers eighty acres, will have five miles of track. It is expected that the plant will be able to handle two million ties

each season, besides bridge-timber, piling, and other wood used in railroad construction. The plant will probably be ready for operation by the 1st of September.

IT is stated that the new yards of the Chicago, Indiana and Southern at Gibson, Indiana, recently completed, are the largest in the West. Fifteen hundred men have been working on them for a year, and nearly one million cubic yards of sand was used in their construction. The yards are to be used jointly with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, and Indiana Harbor. They have thirty-five miles of track, and a capacity of two thousand five hundred cars daily, as well as a twenty-five-stall roundhouse, and will give constant employment to six hundred men.

A NEW method of helping passengers who do not speak English has been adopted by the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio, the Mexican International, and the Mexican Central. A passengers' assistant has been appointed, with headquarters at Ciudad Porfirio Diaz, Coahuila, Mexico. It is the duty of this official, Mr Robert Underwood, to meet all trains before arrival at Eagle Pass and place himself at the service of passengers to and from Mexico, acting as interpreter and helping them to pass their baggage through the customs, etc.

A FEAT in land transportation was recently performed when a load of spars more than one hundred feet in length was brought from the Pacific coast to Philadelphia by rail. At one time all spars and masts used in ship-building on the Delaware were floated down the river in rafts, the first raft that ever came down the Delaware being of spars. In coming by rail frequent inspections had to be made to make sure that the unhandy freight was loaded properly, and the railroad authorities were very pleased with themselves at having transported it in safety over such a great distance.

FIGURES recently issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad show that the total movement of the freight equipment has increased 18 per cent in the past two years, whereas the passenger movement has increased 12.4 per cent in the same period. The number of miles traveled by all the freight-cars in the year 1906 amounted to the unrealizable total of 1,329,259,529. The increase was especially great on the Pennsylvania Railroad division and on the Buffalo and Allegheny Valley division, amounting on the latter, in the two years, to 33 per cent. The locomotive mileage, combined passenger and freight, for the year 1906 was 120,824,079, an increase of over eighteen million miles in two years.

THE Union Pacific is introducing a passenger-coach which in several features is a departure from the long accepted style on American railroads. Instead of the usual end doors, the car will have side doors. Besides forming a quicker means of entry and egress, it is claimed by W. R. McKeen, the superintendent of motive power, that this style of building renders the coach less liable to telescoping in case of wreck. Also, instead of the usual windows, the windows of the new coach will be round. Although this allows a little less light, it renders the windows less liable to destruction and minimizes the danger from breaking glass. The coach will also be provided with the Union Pacific's patent ventilator, of the kind used on their motor-cars, and, altogether, it is said that it will be so radically different in appearance from the old style cars that it will only be with some difficulty that it will be recognized as a passenger coach at all.

IT is stated by officials of the St. Paul road that they have demonstrated the possibility of avoiding from sixty to seventy-five per cent of the smoke which issues from the smoke-stacks of locomotives by equipping the engines with the hollow-brick smoke-arch. So satisfied is the management with the experiment that orders are being given for the equipment of all their engines with this smoke-saver, at a cost of between two hundred thousand and a quarter of a million dollars. One thousand engines have already been fitted, and it is stated that the heavy engines are running from one hundred thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand miles between the renewal of flues. Among the first to experiment with the brick arch was S. M. Felton, now president of the Chicago and Alton. When he went to the Chesapeake and Ohio he had all that road's engines fitted with the arch, with highly satisfactory results. Mr. Felton later introduced the same thing on the Alton, but as the arches wore out they were discontinued, owing partly to the great original cost and partly to the length of time the engines were laid off while they were being fitted.

THE MAN OF STRAW.

BY J. AUBREY TYSON.

Author of "The Lady of the Cobwebs," "Bugles and Butterflies,' "A Thread of Destiny," Etc.

Beaufort and Sparhawk Continue Their Underground Operations, and Grayson Finds Cause for Laughter.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

RICHARD BEAUFORT has been elected president of the A, M and P. Railroad to fill the place made vacant by the death of his father, "Old Bill" Beaufort. His election is the idea of Frederick Claverhouse, general manager of the road, who points out to Samuel Bushrod, vice president, the advantages of having a "man of straw" at the head. Beaufort is abroad when the news of his election reaches him. After some thought he decides to accept and returns immediately. He is met at the steamer by Bushrod, who hedges when Beaufort demands to know the reason for the election of so young and untrained a man to so important a position. When they part Beaufort startles Bushrod by announcing his intention of taking up the duties of his office that very afternoon.

Five weeks after beginning his work as president of the A, M and P, Beaufort, in a directors' meeting, accuses the general manager of withholding information from him, and of deceiving him as to the real reason for stopping work on the extension through the State of Washington. One director, Le Brun, sides with Beaufort, and the action of the board is rescinded, and it is resolved to put the line through. When the board meets the next day a message is received from Beaufort announcing that he has been ordered West for his health. On his way West, Beaufort, traveling as "Richard Bowman," accidentally becomes acquainted with a young lady whom he learns is Gertrude Grayson, daughter of the contractor in charge of the work on the A, M and P extension. He decides to avoid her, and from Chicago chooses another route to Tacoma. When he reaches Tacoma the first man to meet him is his old friend Jim Sparhawk, who informs him that his most dangerous opponent is Walter Grayson.

CHAPTER X.

The Wolf and the Lamb.

HEADQUARTERS of the Vulcan Construction Company were on the second floor of the Fastnet Building, one of the "show" office-buildings of Tacoma. The private office of the president was in one corner of the structure, and commanded a view of two thoroughfares; the other offices took up the entire floor.

The walls of the private office were covered with green burlap and hung with large photographs of bridges, tunnel-openings, steam-shovels, construction gangs at work, and other scenes that had to do with civil engineering. Other parts of the walls were concealed by large oak cabinets used for the filing of papers.

In the center of the room was a long, broad oak table, on which lay in a confused mass rolls of blue-prints, newspapers, and technical books and periodicals. The floor was covered with a green-and-red carpet.

The large roll-top desk of the president stood in the best-lighted corner of the apartment, and here, at ten o'clock in the morning following Beaufort's arrival in Tacoma, sat Walter Grayson.

The president of the Vulcan Construction Company was almost six feet in height, and was sturdily built. His head was large, and his iron-gray hair was closely trimmed. His face was

square and swarthy, its expression of grimness being enhanced by two deep perpendicular lines that rose from between his eyes to a point well up on his broad, high forehead. His features and poise were unmistakably those of one whose strong will had made him a commander of men.

Grayson had removed his coat, and now wore a negligee shirt, carefully creased blue serge trousers, tan shoes, a low white collar, and a black tie. With one hand he held to his nose a pair of gold-rimmed eye-glasses as he glanced over several typewritten pages that lay before him on the desk.

He was thus engaged when one of his clerks entered with the card of a visitor. He looked thoughtfully at the name for several moments; then, nodding curtly, he said:

"All right. I'll see him."

The clerk withdrew, and when the door opened again Beaufort crossed the threshold.

Grayson had resumed the reading of the typewritten pages, and at first appeared unaware of the entrance of his visitor. Beaufort stood patiently beside the table in the middle of the room. At length Grayson, turning deliberately, lowered his eye-glasses.

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?" he asked.

Though the words were curtly spoken, the manner of the speaker was respectful enough.

"You are Mr. Grayson, I believe?"

The Vulcan company's president was scrutinizing his visitor closely. Grayson liked large men, and there was something in this tall, clean-limbed young man that impressed him favorably.

"Yes, I'm Grayson," he answered, in a slightly more amiable tone.

"Well, I've come to ask you to give me a few minutes of your time."

"I can spare you a few minutes, perhaps, Mr. Bowman, but my time is likely to be so well occupied to-day that I cannot promise you much of it until I know the nature of your business. I presume that it is business that brings you to me."

"Oh, yes."

"Sit down," and Grayson pointed to a chair near his desk.

As Beaufort seated himself in the proffered chair Grayson picked up and thrust between his teeth a smoking cigar that had been lying at his elbow. The young man drew out a cigar from his pocket and lighted it deliberately. Grayson watched him with rapidly increasing curiosity.

"Well, sir?" asked the elder man, a little impatiently, when he saw that the cigar of his visitor offered no excuse for further delay.

Beaufort placed his elbows on the arms of his chair and leaned forward.

"Mr. Grayson," he began, "I understand that you hold a controlling interest in the Vulcan Construction Company. May I ask what value you place upon it?"

Grayson's brows raised slightly. The expression in his eyes indicated that he was engaged in an effort to determine whether his visitor was a crank or a new Napoleon of finance.

"Doesn't it strike you that that is a —well, an odd sort of question, young man?" he asked.

"Perhaps, but I have a sound motive in asking it."

"I dare say. Most of us have motives for the things we do."

"I think that in this instance you will grant that my question is not altogether impertinent when I tell you that my object in asking you the value of your stock is to learn at what price you will be willing to sell it."

"In that case there is no need of discussing the matter further. No matter how great or small my holdings of Vulcan stock may be, they are not for sale."

Beaufort, settling himself back in his chair, puffed his cigar vigorously.

"That's all, I believe," said Grayson abruptly, and as he spoke he turned suggestively toward his desk.

"Not quite all, I think," drawled Beaufort.

"Indeed!"

Grayson faced him once more.

"No—not quite all. In fact, there is considerably more to be said on the subject."

"Well, say it as quickly as you can, please."

Beaufort leaned forward again.

"As a result of the failure of the Vul-

can company to complete the A., M. and P. extension in the course of the next nine months, it will forfeit a two-million-dollar bond," he went on.

Grayson nodded.

"That is the understanding, I believe," he said.

"Well, I have been informed that the Vulcan Construction Company is capitalized at one million dollars, and that its stock consists of ten thousand shares of a par value of one hundred dollars a share."

"You appear to have gone to considerable trouble to inform yourself concerning our affairs, Mr. Bowman," Grayson answered, smiling grimly.

"You admit, then, that my information is correct."

"Oh, perfectly correct. Yes."

"I have also been given to understand that your holdings consist of six thousand shares."

A cloud began to gather on Grayson's brow. Twisting his cigar around in his mouth, he puffed vigorously.

"The par value of those six thousand shares, therefore, is six hundred thousand dollars," Beaufort went on. "I am prepared to make for them an offer of eight hundred thousand dollars."

Grayson, who had been tilting slowly back and forth in his swivel chair, stopped suddenly. A faint tinge of red stole into his swarthy face, and he gazed searchingly at his visitor.

Seconds ticked away into minutes while both were silent. Then once more Grayson began to swing to and fro in his chair.

"I have said my stock is not for sale," he answered gruffly.

There was another pause.

"I'll offer you a million."

"No," replied Grayson promptly.

Both men leaned back in their chairs Beaufort smiled slightly. Grayson's face was glum.

"Very well, then, said Beaufort carelessly. "I'll make you another proposition. It is this: I will give you half a million for three thousand shares and—"

Grayson shook his head negatively. Dick continued:

"And undertake to pay in full the amount of the bond the Vulcan company will forfeit in the event of its failure to fulfil its contract with the A., M. and P. in the stipulated time."

The hand that was raising Grayson's cigar to his mouth stopped suddenly in mid air. The president of the Vulcan company sat as if he was carved of stone. Each man gazed at the other silently; then, in a quiet voice, Grayson asked:

"Bowman, who are you, anyway? Why are you so anxious to put your money into the Vulcan company? Where do you come from? You talk as though you were pretty well supplied with funds for a man of your age, but are you quite sure you've got 'em?"

Beaufort laughed boyishly

"Well, Mr. Grayson, you've given me a pretty big order if you expect me to answer your questions as tersely as you put them," he said. "Still, without stopping to enter into the details of my family history, I'll do the best I can. As you have learned from my card, my name is Bowman—Richard Bowman.

"I inherited a pretty big fortune, have spent most of it, and have never done anything either particularly creditable or discreditable. I have a little smattering of engineering, and a desire to distinguish myself in that field of usefulness.

"I have enough left of my fortune to give me a good start if I get the right sort of a chance. I think I have it here"

"On the A., M. and P. extension?"

"Yes. I heard that the directors of the road had sort of thrown up their hands on the proposition of completing it within the specified time. One of them was an old friend of my father's, so I went to him and asked him if it was possible for me to organize a company to undertake the work. He told me it was not, but suggested that I come to you. You have heard my proposition, and—"

"Who was the director of whom you speak?"

"Le Brun."

Grayson looked thoughtfully toward one of the windows.

"The Pennsylvania steel man," he said

"Yes. George Le Brun."

Again Grayson turned to his visitor.

"Before we discuss this matter further," he said, "it is just as well, perhaps, that I should have some assurance that in making these proposals to me you possess sufficient financial standing to—"

"I am prepared to satisfy you in that regard," Beaufort answered. "Here are three bank-books showing deposits made by me in Tacoma banks."

Grayson took the books and glanced through them.

"One million in each!" he exclaimed in a low voice. "You're a lucky man!"

Grayson returned the books to their owner

"Well, Mr. Bowman, you have told me that one of your motives in coming West was to distinguish yourself as an engineer," he went on. "Am I to understand from this that in the event of your becoming a heavy stockholder in the Vulcan company you would desire to take an active part in its field operations?"

"Most certainly," Beaufort replied. "If I am to guarantee the payment of the two-million-dollar bond, in the event of its being forfeited, it must be one of the conditions that I be put in charge of the work on the A., M. and P. extension, with full power to engage new assistants and as great a force of laborers and mechanics as I may deem necessary."

Grayson, tilting upward the cigar he held between his teeth, rose, shook himself, and thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers. Back and forth he paced the floor thoughtfully.

"I dare say that can be arranged," he answered. "We have our annual election of officers next week. That will make little change in the situation. But—"

Stopping in his walk, he faced his visitor.

"You would want to be a director, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"I think we can manage it."

"I am to understand that you accept my offer, then?"

"Yes—five hundred thousand dollars for three thousand shares, you to pay the amount of the bond to the A., M. and P. if we fail to have the extension completed in contract time, with the understanding, of course, that you have charge of the work on that extension. Yes, I accept your offer. I will have the necessary papers drawn up to-day. Will you be prepared to sign them and take over the stock at ten to morrow morning?"

"Yes," Beaufort replied, and as he spoke he arose. "I'll see you, then, at ten to-morrow."

Grayson was about to offer his hand, but his visitor was already on his way to the door.

As soon as he was alone Grayson turned to his telephone, and getting the man he wanted, bade him come to him without delay. Then he wrote a telegram and addressed it to George Le Brun, in New York. The message read as follows:

> Richard Bowman, seeking the position of superintendent of construction on the A., M. and P. extension, refers me to you for information concerning his qualifications. As a director of the A., M. and P., do you recommend him for such a position?
>
> (Signed) WALTER GRAYSON,
> President of Vulcan Construction Company.

"That will do the trick, I guess," Grayson muttered after he had carefully read the message he had written. "If the thing is a little game of Le Brun's, well and good. I'll take the money, and this telegraphic correspondence will pass up to the directors of the A., M. and P. the responsibility of foisting upon me an incompetent assistant. This seems to be my lucky day."

CHAPTER XI.

How a New Captain Was Chosen.

A FEW minutes after the telegram was sent to Le Brun a clerk entered Grayson's office.

"Mr. Tighe wishes to see you, sir," he said

"All right. Send him in."

The visitor was a sprucely dressed man of about fifty-five, with a gray mustache and imperial. He carried himself with considerable dignity, and had the manner of a Kentucky colonel.

"Good morning, Tighe," Grayson said. "Sit down."

For several minutes Grayson puffed his cigar vigorously, looking thoughtfully at his visitor through the smoke.

"Tighe," he said, "I've just turned my fiftieth year, and I've got a pretty busy life behind me. With one exception, my

record is pretty clear. I've played with some soiled cards in my time, and sometimes, as you know, I've taken them out of my sleeve. I've been accused of sharp practise sometimes, especially in getting contracts, but when I've had a contract I always put it through in schedule time, until—"

"Yes, Grayson, you've kept your record straight," Tighe said indulgently.

"Until I took the contract for the extension of the A., M. and P. no one was ever able to put a black cross in front of my name as a contractor," Grayson went on. "Well, you Vanderhill people dangled your three-million-dollar bait in front of my eyes, and I swallowed it, with the result that the A., M. and P. is shut out from the State of Washington."

"Yes, Grayson, I think we have them beaten."

"As things stand now I am to get one million dollars of the three that have been offered to me for my dirty work. The other two millions are to cover the amount of the forfeiture bond."

"That was why three millions were offered to you instead of one."

"Well, if I were able to make an arrangement by which those other two millions would come into my hands—in other words, if I succeeded in having some one else become responsible for the amount of the bond—"

Tighe nodded and smiled.

"In such an event you would receive three millions instead of one."

"The company would not object?"

"No. Why should it? If you hold up the completion of the extension until the expiration of the time mentioned in the franchise you will receive three millions. What disposition you make of the money is nobody's business but your own."

"All right, Tighe," Grayson replied, with a smile. "I'm glad you take that view of it."

Tighe looked thoughtful; then he said:

"Pardon me, however, if I express the hope that in your interest as well as ours you will not, in your effort to get the extra money, do anything that will imperil our plans."

"I shall be perfectly discreet, I promise you."

"That is all you have to say to me, then?" Tighe asked.

Grayson hesitated.

"Tighe, I may as well make a clean breast of it," he said impulsively. "A lamb came to me this morning. He has the most beautiful golden fleece I think I ever saw—a fleece that is almost as long as his ears. And he wants to be sheared

"On condition that I make him superintendent of the work on the A., M. and P. extension, he offers to buy at a dazzling figure a big block of stock in the Vulcan company and to make good the amount of the two-million-dollar bond if it be forfeited. I've agreed to the terms."

The visitor lost his urbanity in a moment. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and his face grew livid.

"Great Heaven, Grayson, are you going mad!" he exclaimed. "Doesn't it occur to you that the thing is an A., M and P. scheme to get one of its own representatives in charge of the work?"

"Of course it is," Grayson laughed. "But, man, they haven't got one chance in a million to finish the job. There's enough blasting and excavating to be done to keep an army busy for a year. In another five months we'll have the valleys choked with snow.

"Claverhouse is safe, and will see to it that materials aren't delivered any too promptly. So far as you people are concerned, it's all over but the shouting."

"But you're not going to lose control of the Vulcan company?"

"Lord bless you, no!" Grayson answered disgustedly. "The total number of Vulcan shares is ten thousand. I am selling three thousand shares and retaining three thousand.

"My son has five hundred, my daughter has five hundred, and Joe Carleton has two hundred and fifty. This gives me control of four thousand five hundred. The other shareholders are friendly, so, you see, we have nothing to fear."

Tighe looked somewhat relieved, but still he shook his head.

"It seems to me you are sailing too close to the wind, Grayson," he said dubiously.

Grayson's brow darkened.

"Don't forget, Tighe, that the failure to execute the A., M and P. contract will be known in every part of the country," he said irritably. "It is going to put the Vulcan company clean out of business, and my reputation as a contractor will be knocked into smithereens. You can scarcely blame me for beginning to unload my stock and sidestepping as much responsibility for the crash as I can."

Tighe sighed and rose.

"All right, Grayson," he said resignedly. "You haven't as much to gain or lose as we have; still, I'm afraid your failure to make good on this deal—"

"Don't worry, Tighe," interrupted Grayson sharply. "I'll see to that."

As Tighe went out a clerk handed a telegram to Grayson. The contractor tore open the envelope and read this message:

> Richard Bowman is well known to me. He is an exceptionally capable man, and I am confident that he would acquit himself creditably in the position you have mentioned. He has my unqualified indorsement.
>
> (Signed) GEORGE LE BRUN.

Grayson grinned.

"All right, Le Brun," he muttered. "In view of your unbounded confidence in this young man, I'll see to it that he gets the job."

Promptly at ten o'clock on the following morning Beaufort, accompanied by Boyd Cavanagh, his attorney, entered Grayson's office. The necessary papers were signed, Beaufort's check and bond were given, and he received three thousand shares of the Vulcan company's stock. He was also made superintendent of construction on the A., M. and P. extension.

Within half an hour the astute Grayson, by means of cautious questioning, had satisfied himself that what his new superintendent didn't know about civil engineering would fill a great many books that had been written on the subject.

Beaufort saw the president's drift.

"I'm not as well up as I ought to be, perhaps, on some phases of the subject," he explained apologetically; "still, with your permission, I'll name as my assistant a man who is one of the best civil engineers I have known. Between us we will do the trick. The extension is going through on time."

"It will have to if you expect to save that two-million-dollar bond," Grayson replied

"It will, I promise you."

"Who is this chap you are going to make your assistant?"

"James Sparhawk, an Eastern man."

Grayson looked thoughtfully toward one of the windows.

"I never heard of him, I guess," he said

"No, I dare say you haven't," Beaufort replied pleasantly. "He's about my age, and hasn't had a chance to make much of a mark yet. He's clever, though, and a glutton for work; just the sort of man we want, I think."

Grayson smiled slightly.

"He'll do the work and you'll get the credit, eh?"

"I'm afraid that's the view he'll take of it sooner or later," Beaufort answered laughingly.

"Well, go ahead," said Grayson, more seriously. "There's five thousand dollars a year salary in it for you, and three thousand a year for your lieutenant. Now, the thing is up to you. When will you be ready to begin work?"

"To-morrow."

"I'll have the necessary instructions sent along the line. You shall have full charge. I'll not hamper you in any way."

Grayson laid a hand on the young man's shoulder as he spoke. Then they shook hands and parted. As the door closed behind Beaufort, an expression of disgust settled on Grayson's features and an oath fell from his lips.

"A pretty fool I'm making of myself," he muttered. "By Heaven, if two years ago any one had told me that the Vulcan Construction Company was going to peter out like this I would have thought the man was mad!

"For ten years it has led all its rivals on the coast, and now—now I, who built it up, am deliberately running it on the rocks of dishonor—and for what? Three millions and disgrace!"

On leaving Grayson Beaufort hurried to his hotel. There he found several

letters and telegrams awaiting him. One of the letters was from Bill Handley, a trusted friend of Sparhawk's, who was enthusiastic over his ability as a civil engineer. At Sparhawk's suggestion, Handley had been assigned by Beaufort to make a report on the work done and in progress at the Wapiti Falls end of the line.

The letter that Beaufort now held in his hands read as follows:

DEAR SIR: I have just returned to Wapiti Falls from Danton—thirty miles up the line. At that point I found five flat cars derailed and blocking traffic So far as I have been able to learn, no effort is being made to get them back to the track. The track between here and Danton is in pretty bad shape, being strewn with loose stones, some of which are of considerable size.

I was informed on what appeared to be good authority that no gangs are engaged for at least twenty miles the other side of Danton, and in that town no railway wheel has been seen turning for the last two months

Four car-loads of laborers left Wapiti Falls about an hour ago for points the other side of Danton. I should say that there were about two hundred and fifty men aboard, and some appear to be pretty tough characters. At least two hundred of the men were Italians who appeared to have been landed in this country only recently.

The others were English-speaking men, and looked to be the worst of the lot. Fully half of them were drunk, and some—perhaps all—were armed. Most of them hail from Chicago. One of them told me that about eight hundred more men were on the way

There's a fellow named Dan McQuirk hanging around Wapiti Falls just now, and I think he will bear watching. What his business is I can't find out

He's a big, burly bruiser, and, with lots of money to spend, he is making friends among the workmen who put up here. He seems to be waiting for somebody or something.

In accordance with instructions contained in a letter from Sparhawk which I received a few hours ago, I will wait here and watch the trains that move westward I will send daily reports on the number of men and the nature of the material that go through.

Yours truly,

(Signed) WILLIAM HANDLEY

P.S.—Since writing the above I have got a report that a car containing dynamite blew up on the Creede River bridge, ten miles east of here. The bridge gave way, and five cars fell into the river. Four trainmen and the man guarding the dynamite-car were killed. This is the second "accident" of the kind that has happened on an A., M and P. Railroad bridge in this section in the last two months

Beaufort scowled, crumpled the letter in his fist, thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers, and began to stride up and down the room.

"A nice mess those old dodo directors of ours are making of it!" he muttered. "By Heaven, when I get back to New York again I'll— Why the deuce can't I get to the front instead of loafing around here? Hang it, if— Well, I suppose Sparhawk was right.

"If I don't first file down the teeth and claws of this rascal Grayson I'd have about as much chance of doing anything out there among the mountains as I'd have if I tried to lasso a Kansas cyclone. It's a case of tackling Satan first and invading Hades afterward."

CHAPTER XII.

A Winning Hand.

"WHAT the deuce has happened to Sparhawk?"

Beaufort, watch in hand, was crossing and recrossing his room with nervous steps. He had parted from his friend at eight o'clock in the morning, and it had been arranged that Sparhawk should meet him in his room at five in the afternoon. It was now nearly midnight, but Sparhawk had failed to appear.

It had been an eventful week for the young millionaire, but not once since his arrival had he seen any part of the new railroad line that the A., M. and P. was building. Despite this fact, however, nearly every hour in the day found him engaged in preparations for the fight he had come to make.

At the time he had sent Sparhawk and Handley to the scene of construction operations he had no thought of going to the coast himself. These two men,

however, had sent him reports which seemed to indicate that the Vulcan company was playing into the hands of the Vanderhill interests.

It was from Sparhawk and Handley that he had learned that the force of men employed on the work of construction was far smaller than was indicated by the reports that had been sent to the A., M. and P.'s chief engineer, in New York.

A week after he had assumed the duties of president of the A., M. and P. he began to suspect that his company was being made the victim of some extraordinary double-dealing. Two weeks later his private advices from the West confirmed his suspicions.

The motive and nature of the conspiracy were plain enough. But who were the conspirators? How was it possible to block them?

The American Transcontinental Railroad, dominated by the Vanderhill interests, had acquired the Oregon Central. Of this, as has been seen, Horace Treloar, one of the most trusted of the Vanderhill field-marshals, had been made president, with headquarters in Portland, Oregon. The Oregon Central had a terminal at Scar Valley, Oregon, forty miles south of Pine Hill, a point on the A., M. and P.'s right of way through Washington.

It was safe to assume, then, that the head and front of the conspiracy was Treloar. It was Treloar who was moving the pieces in the conspiracy. But who were the pieces?

That one was Walter Grayson, the head of the company that was constructing the extension, there was not the shadow of a doubt. It was Grayson who had permitted the work on the extension to lag, and who appeared to be responsible, in some degree, at least, for certain accidents that from time to time had resulted in the blocking of traffic on those parts of the line which had been completed.

But there were other persons who were more to be feared than either Treloar or Grayson. These were officials of the A., M. and P. who were in league with the worst enemies that that company had ever known.

Treloar, faithful to the interests of his employers, was making a game fight, even though he was employing questionable methods. Grayson was a mere predatory beast of prey that did not hesitate to devour those who had fed and trusted him. But the others were Esaus—members of the A., M. and P. official family—who were selling their honor and the birthright of their company for bowls of Vanderhill pottage.

By approving reports that they must have known to be false, and by their own tactics, which were dilatory when they were not openly obstructive, they first had deceived Beaufort's father and then had attempted to defy the son.

Well, who were they? Richard Beaufort, the man of straw, was determined to know.

Immediately after that memorable meeting of the A., M. and P. directors Le Brun had gone to Beaufort and told him that he, too, had reason to suspect that the integrity as well as the efficiency of certain officials was open to question. Beaufort, at once taking Le Brun into his confidence, had revealed to him the results of the inquiries he had caused to be made.

The young president also had outlined his plans for going West and fighting the battle out in person in the State of Washington. Le Brun had approved, and had promised Beaufort his aid.

During his first week in Tacoma Beaufort perfected a private secret-service system which, at his suggestion, had been begun by Sparhawk two weeks before. By means of this he was kept informed of the movements of Treloar, in Portland; Grayson, in Tacoma; the number of men at work on the extension and the nature of their employment; the movements of construction-trains, and all other incidents along the line that would put him in close touch with the general situation.

To-night there were several reasons that led him to watch eagerly for his lieutenant

It was midnight when Sparhawk appeared. He entered without knocking, and there was something in his aspect as he quietly closed the door behind him that caused Beaufort to look at him curiously. The face of the visitor was flushed, and his manner seemed more subdued than usual.

"Well, Dick, how goes it?" he asked perfunctorily.

"What's the matter, Jim?" Beaufort demanded sharply. "Why are you so late?"

"There are several reasons, Dick. I'm sorry I didn't show up in time, but I couldn't help it."

"Had your supper?"

"Yes."

"Where have you been?"

Sparhawk removed his hat and coat and laid them on the bed before he answered sullenly

"I've been chasing the elusive stock of the Vulcan Construction Company."

"Stock? You mean shares?"

"What else should I mean?" asked Sparhawk irritably.

Beaufort shrugged his shoulders and began to pace the room.

"Well, you know you get a bit metaphorical at times, old man, he said grumpily, "and the terms you use aren't always just the sort one would find defined your way in a dictionary. When I left you this morning you were going to recruit a score of crack shots for emergency duty when we get into the mountains.

"I dropped that," Sparhawk said sententiously.

"Oh, you did, eh? Well, then, I dare say you struck a warmer sort of trail."

"Dick, if you've got any boots to bet on that warmer-trail proposition—why, bet 'em—every boot you've got!"

Beaufort halted suddenly in the middle of the floor.

"You've been after Vulcan shares?"

"Yes."

"What started you on the quest?"

"Our conversation yesterday morning. You told me that Grayson would sell only three thousand."

"Well?"

"That would leave you with seven thousand against you."

"Of course; but early yesterday I directed a couple of brokers to try to land enough Vulcan stock to give us a majority at the annual election of officers, next week. The idea didn't occur to me that you would have either time or sufficient knowledge of the stockholders to warrant me in asking you to try to land them. However, I'm glad you got the inspiration. How did you make out?"

"I got seven hundred and fifty."

Beaufort stared in amazement at his friend.

"You got seven hundred and fifty!" he gasped.

Sparhawk nodded.

"How the deuce did you do it?" Beaufort asked, and an incredulous expression settled on his face.

"By means of the dirtiest piece of business I ever did in my life, Dick."

"Well, we're fighting dirty men, and in the natural order of things we must get our hands soiled sooner or later."

Sparhawk shook his head sadly.

"But I've gone the limit this time, Dick."

Beaufort laughed.

"I'm afraid we'll have to keep on going it, old man," he said. "The only limit that should give us any uneasiness now is the limit of time which the Legislature of the State of Washington has put on the A., M. and P. construction work. But let's have the facts first and do our moralizing afterward. Where and how did you get the shares?"

"I got them from two acquaintances of mine. The block of two hundred and fifty I paid for with a check for thirty-seven thousand five hundred dollars drawn on the two-hundred thousand-dollar emergency fund which you deposited in my name in the Puget National Bank For these shares I paid a hundred and fifty dollars each."

Beaufort smiled and nodded

"Good!" he exclaimed. "And the other block?"

"For the block of five hundred I paid two hundred dollars a share—one hundred thousand dollars in all."

Beaufort gave utterance to a long low whistle.

"Jim, when I have any stocks to sell, you shall be my broker," he said laughingly; then, slapping his friend on the shoulder, he added: "Old man, this is the best day's work we ever did in our lives! We have full control of the Vulcan company. It looks as if the game was half won."

"Full control!" exclaimed Sparhawk with brightening face. "You mean that besides the three thousand shares you

got from Grayson you have secured enough more to—"

"I mean that our bucket of Vulcan stock is fairly spilling over," Beaufort replied. "My brokers landed fifteen hundred shares to-day, but, strangely enough, they got them for less than par value. They were obtained from small holders who doubtless were getting skittish as they realized that the Vulcan company would not be able to make good on its A., M. and P. contract.

"The fifteen hundred my brokers got to-day, together with your seven hundred and fifty and my three thousand, gives us five thousand two hundred and fifty shares. The election takes place next week, and if the mysterious Richard Bowman doesn't then find himself the Vulcan's president our friend Grayson will have proved himself so much the best man that you and I had better throw up the sponge and make tracks for the East."

Sparhawk nodded perfunctorily. The momentary light of triumph had left his eyes.

"In Heaven's name, what's the matter with you, Jim?" Beaufort demanded wonderingly. "You look as if you were in a frame of mind to go and offer your condolences to Grayson."

"I am," Sparhawk answered shortly.

He paused; then, meeting the questioning eyes of Beaufort, he went on:

"I told you, Dick, that I had been guilty of some dirty work."

"What have you done?"

"The two-hundred-and-fifty block belonged to Joe Carleton, an old chap who used to be one of Grayson's superintendents. They had a row several years ago, but they made it up again, and Carleton became one of the directors of the Vulcan. He's shrewd enough to know that the Vulcan is riding for a fall, and, besides that, he's got the Cripple Creek gold-fever, and wants cash.

"I offered to take his Vulcan stock at par, and he seemed willing to let it go at that, but for some reason or other he felt under some obligation to Grayson, and wanted to talk it over with him before he sold his shares.

"When I raised my offer to one hundred and fifty, with the understanding that he keep silent on the subject, he still hesitated a bit, but finally I got him to the bank, where I gave him a certified check and received his shares in exchange."

Beaufort was grinning now like a schoolboy.

"Well, Jim, you kicked a real prop from under the Grayson throne on that deal," he said. "I don't see anything in the transaction that can be called 'dirty work,' however. It was sharp practise, perhaps, but it seems to me like a straight business proposition. The shares belonged to Carleton, didn't they?"

"Yes. But it isn't the Carleton affair that bothers me. It's the other."

"Ah! And from whom did you get the five hundred?"

"Fred Grayson."

Beaufort started, and an expression of astonishment overspread his face.

"Is this one of your jokes, Jim?"

"No, it is no joke. I got the five hundred shares of Vulcan from Fred Grayson," Sparhawk answered soberly.

"Walter Grayson's son, the secretary of the Vulcan company?"

"That's the man, Dick."

"Where are those shares now?"

"In the safe of your attorney, Boyd Cavanagh. I placed them there with my own hands scarcely more than half an hour ago."

"How did you get them?"

Sparhawk took two or three turns about the room.

"It's a pretty long story, but I'll cut out most of the details and make it as short as I can," he began. "When I brought that freak machine on here from the East I went to the Vulcan company, asked for the secretary, told him that I hoped to make a big thing of it, and asked permission to engage in a series of tests over the then idle rails of the A., M. and P. extension.

"Young Grayson was the man I saw. He treated the thing as a sort of joke, but three or four days later I met him along the line and got him on the machine. After that we met occasionally, as you know, and our relations were fairly friendly.

"Well, three weeks ago Fred went to Seattle. There he got to drinking, and finally drifted into Dave Cuyler's gam-

bling-place, in which he spent the greater part of the next four days and nights at one of the poker-tables.

"After he returned to Tacoma I learned that he had been pretty hard hit at Cuyler's, and that before he left the place several of Cuyler's patrons held considerable of his paper.

"This wasn't the first time luck had run against Fred Grayson at Cuyler's, but on former occasions he had made good before leaving the town. This time, however, he balked, swore that he had been flimflammed, and made a series of wild threats that he would have the place closed.

"This roused Cuyler's fighting blood. Dave had always prided himself on the fact that his place was run squarely, so he redeemed a big bunch of Fred's paper. Since then the secretary of the Vulcan has been getting thinner day by day.

"Well, after learning of your scheme, yesterday, I wired to Cuyler that if he would come here I would aid him in effecting a settlement. He arrived in Tacoma at noon to-day.

"I told Cuyler part of my scheme; then I hurried to Bosetti's Café, where young Grayson usually has his lunch. My luck was with me, for he came in alone, and he and I sat down together. Then Cuyler appeared in the manner we had agreed upon.

"Cuyler wanted his money—seventy thousand. Fred hedged a bit, and Cuyler threatened to go to the old man. The Vulcan's secretary was as white as chalk and as limp as a jellyfish. I remarked that if he offered satisfactory security I would advance the money.

"He hesitated, and then said he had none to offer. I told him that I was in the market for Vulcan stock. This took him somewhat by surprise. I told him I would take his at par, but he would not listen. I ran it up to two hundred. Still he refused.

"Cuyler lost patience and again began to threaten. Finally, Grayson weakened. He promised to think it over and let me have an answer in the morning. Cuyler said he must return to Seattle on the midnight train, and would insist on having the money before he left.

"I wrote out two checks—one for seventy thousand, the amount of Cuyler's claims, and the other for thirty thousand. Fred kept drinking pretty steadily, and we stayed with him until ten o'clock to-night, when he weakened."

"You got him drunk?" asked Beaufort grimly.

Sparhawk flushed and bit his lips.

"He didn't need urging, Dick."

"Well?"

"Shortly before eleven, we all went together to the offices of the Vulcan company. There young Grayson opened the safe and from his private box took the five hundred shares. These he delivered to me.

"I gave him the checks, then telephoned to Boyd Cavanagh at his house and asked him to meet me. Together we put the shares in his safe. Then I came to you."

Sparhawk, leaning forward in his chair, gazed gloomily at the floor. Beaufort, puffing vigorously at his pipe, paced slowly to and fro.

"Well, Jim, perhaps the end justifies the means, but—"

"I don't like the game a bit better than you do, Dick."

Beaufort laughed uneasily. Then he said:

"We need the shares, and in view of the fact that Cuyler got away with the seventy thousand, I guess we'll have to keep them. Jim, it looks like destiny."

"Well, then, it's up to Destiny to try the virtue of a Turkish bath," Sparhawk muttered moodily.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Fly in the Amber.

ON the morning following Sparhawk's acquisition of Vulcan stock Grayson the elder was seated at his desk, when Joseph Carleton entered.

"How are you, Joe?" asked Grayson pleasantly, as he turned toward his visitor. "Have you come around to express your willingness to be urged by friends to serve another term as director of the Vulcan company?"

Carleton laughed quietly and shook his head.

"No?" queried Grayson. "Well, the

election is only three days off now. It's time you were thinking about it."

"You'll have to count me out this time, Mr. Grayson. As a director of the Vulcan, I'm practically a back number already."

Grayson's face clouded.

"What do you mean by that?" he asked curtly.

"I've sold out!"

"Sold out!"

The face of the Vulcan's president was almost purple now.

"Yes. I've got the gold-fever worse than I ever had it before. The only thing that has kept me from striking the trail for Cripple Creek was a lack of funds. I'm getting a little old to do much more prospecting myself, but I always have had a pretty good eye for pay-dirt, and I shouldn't mind backing up some chaps who look as if they had the real thing."

"So, you raised the funds from the sale of your Vulcan shares?"

"Yes."

"Sell 'em all?"

"Yes, I'm cleaned out."

Grayson, drumming nervously on his desk, was silent for several moments.

"Who took them off your hands?"

"A young fellow named Sparhawk."

The color left Grayson's face

'Sparhawk! How much did he give you for them?"

Carleton chuckled complacently.

"The fact is, I hate to tell you. I feel as if I had been taking candy from a baby or selling a gold brick to a tenderfoot. He gave me a hundred and fifty a share."

An expression of dazed wonder came into the eyes of the Vulcan's president. Carleton, gazing at the big contractor, was startled by the effect his words had produced

"You don't blame me for taking it?" he asked.

"Why didn't you speak to me about it first?" Grayson demanded gruffly

Carleton shrugged his shoulders

"The truth is, the young fellow seemed to be in a bit of a hurry."

"Well, so were you, you fool!" Grayson retorted angrily. "If you had taken time to do a little thinking before you allowed your shares to leave your hands you might have suspected that perhaps Sparhawk knew more about the real value of Vulcan shares than you did."

"What's up, then?" asked Carleton, whose exultation now gave place to anxiety

"More than you suspect, I assure you," Grayson answered. "If you had come to me and told me that you wanted to sell out I would have taken your block for two hundred a share."

Carleton fairly gasped for breath as Grayson continued:

"At the time I sold you those shares at seventy-five dollars it was with a distinct understanding that you would not dispose of them without first consulting me. I made no secret of the fact that it was my purpose to retain absolute control of the Vulcan company, and that I would look to you for support.

"Now, by Heaven, you have nearly sold me out. I'm done with you! A game like this is too much for you, so the sooner you find a gulch that's small enough to make you feel at home the better it will be for everybody who has ever known you. Get to it and scratch gravel! It's all you were ever good for, anyway."

Grayson had risen while he was speaking, and Carleton got to his feet unsteadily. Once the visitor tried to speak, but astonishment and mortification choked his words. Grayson's eyes, in which anger and contempt were mingled, riveted their gaze upon him until, with faltering steps, he left the room.

As soon as Carleton was gone Grayson pressed an electric button on his desk. A clerk answered the summons.

"Is my son here this morning?" Grayson asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him I want to see him at once."

The clerk went out, and in a moment Fred appeared.

"Fred, what was the matter with you yesterday afternoon?" Grayson asked. "Why didn't you come back to the office after luncheon?"

"I met some friends in the café, and before I knew it two hours were gone. Everything was in pretty good shape around here, so I concluded I might as well take the rest of the afternoon."

"Things aren't in such good shape

with the Vulcan as you seem to suppose, so I wish you would devote a little more of your valuable time to its interests. I want you here every morning and afternoon unless outside business demands your attention. In that case, I want you to report to me before you go."

"Anything wrong, father?" the young man asked apprehensively.

"Nothing serious, perhaps, but certain things are wrong in the sense that they are mixed. There are a lot of tangles that will have to be straightened out."

Fred sank into a chair beside his father's desk.

"I may as well tell you, Fred, that in the last two days I have been taking some chances that may possibly have serious results," Grayson began. "In the first place, I have sold three thousand shares of Vulcan to a young man who will report at noon to-day to take the position of superintendent of construction on the A., M. and P. extension."

Fred started suddenly, and his eyes widened.

"You sold three thousand shares!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. It was a pretty big block, I know, and I fear that in letting it go my judgment was a bit at fault. The sale left me with three thousand, however, and with your five hundred and Gertrude's five hundred we still have four thousand in hand. Besides these, I rather banked on Carleton's two hundred and fifty."

"Forty-two hundred and fifty," Fred murmured dubiously.

"Carleton has just been here, however, and has told me that he sold out yesterday."

The room seemed to whirl before the young man's eyes.

"This leaves us with only four thousand shares we can call our own," Grayson went on. "By hook or by crook, we will have to bag at least eleven hundred more."

"You mean somebody is trying to oust us from the control of the Vulcan?"

"That seems to be Bowman's game, and we'll have to knock it."

"But why the deuce does he want to break into the Vulcan? Doesn't he know that if our company fails to make good on its A., M. and P. contract it might as well go out of business?"

"He believes that it will make good. But that is not the phase of the matter that concerns us now. He and his agent, a fellow named Sparhawk, are grabbing all the Vulcan stock in sight. They gave Carleton a hundred and fifty dollars a share for his. Several of the small holders are doubtless alarmed by the A., M. and P. outlook and are ready to let go of their stock.

"We must get it, Fred, even if we have to outbid the other fellows. Go as high as two hundred and fifty or three hundred a share, if necessary, but get eleven or twelve hundred shares within the next twenty-four hours. If we fail to control five thousand and one by the annual election of officers, three days hence, we're down and out."

The young man arose.

"All right; I'll get right after it, father," he said.

Grayson looked at his son curiously.

"What's the matter, son? Are you ill? You're as white as a ghost."

"I had rather a bad night of it, and didn't sleep more than an hour or two. I'll be better in a little while."

Grayson shook his head gravely.

"Take care of yourself, my boy," he said. "The pace you have been going for the last two years will tell on you soon if you don't let up a little. But, by the way, though this chap Bowman is playing a sly game in his effort to catch us napping on the stock proposition, treat him as respectfully as you can, and do nothing or say nothing that will lead him to suspect that he is not invested with full authority as superintendent.

"He's going to have as his assistant this fellow Sparhawk who bagged Carleton's stock. Treat him also as decently as you can. Let 'em have all the rope they want until the election is over; then, perhaps, we'll haul in a bit on them."

The young man nodded, but as he made his way to the door there was a certain unsteadiness in his gait that brought an expression of anxiety to his father's face and eyes.

"Hang the young cub!" Grayson muttered. "I wish he'd take better care of himself. Youth must have its fling, of course, but Fred seems to be overdoing it these days."

The door opened and a clerk appeared.

"Mr Bowman, sir."

"Show him in."

Beaufort entered the room.

"Good morning, Bowman," Grayson said pleasantly. "Are you ready to slip into the harness?"

"Quite ready," Beaufort answered, with a smile.

As the glances of the two men met there was something in the eyes of each —something half humorous, half defiant —that seemed to bespeak a common understanding. Each smiled faintly as he marked the fact that the other had not offered to shake hands.

In the attitude of both there was something suggestive of the half-fearing, half-suspecting glances exchanged by two pugilists stepping for the first time from their respective corners to fight until victory crowns the efforts of the better man.

In obedience to a gesture made by Grayson Beaufort seated himself in a chair near the desk. There was a pause, then Grayson spoke.

"Bowman," he began, "when you came to me, the other morning, with your proposal you appeared to be pretty well informed concerning some of the affairs of the Vulcan company. Just how much you know, and when and how you got your information, is no business of mine, I suppose, so I won't take the trouble to inquire.

"However, as you now occupy the position of our superintendent, I shall see to it that in the course of the next three days you are in possession of all facts concerning the nature, progress, and possibilities of the work on the A., M. and P. extension. To this end I will turn over to you, for the next four or five hours, our former superintendent, Benjamin Coulter, who will leave our employ to-morrow night.

"For to-day and to-morrow he will be quite at your service — and that of your friend Sparhawk. Lest your experience with him lead you out to the line, it may be well for you to remember that as this is Friday, and our election takes place on Monday, it is better that you do not wander too far afield. You will want to be on hand to vote your shares, of course?"

Beaufort laughed quietly.

"I will be here on Monday," he replied.

"Very well; we'll see then what we can do toward making you a full-fledged director," Grayson said

He pressed one of the electric buttons on his desk, and the clerk who appeared was directed to send Coulter in.

"The office to which Coulter will take you is the one that has been assigned to your use," Grayson explained.

The sound of the opening of the door caused both men to turn in that direction. They expected to see the retiring superintendent, but—

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Are you busy, papa?"

The newcomer was Gertrude Grayson. As Beaufort met the gaze of the blue eyes that had last looked into his on the train from New York a chill passed through him, and then he felt the blood rushing to his face. For a moment the young woman's features wore a startled, puzzled expression, but she quickly recovered her composure and moved quickly toward the two men.

"Why, Mr. Bowman, how do you do?" she said as she extended her hand. "I'm glad I have an opportunity to welcome you to Tacoma."

She looked as if she meant it, too, and as Beaufort rose quickly and took her hand in his he blushed like a schoolboy.

"I'm delighted—really," replied, with well-feigned pleasure, the young man, who devoutly wished she had been a thousand miles away. "I felt sure that sooner or later we should meet again."

"How long have you and papa been acquainted?"

"Only a few days," said Beaufort, stealing a guilty glance toward Grayson, who, vainly trying to hide a smile under his mustache, was regarding the pair with twinkling eyes.

"You seem to have an advantage over me, Gertie, so far as an acquaintance with Mr. Bowman is concerned," put in Grayson pleasantly.

"We met on the train from New York," the young woman explained.

"Miss Grayson was good enough to give a starving man a seat at her table in the dining-car," said Beaufort.

"And the starving man was sufficient-

ly charitable to pay for my supper," retorted Gertrude.

Beaufort was about to speak when he became conscious of the fact that a fourth person had entered the room. The newcomer was a short, thick-set man of forty-five. His brown hair had a reddish tinge, and his round face, though ruddy, had a wearied look that was emphasized by the listless expression of his blue eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Coulter," Gertrude said pleasantly, and a moment later her daintily gloved hand lay in the grasp of the bronzed fingers of the intruder.

"I'm afraid I've interrupted a business interview," Gertrude went on apologetically. "If—"

"No, no, Miss Grayson," Beaufort protested. "Mr. Coulter has just come in to lead me off to his den, so I will have to leave you."

"Well, I mustn't interfere with business," Gertrude answered, and once more her hand and Beaufort's met.

"Come up to the house whenever you like, Bowman," said Grayson. "We'll be glad to see you any time."

Beaufort, glancing quickly toward the speaker, saw that he had turned toward the window and that his shoulders were shaking as if with laughter.

When the door closed behind Beaufort and Coulter Gertrude turned to her father.

"Papa, what is Mr. Bowman doing in Tacoma?" she asked confidentially.

"Mr. Bowman succeeds Coulter as superintendent of the work on the A., M. and P. extension," Grayson explained.

"Oh!" exclaimed Gertrude faintly. Then, after a pause, she added: "That explains it, then.

"Explains what, my dear?"

"Why, on the train he had been very nice until he found that my father was the head of the Vulcan Construction Company; then he suddenly seemed to lose interest in me."

A storm-cloud gathered on Grayson's brow and an ugly light gleamed in his eyes.

"He did, eh?" he asked sharply.

"Yes," Gertrude answered innocently. "But I understand it now. He thought it would not be quite the thing, perhaps, to enter into familiar social relations with the daughter of his employer."

Light was beginning to break now, and the cloud vanished from Grayson's face as quickly as it had come.

"That was it—perhaps," he said, and there was a choking note in his voice.

"It was very silly of him, wasn't it?"

"Very," Grayson said; then, in faltering accents, he continued: "I—I had no idea that that I was engaging such a silly man."

"Why—why, papa, what is the matter?" asked Gertrude anxiously.

Grayson, who seldom gave way to mirth, was laughing so violently in his noiseless way that tears were rolling down his cheeks.

(To be continued.)

NOT BUILT FOR HEAVY WORK.

A Perfect Engine, the Value of Which Is Not Calculated on Its Horse-Power or Tractive Power.

A CANADIAN watchmaker of Toronto who pays attention to the little things of life has carried the hobby to such an extent that, according to a contemporary, he has made the "littlest ever" in the way of steam-engines. This atom of the engineering world weighs four grains, or one-one-hundred-and-twentieth of an ounce, but notwithstanding this, it has perfect working parts, and it is said to be the fastest engine of its size in the world.

Presumably, one difficulty in the way of comparison would be in matching the size The cylinder-bore is three-thousandths of an inch, the stroke one-thirty-second of an inch, and the speed six thousand revolutions per minute.

The power has doubtless been calculated by the professor, but he has not had time to write the fraction yet. The working parts are of steel, and the engine bed and stand are of gold.

Recent Railroad Patents.

BY FORREST G. SMITH.

Clearing Smoke out of Train-Sheds—Better Air for the Brakes To Hold Freight-Car Doors Still New Switch for Street-Railway—Holding the Train Around Curves Suiting Street-Cars to the Season.

BRAKING ON CURVES.

A Device by Which the Brake-Shoes Grip the Wheels Slightly as the Train Swings Around a Turn.

NUMEROUS means have been devised for causing the application of the air-brakes of a car upon the derailment of one or more of the wheels, but it has remained for Andrew L. Saxon, of Soso, Mississippi, to provide a device of this class embodying also a means whereby a partial application of the air-brakes will be accomplished automatically at the time the car is rounding a curve.

Furthermore, the degree to which the bleed-valve is opened for the application of brakes is regulated by the character of the curve, the valve being opened wider on a sharp curve than on a gradual one A patent (No 853,122, May 7, 1907) has been issued to Mr. Saxon on his device

In carrying out his invention Mr. Saxon leads a branch pipe from the train-line which is provided at its outer end with a valve that normally prevents exhaust of the air from the train-pipe. This valve is provided with a disconnectable valve-stem to which are attached the ends of chains connected at their other ends to the truck nearest which the branch pipe is located

These chains normally hang loose, but when the car is rounding a curve one of them will become taut and a pull will be exerted upon the valve-stem in a corresponding direction, thereby partly opening the valve. This partial opening of the valve will result in the brakes being partly or lightly set, causing the train to slow down while rounding the curve.

When the car has passed from the curve, however, the other chain will become taut and the valve will be closed again. Should the truck, or even one of the wheels, leave the track, the valve will be immediately forced wide open and its stem disconnected, so that the valve will remain in this position and the brakes be fully set. One of the most promising features of this device is that it can be applied to any type of car or locomotive now in use.

OZONE FOR THE BRAKES.

A Method for Washing and Purifying the Air Before It Is Admitted to the Westinghouse Pumps.

AN air-cleaner for air-brake systems has been devised and patented (No. 853,137, May 7, 1907) by Roston S. Wallace, of Birmingham, Alabama. The object of the invention is to provide means whereby the air to be fed to the brake-cylinders may be thoroughly cleansed.

It has been found that by letting in the air in the usual manner the valves in the system frequently become clogged and the packing of the piston of the air-pump is cut by the grit, particles of cinder, etc., admitted with the air

In order that this disadvantage may be removed, Mr. Wallace leads the intake pipe of the air-pump of the system into a tank supported beneath the running-board of the engine. This tank is supplied with water from the boiler supply-pipe, and leading into the tank and into the water is a pipe through which air is drawn in, the pipe being provided at its upper end with a wire filter or strainer

The air is, of course, drawn up through the water, and during its passage is thoroughly washed, after which it is admitted through the intake pipe of the air-pump, free from foreign matter of any kind If this device will accomplish all that is

claimed for it there is no doubt but that it will prevent many accidents which would otherwise occur through the clogging of the valves of the air-brake system and the consequent non-performance of their function.

STREET-RAILWAY SWITCH.

Which Can Be Operated Easily or Made to Hold Solidly for Either Main Line or Side-Track.

HOW to operate street-railway switches easily and surely so that they will hold either one of their two running positions has always been something of a problem. A solution is claimed by Nicholas Burns, of Johnstown, Pennsylvania, and a patent (No. 853,223, May 14, 1907) has been issued to him.

Mr. Burns has in view the provision of a switch point retaining device which may be adjusted quickly to convert the switch into a right or a left hand throw-switch, or from either of these conditions into a two-way spring-retained switch. Heretofore, this adjustment of switch-points has been secured only by the removal of bolts or pins or the substitution of parts, and considerable time is required to make the change.

In the present device, however, a rod leading from the switch-point is connected at the joint of a toggle, the links of the toggle being pivoted between the ends of a pair of levers which are enclosed in the usual box or casing set into the street. A spring is arranged between the other ends of the two levers, and, as the levers have a variable fulcrum upon the sides of the casing, pressure is brought to bear upon the toggle.

The variable fulcrum mentioned is secured by providing upon each of the levers a projection which may be interchangeably seated in recesses formed in the sides of the casing, the fulcrum being shifted in this manner to and from the switch-point.

When the levers have their projections seated in the recesses nearest the switch-point the links of the toggle are disposed at a greater angle to each other than at any other position of the levers, and when so adjusted the main line is open and the side-track closed, the switch-point being held in this position by the action of the spring. The converse is true when the projections upon the levers are seated in the recesses most removed from the switch-point, as the toggle is then "broken" in the opposite direction.

When the projections are engaged in the middle notches or recesses, however, the links of the toggle are nearly straight, and the switch-point will therefore be held in either of its two running positions, the toggle being capable of being "broken" in either direction.

This patent has been assigned to one of the largest corporations now engaged in the manufacture of rails and switches, and therefore the efficiency of the device will be proved by practical usage, probably in the near future.

STREET-CARS IN SEASON.

Two Citizens of Cleveland Solve the Problem of Providing Open Cars in Summer and Closed Cars in Winter.

WHILE most of our street-railway companies are prosperous enough to give their passengers closed cars in winter and open cars in summer, some few are either indifferent to the comfort of their patrons or are financially unable to meet the demand for cars suitable to the seasons. Whatever the cause, in some cities closed cars are used the year around, to the great discomfort of passengers during the summer months.

In a patent (No. 852,683, May 7, 1907) issued to Terence Scullin and Soren R. Skov, both of Cleveland, Ohio, there is disclosed a street-railway car which may, in a few minutes, be converted from an open car to a closed car, or *vice versa*. The sides of the car are made of the usual stanchions seen on open cars of the ordinary construction, and of panels which are formed in sections, and which, when the car is to be used as a closed one, fill in the spaces between the stanchions.

A chamber is provided beneath the roof of the car, however, in each pair of stanchions, and the sections of the panels may be slid, one after the other, into the chamber, and the car thus be converted into an open one.

A device is provided within each of the chambers for preventing the panel sections from dropping after having been slid into the chambers. When the panels are so disposed the car cannot be distinguished from the ordinary form of open car, and, in fact, serves every purpose of the latter.

The same thing is true when the panels are lowered, as one section of each of the panels is in the form of a window, and the same amount of light is therefore admitted as in the ordinary closed car. Furthermore, the fit between the sections of

the panels is practically an air-tight one, so that when the cars are closed they are in every way as comfortable as those now used

One fact which is evident is that any railroad can in the future afford its patrons the cars most suitable to the season and yet not expend much more than the outlay required for a similar number of the single type. Moreover, they are not put to the expense and trouble of storing open cars throughout the winter and closed cars during the summer.

SAVING CAR-DOORS.

If This Patent Works There Will Be No More Freight-Car Doors Banging Themselves to Pieces Against the Car.

MUCH money is spent every year for the repair of freight-car doors, particularly of those which are suspended from the top and have no means of preventing their lower ends from swinging out from the side of the car. Every lurch of the train tends to throw them out and weaken their hangers, so that in a short time the doors become dismounted or injured in other ways to such an extent as to hinder their opening or closing

To overcome these disadvantages, Jacob A. Myers, of Greenville, Illinois, has devised a novel form of door-hanger, for which he has obtained a patent (No. 853,207, May 7, 1907). The hanger is in the form of a pair of parallel bars which are pivotally secured at their lower ends to the car-body below the door, and in a similar manner at their upper ends to the door, the door being of ordinary construction and having its upper end received and guided in a housing at the upper edge of the door-frame and at one side

It should be understood that these bars alone support the door, and as they extend obliquely when the door is open or closed, the bars themselves hold the door in either of these two positions. As the door is swung from open to closed position, or *vice versa*, the bars move correspondingly, and the door is raised during its swing and assumes its final position by gravity.

When the door is in a closed position the bars extend partly across the door and prevent its swinging outwardly from the side of the car.

TO CARRY OFF THE SMOKE.

New York Man Produces a Patent Which Is Expected to Keep Air in Railroad Sheds Clear.

A DEVICE which is expected to meet with approval among practical railroad men is disclosed in a patent (No. 852,704, May 7, 1907) issued to Joseph Larivee, of Mount Vernon, New York. It is a ventilating system for roundhouses, train-sheds, and other railroad shops and buildings, and is designed to carry off all the smoke emitted by engines.

Heretofore, this smoke and its accompanying gases have been allowed to foul the air within the house and blacken its walls until they have become anything but sightly, but by the system embodied in this patent the air and the walls are kept fresh and clean.

In carrying out his invention Mr. Larivee has conceived the idea of suspending beneath the roof of the roundhouse or train-shed to be fitted with the system a conduit which is in communication with a smoke-stack outside the house. At intervals, in this conduit, are placed smoke-collecting devices which resemble somewhat an inverted funnel, beneath which the smoke-stack of the engine is to be brought, there being one or more of these devices above each of the tracks within the house or shed

The communication of these collecting devices with the smoke-conduit is controlled by dampers which are operated by chains from the windows of the engine-cab, the dampers being normally closed but being opened by the engineer when his engine comes to a stop beneath the collector.

The conduit is preferably divided at its middle, and dampers located at the point of junction of the conduit with the smoke-stack of the system may be operated to permit the use of either one of the conduit sections, or both if desired The system can be installed at a very low cost, and is guaranteed to last for a great many years.

Where there's smoke there must be some fire, but the hottest fires often make the least smoke. The Roundhouse Foreman.

MAN WHO RELIEVED JONES.

BY ARA SHANE CURTIS.

And the Events That Grew Out of the Exhibition of Temper by Muldoon.

"WHO will relieve you, Jones?" inquired Miller, the night telegraph operator at the yard office.

"Oh, I don't know! Some fellow named Fox, I believe," replied Jones listlessly

Jones was lying back in his chair, too ill to care for anything save the welcome fact that at last he was to be relieved, having just escaped from the close embrace of a protracted chill.

"Is it the fellow who worked a couple of nights at Dexter last week?" asked Davis.

"I think so," returned Jones, rousing himself. "He signs 'MX.'"

"That fellow!" exclaimed Miller. "I worked with him once or twice, and he broke me on every word. I don't believe he can fill your place, George."

"I heard him say as much over the wire this morning, but Mr. Kelcy insisted on his coming, as there's no one else He'll be here on Number Twenty-Six this afternoon."

"Number Twenty-Six is an hour late," incidentally remarked Miller.

Jones collapsed utterly.

"I'll have to go to work, then," he wailed. "Confound it! I wish I was rich!"

"Go home and go to bed, Georgy. I'll stay here until Twenty-Six gets in," said Miller good-naturedly, taking the chair which Jones promptly vacated.

"Well, I feel for that Fox," said Davis, leaning back and crossing his long legs comfortably on the desk before him. "He's no operator, and those fellows on that number eight wire won't do a thing to him."

"They'll make it hot for him, all right," agreed Miller, cheerfully, bending over and answering Chicago, who had commenced calling the Kentwood office industriously.

Davis also applied himself to business, and for a long time both telegraphers worked on in a silence broken only by the chattering of the instruments. At last Miller pushed back his typewriter and lighted a cigarette with the air of one emancipated.

"I've cleared Chicago," he announced, "and it's about time Number Twenty-Six was showing up. I believe I'll go down and meet Mr. Fox."

"I'd like to see those Chicago fellows get hold of that Fox," said Davis, with a tired grin. "They're too swift for any average operator, and they get riled if you break them once. One set to with them will finish him, and you'll go to doubling again, Fred—nights at the yard and days here."

"I see myself at that now," retorted Miller scornfully as he left the office.

When No. 26 pulled up to the passenger-station, however, only one passenger alighted—a young lady.

"He's backed out!" growled Miller, regarding the lady furtively.

She was remarkably good-looking, and there was an air of decision about her. She beckoned authoritatively to a porter and vanished into the station. But the operator who was to relieve Jones was nowhere in evidence, and Miller retraced his steps, thoughtfully whistling "Thine Eyes Will Tell." He had caught one flashing glance from a pair of large black eyes.

When he entered the office Davis looked up angrily.

"Now, confound it, they'll want me to do it all! I'm just going to tell old Kelcy that I'll do nothing of the—"

A horrified gesture from Miller abruptly dammed Davis's flood of wrathful eloquence, and turning from his desk, he saw Chief Despatcher Kelcy standing on the threshold.

"I should not have come in so abruptly," explained the latter blandly as he stepped inside, "but I am hurried, and I wish to introduce Miss Fox."

Then they saw that he was not alone. A young lady in a stylish tailor-made suit, with a fetching hat perched on her ebon curls, stood just back of the chief.

"Miss Fox, allow me to present Mr. Miller and Mr. Davis," continued Mr. Kelcy. "Gentlemen, Miss Fox will relieve Mr. Jones for a few days. Mr. Miller," he went on, turning to the lady, "is nights at the yard, and Mr. Davis handles the train-wires in this office. I am sure both will be happy to assist you in any possible way."

"Certainly," smiled Miller, shaking hands with cheerful enthusiasm

He recognized the black eyes which had haunted him all the way from the passenger-station.

"But Miss Fox has had some experience," pursued the chief graciously, "and I apprehend no trouble whatever for her. I trust she will enjoy her stay with us"

And after shaking hands with the young lady he departed, followed by Miller, whose time was almost up.

Miss Fox went promptly to her desk, and after rummaging about for a while, settled herself in her chair with a sigh of content.

"It's all so nice, and so different," said she.

"Why, have you never handled a through railroad wire before?" asked Davis.

"Never, and I think I shall like it," she replied.

"I'm glad you think so." Davis remembered that the chief said she had had some experience. "Probably in some little commercial office," he thought compassionately.

Now, Davis, as well as Miller, was an ardent admirer of soft black eyes, and he inwardly proceeded to constitute himself Miss Fox's guardian angel. He would shield her from the mass of withering invective which that rascally Muldoon, who handled the city end of the Chicago wire, would launch at her devoted head the moment she "broke"

And launch it he would! Why, even he, the best telegrapher on the district, sometimes had trouble with Muldoon.

Miss Fox appeared serenely unconscious of the cloud gathering over her pretty head. She chatted with Davis in the liveliest manner, and manifested much interest in some train orders which he received shortly before seven o'clock.

The young man had secretly promised himself the pleasure of escorting the girl to her hotel when seven, the hour of emancipation, arrived, but when it struck he was unexpectedly detained by the chief. He reached the door just in time to see a dark shadow separate itself from the darker shadows of some neighboring cars and join Miss Fox. He recognized the shadow.

"Fred was there on purpose, confound him!" grumbled the disappointed young man. "He'll fudge fifteen minutes on Tiernan just to see that girl to the hotel."

Tiernan was the day-man at the yard office.

Next day, when Miss Fox entered the office she looked fresh as the morning itself, a sight to make glad the heart of a weary telegrapher—or of any other man, for that matter. She took her place at her desk with an air of quiet capability which somehow reassured Davis. Perhaps there was not much trouble in store for her, after all.

But presently the clear ticking of the sounder on the No. 8 wire fell on Davis's ears, and his face grew anxious.

"KD—KD—X—KD—KD—X—" clicked the sounder.

It was Chicago calling Kentwood. And Muldoon was on duty! Davis knew his touch

"I—I—KD," responded Miss Fox.

Davis listened intently.

"Here filed 6.55 A.M., X—MD. From Chicago, 4th, to—" began Chicago, in his lightning style, but he got no further.

Miss Fox's pretty taper finger pushed open her key.

THE GIRL FELL BACK IN HER CHAIR QUENCHED.

"What file?" she asked.

"Where's the operator?" demanded Muldoon with prompt pugnacity.

"Better let me answer him, Miss Fox," said Davis, fairly leaning over the desk in his anxiety.

The young woman shook her head, and her black eyes sparkled.

"You go ahead if you've anything for this office!" she returned spiritedly.

"Get away from that key, you —— —— ham, and get some one there who can take this —— —— stuff!" snapped Muldoon, disregarding the rules concerning profanity and more than justifying Davis's fears.

Davis fairly pushed Miss Fox's hand from the key.

"Let me deal with the brute!" he exclaimed.

The girl fell back in her chair quenched, her pretty eyes glimmering through tears. The tears roused Davis even more

"You have been working with a lady!" The sounder chopped the Morse angrily as he handled the key. "If you don't apologize, and treat her politely in future, I'll call the chief in here, and we'll see what kind of a report he'll send in to headquarters!—DA—KD!"

"You can't stuff me!" retorted Muldoon, now thoroughly irate. "There's no lady in that office, and you'd better keep those d—d plugs off of this wire or some one else will be reported!—MD—X!"

"The chief despatcher will tell you whether there's a lady here or not!" flashed Davis. "Now you go ahead on those messages!"

Thus adjured, Muldoon "went ahead" at lightning speed, and Davis copied the telegrams, Miss Fox lying back in her chair shedding tears of helpless rage

"It was all due to my ignorance of the railroad form," she explained between indignant sobs. "Oh, if I could only get that man on a commercial wire! But never mind—just wait till something is filed here for Chicago!"

There was a world of spiteful suggestion in the lady's tone. Davis, though exceedingly wroth, could scarcely

repress a smile. Did she think to rattle Muldoon?

The operators at other points showed themselves quite willing to fraternize with the new operator at Kentwood, and except for a pert remark or two from Muldoon, to which she made no response, she had no further trouble. Davis found that his services as guardian angel were by no means likely to be required frequently.

The encounter with Chicago had evidently put the young lady on her mettle, and that she had plenty of that article was exceedingly manifest. Her cherry lips were set in a red line and an ominous light shone in her black eyes whenever they chanced to rest on the empty Chicago file.

It was late in the day when the messenger-boy entered with a number of papers, which he handed to Miss Fox. She glanced over them, and then, with a smile of malicious satisfaction, hung them on the Chicago file. A moment later, Davis looked up quickly. Kentwood was calling Chicago.

"X—X—X—KD—X—X—KD," and so on for five minutes; then:

"Well, what is it, X?" demanded Chicago

"Take this," replied Miss Fox, with deliberate insolence, and she began:

"Here, filed 5.20 P.M., KD—MX. From Kentwood, 4th, to A. D. Thompson—"

Davis listened for a moment, petrified. Then, mechanically drawing a pad toward him, he attempted to copy the words flashing over the wire with the elusive rapidity of a dream. As Miss Fox closed her key and waited for Muldoon's "O. K." Davis flung down his pen and looked at his copy

He had succeeded in getting down only a word here and there. Incredible as it seemed, it was simply beyond him.

But was it beyond Muldoon? Davis was not long in doubt.

"Go ahead period," said Muldoon meekly.

Miss Fox knitted her pretty brows and began repeating the body of the message at the rate of something like a hundred words per minute.

It was Muldoon's turn to break now, and break he did on almost every word. The young woman had no mercy for the man who had had none for her. Such telegraphing had never been heard in the Kentwood office before.

Finally Muldoon, experienced telegrapher though he was, became thoroughly rattled. Then Miss Fox went to the opposite extreme, and transmitted the remaining telegrams with exasperating deliberation, and when she received Muldoon's "O. K." coolly remarked:

"You Western operators ought to learn Morse before you try it on with an Easterner"

Muldoon made no reply, but his silence was eloquent. Davis fell back and laughed until the tears came.

"You've taken him down thoroughly, and I never knew a fellow who needed it more," said he presently. "Let me congratulate you. Perhaps after this Muldoon won't be quite so gay."

Miss Fox raised her gazelle like eyes to Davis's gray ones.

"I'm almost sorry I did it," she murmured regretfully.

"You did exactly right!" replied Davis stoutly. "He's needed calling down for a long time, but none of us were good enough operators to do it. We're all plugs compared with you."

"Oh, no," she returned modestly. Then, suddenly dimpling into such a sunny smile that Davis's heart, which had been trembling in the balance since he first set eyes on her, was hopelessly lost: "He's a good operator, but, after all, it won't do him any harm to know that there are others," she said.

That evening Davis repaired to the yard office and recounted the incidents of the day to Miller and the invalid Jones, who was installed in Miller's easy chair. He was interrupted by a cough near at hand. The three recognized the cough and looked up simultaneously. Chief Despatcher Kelcy was standing on the threshold.

"I saw Mr. Jones in passing and looked in to see how he's getting on," said he suavely. "Glad to see you out, Mr. Jones. What was that you were saying, Mr. Davis? That Miss Fox did well to-day?"

"Miss Fox can beat us all!" was Davis's emphatic response.

"Possibly," smiled the chief. "She

has handled a wire for the Associated Press for ten years or more, and is a first-class telegrapher; they employ none who are not."

The three stared, speechless.

It was something more than a week after the downfall of Muldoon that Davis found Miss Fox at the office before him, seated at her desk perusing a letter with evident interest. She greeted

JONES STOOD LIKE A STATUE, HIS EYES RIVETED UP ON A SIMILAR ANNOUNCEMENT.

"How long has she been a member of the profession?" finally ventured Davis.

"Fifteen years," answered the chief.

"Impossible!" burst out Miller. "That girl! Why, she can't be more than nineteen!"

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Kelcy. "Miss Fox is thirty years old."

Jones was the first to recover from his astonishment at these revelations, and he burst out laughing. Davis and Miller suddenly remembered that Jones had told thirty years on his last birthday, only a few weeks before. Davis became very quiet. Miller sulkily arranged the sheets of carbon in a train-order pad.

him with a smile which called the shy dimple in either cheek into bewildering play.

"Good news?" queried Davis, smiling back at her.

"I think so," she laughed merrily. "It's actually an apology from Mr. Muldoon!"

"Well, I'm glad he was man enough to write you an apology, as he hadn't the nerve to do it on the wire," commented Davis. "Guess he'll be more careful in future. You've taught him a lesson."

Thereafter the most cordial relations existed between Kentwood and Chicago. Davis frequently heard them chatting

during leisure intervals, and was glad for the young lady's sake that she had so soon won over the objectionable Muldoon. "But she could win any one over," thought the young man, with a sigh.

For a rivalry, perhaps all the more bitter in that it in nowise disturbed their amicable relations, had arisen between the three friends. Punctually every evening, Miller escorted Miss Fox to her hotel, regardless of the fact that Tiernan was impatiently awaiting him at the yard.

Jones was by no means too ill to accompany the young woman to various places of amusement, while Davis spent half his month's salary keeping her desk bright with flowers.

Miss Fox divided her favor impartially between the three. Did Miller linger longer than usual at the door in saying good night, Jones was thrown into the seventh heaven of bliss by the warmth of her greeting a moment later. Was Davis's manner a shade more stiff, his salutation a thought frostier—a direct consequence of his having observed that same greeting—one glance of reproach from those large, dark eyes and the stiffness melted from his manner as it did from his collar under the potent influence of the noonday sun.

Thus three months—short, blissful months to the love-sick three—passed by, and Jones, long since recovered, grew so aggressively healthy in appearance that Chief Despatcher Kelcy, who had more than once hinted to the young man that his services were needed, finally lost patience and told him plainly that he must return to his post or quit the service.

There was nothing for it but to comply, and this Jones did all the more readily owing to the depleted state of his finances. One of the night operators had been supplying him with funds for a month past.

But it was with a heavy heart that poor Jones reported for duty. He knew that the departure of his idol would follow as a matter of course. Nor was he mistaken, for the chief instructed Miss Fox to go to Marling next day. Marling was a station some sixty miles north of Kentwood.

Seven-fifty that evening saw Tiernan hard at work at the yard, while Miller sat in the hotel parlor and chatted with Miss Fox. But five minutes later, when Jones, who had impatiently awaited Miller's departure, hurried into the parlor, he found the lady in close conference with the chief despatcher.

"Well, I'll see her to-morrow, anyway," muttered Jones as he turned away.

Now, Davis and Miller had comforted themselves with the same thought; but—alas for human hopes!—next morning, when Miller repaired to the hotel to say good-by, an ordeal for which he had been nerving himself all night long, he was told that Miss Fox had gone.

As he left the hotel the bewildered youth met the chief despatcher. Miller was desperate. He halted his superior and made inquiries.

The chief, not without a sly twinkle in the keen eyes beaming through his gold-rimmed spectacles, imparted the astounding information that Miss Fox had resigned the preceding evening and had taken her departure on the midnight express.

"No, I don't know her ultimate destination," he said in response to Miller's eager question. "I gave her a pass to Centralia. She is an able telegrapher," he added blandly. "Understands the business, and a perfect lady, too. Still, on the whole, I don't know that I'm sorry to lose her."

Miller said nothing to the chief, but misery loves company, and he betook himself to the relay office. There he stayed with Jones and Davis until four o'clock, and then went to the yard and relieved Tiernan, to that gentleman's infinite surprise and gratification.

Things dragged on heavily for some time, Davis looked white and worn, Jones sullen, Miller cross.

One morning, just three weeks after the mysterious exodus of Miss Fox, when Jones and Davis repaired as usual to the relay office to begin the day's work, they were met at the outer door by the call-boy, who handed them each a packet of letters and then ran across the tracks to Miller, who, jaded and pale after his night's vigil, was walking down the street.

Davis shoved his letters into his

pocket and ran up-stairs, followed by Jones. He did not glance at them until the night-man's transfer was completed and he was left in possession of his desk Then he drew them out and carelessly opened the first.

He found it unsealed, and took from the outer envelope a second, thick and white, also unsealed. From this a card like a wedding invitation fell out upon the desk, beautifully engraved with the following:

Mr. Dennis Patrick Muldoon
Miss Anna Mildred Fox
Married
Wednesday, August Twenty-Third
Nineteen Hundred
St. Patrick's Church
Chicago, Illinois.

A second smaller card, bore the inscription:

At home after September 23d
No. 5020 —— Avenue
Chicago, Illinois.

Davis stood petrified. He could not take it in. He turned to Jones.

Jones stood like a statue, his eyes riveted on a similar announcement. As Davis turned he looked up. Their eyes met, and for a long time they stared at each other in silence.

Then they both remembered that the call-boy had crossed the tracks to meet Miller after leaving them. Animated by a common impulse, they rushed to the window and looked down at the street.

There, in the distance, stood Miller, stock still, regardless of the curious passers by, transfixed by the fatal card which he held in both hands.

Suddenly he raised his head. His eyes caught those of the two at the window. With a quick, angry twist he threw the card into the middle of the street and vanished around a convenient corner. Davis drew a long breath. Jones snorted

"We're not the only chumps in this world, George," said Davis, finding voice at last

"I see where you're right!" growled Jones.

WHAT DO THESE BRITONS DO?

Mysterious Names Which Effectually Conceal the Real Duties of Some English Railroad Employees.

ALTHOUGH the number of railroad workers in the United Kingdom is small compared with the great army that covers the United States, there are no opportunities lost when it comes to variety in names and duties of employees

There are approximately six hundred thousand railroad workers, including management and officials, in the kingdom at the present time, of which number perhaps nearly eighty-five thousand are employed by the London and North Western. Among this eighty-five thousand there are eight hundred and one different classes, according to Charles H. Grinling, in his book "The Ways of Our Railways."

In the traffic department there are one hundred and thirty-five classes, which include such enlightening denominations as "book-carriers," "branders," "bullockmen," "chain-boys," "deliverers," "iron-counters," "rope-shippers," "slippers," "tariffmen," and "winchmen."

The permanent way department employs one hundred and fourteen classes, among whom are "asphalters," "French polishers," "holders-up," "rammermen," "saw sharpeners," and "wallers" The permanent way stores department accounts for a further sixteen, some of whom are "ballast-guards," "chairgagers," and "sawyers."

Other employees are "bank-rangers," "divers," "lock attendants," "water agents." "chargemen," "strikers," "carbon ers," while a class in the real estate department is known as "superintendents of laboring class houses." The motive power department includes such unexplainable names as "fire-carriers," "fire-droppers," and "well-sinkers," and among the fifty seven classes in the wagon department are "scrappilers" and "wheel-glutters."

GUARANTEES NOT LIVE ENOUGH.

Citizens of Springfield Unable to Pin the Chicago and Alton Railroad Down to Details of a Subscription for the New Armory.

ONE of the most difficult arts is that of saying "No" gracefully. If this statement is true, and we have excellent authority for believing it to be so, then President S. M. Felton, of the Chicago and Alton, deserves a medal for his practise of the art.

According to the Chicago *Record-Herald*, a delegation of citizens from Springfield, Illinois, called recently at the Alton headquarters in Chicago and were ushered into the president's office.

"We have come," began the spokesman, "to collect that two-thousand-four-hundred-dollar contribution which the Alton road made toward the new armory."

"I don't know as I am so glad to see you as I thought I was," said Mr. Felton, laughing. "Where's the agreement we made to give that sum?"

"Oh, there was no written agreement," they admitted, "but the contribution was promised by the officials of the road."

"Now, who in the world said they would give the stockholders' money away like that?" demanded Mr. Felton.

"Well, we were looking for subscriptions to build the new armory, and we saw C. H. Chappell. He said, 'You just put the Alton road down for two thousand four hundred dollars,' and we did so."

Trouble Begins.

"Oh, well, now see here," protested Mr. Felton, "you cannot expect me to give you two thousand four hundred dollars on that. Mr. Chappell is dead."

"Well," persisted the chairman of the delegation, "he was not the only one who promised the money."

"Who else?" demanded the president.

"Later some of us saw Colonel Joseph W. Wood, and he said the Alton was proud to become a contributor to the fund and that the two thousand four hundred went."

"Oh, now, I say," interposed the president, "this is really too bad, you know. Colonel Wood's dead, too."

"There were others," said the chairman.

"You don't mean to tell me. Well, who were they? I want to get at the bottom of this matter."

"After we saw Colonel Wood, J. H. Barrett, then general superintendent of the road, came down to Springfield, and we spoke to him about it. He gave us the glad hand and said: 'Go ahead with your armory, boys. The two thousand four hundred dollars is on tap for you when you begin building'"

"Really," replied the president, carefully wiping his glasses, "you grieve me. The affair is even more unfortunate than it appears. Didn't you know that Mr. Barrett has also passed over to the great majority? Really, I couldn't think of—"

Polite but Firm.

"Excuse me," interrupted the chairman, "I've thought of another Alton official who guaranteed the money. I remember now that Willis Gray said we could have it."

"Willis Gray," repeated the president. "Now, isn't that too bad. Willis Gray, you may not know, is in China. May be that you can think of some one else nearer home."

The chairman thought for a moment and took a new lease on hope.

"Yes," he said, "there is one more official who said we could have two thousand four hundred dollars for the armory. I remember now that we saw A. Gregg, who was very cheerful upon the subject and who assured us that the Alton would feel grieved if we forgot to come for the money."

"It seems to me," replied the president, as he gazed thoughtfully at the wintry sea, "that this matter becomes more and more hopeless the further we get into it. Didn't you know that Gregg had resigned and gone—oh, I do not know where?"

Without another word the members of the committee arose and started for the door. As the form of the chairman was about to fade through the door, Mr. Felton called to him.

"By the way," he said, "if you gentlemen can find a live one who has promised that money, I don't mind saying it will be yours."

Observations of a Country Station-Agent.

BY J. E. SMITH.

IF you were to walk into the middle of a crowd of men whose daily work is done at the behest of some one else and announce in a loud tone that they were not being paid enough there would not be one dissenting voice. It is the universal trouble, sometimes acute, but more often only mildly chronic.

To our station-agent it is a subject for humor, perhaps because he feels so deeply that he dares not speak seriously, perhaps because he regards it as a matter of little importance. At any rate, he philosophizes on that and kindred subjects with considerable humor and a great deal of common-sense wisdom.

NUMBER TWO.

What a Station Agent Is Expected to Do, What He Is Paid for Doing It, How Other People Regard His Job, and a Few Other Things.

SK the general freight-agent or the general passenger-agent of any railroad what qualities, in his opinion, a station-agent should possess, and he will bump the clouds in about this way:

"He should have tact and ability as a revenue-producer. He should be able to give statistics, forecasts, and conditions. He should be well informed. He should know the public sentiment. He should watch the press

"He should mix with the people. He should run down the man who is shortly to make a journey. He should go after the fellow who has something to ship.

"He should have full and accurate information of all enterprises, and should anticipate every move in any way affecting the company's revenues. He should have eternal vigilance and untiring energy. Lastly, he should be of an attractive appearance."

When you contemplate this paragon of human development and ask the operating department what they pay for this brand of machinery you will be informed that he comes in quotations fluctuating from forty to one hundred dollars per month. If you press the operating department further it will add:

"He should make one box of matches go where two were used before. He should run a year on three lamp-chimneys.

"He should hold his broom at such an angle that it will not fracture the straw. He should do two men's work if necessary for our performance-sheet to show a low ratio of expense in station-operation."

Adding them together and none to carry, it totals thus: Talent, skill, and endurance—the last word to be emphasized on all three syllables.

As a rule, the agents are taken from the ranks of the telegraphers. How-

ever, on many roads, if the agency is attractive, some friend of the general superintendent gets the place for his son or nephew, who couldn't break into it in a hundred years by the natural process. Often a barnacle in the auditor's office, after sitting in a chair twenty years adding two and two, is taken up, repotted, and blooms as a station agent.

Ordinarily, the station-agents of small towns are appointed without a great deal of attention as to their business-getting qualifications or general fitness for the position. The traffic people lament this. The operating department accepts it as a matter of course.

The traffic department laments the weakness and lack of intelligent co-operation on the part of the agents, but has nothing to say as to the rate of pay. Still, it is a question among astute observers just what proportion the rate of pay plays in the matter of a servant's efficiency.

A good man is a good man under almost every condition. A shirk remains a shirk even when his pay is in fancy figures. Good pay maintains a steadier force, and this longer service yields an experience that is an important and beneficial factor all around.

Never Get Enough.

The conditions are so widely different with station-agents — there is such a variety of duties connected with their positions, and the rate of pay varies so much, that but one fact stands out with prominence—

They all want more!

But it is a mute and harmless appeal, without organization, committee, or official organ to push it along. The agent conducts his own campaign in his own way.

He writes the superintendent, who replies politely that, worthy as the cause may be, he cannot at the present moment see his way to put his shoulder to the wheel. The agent then makes a mental resolve that at a certain time in the hazy he will hand them a scorcher and quit them cold.

He never does. If they try to pry him loose they have to use a stump-puller and one hundred horse-power.

It is all a matter of comparison. If the conductor and engineer did not get so much more the agent would be better satisfied. Throughout all the country towns he is generally better paid than other men of the same capacity in other pursuits.

Here is another view:

As the Farmer Saw It.

A dear old friend of mine, who owns nothing in the world but a big farm and one pair of frayed overalls, and who always weeps with one eye, either from exposure or from having been a charter member of the Populist party, sat close in confidence with me one day, and while I inhaled the perfume of stable and pen he asked:

"How much does the railroad pay you a month?"

"About seventy dollars," I replied.

"Tew dollars and thirty cents a day, includin' Sundays. Reckon you ought to lay up five hundred dollars a year on that, easy. That's more'n you could make at anything else, ain't it?"

"Except farming," I replied.

"Beats farmin' all holler. Rains and drought and hog cholera and taxes don't worry you any. You get your seventy no matter what happens. If I was a young feller like you I wouldn't want anything better'n this job."

A section-hand passes my house every morning. He addresses me as "Mister" with a show of deference. To him I am a high-salaried man and my position is one of some distinction. It is all in the point of view.

Speaking of money, I had an experience to-day that is fine and rare. I touched a five-thousand dollar bill! I rubbed it between my fingers. I held it close before me in both hands.

My eyes hurdled the four figures and came back around, under, and through the three naughts until they again rested on the 5. I felt the thrill up as far as my elbows, and the wheels of my head went around so fast they set up a buzzing in my ears.

The man who owned it took it gently from my hands and removed it from my sight. My symptoms alarmed him.

"My friend," said I, regaining my composure, "think of the value of that

yellow-splotched paper! Tainted or not tainted, it will buy ten pianos, or one automobile, or one Congressman, or the continuous service of a station-agent for five years."

Thus, by direct association with the bill I found my own comparative value. I had a five-dollar bill in my pocket. It looked so trivial and paltry that I gave it to my wife. To such recklessness does the intoxication of high figures lead one

How Much Is a Man Worth?

By regular visits to the haberdasher the size of my foot—No. 8—and the size of my head 6¾—had become concretely established. The value of my untiring service had never been satisfactorily measured. There seemed to be no definite standard. One thousand per annum, received in monthly portions and spent dribblingly but with deadly certainty, left nothing tangible to size up and compare with as a whole.

So, when I held the five thousand-dollar bill and mentally cast up against it five years of buffeting between the public and the railroad I seemed to get satisfactory measurements.

Going home I purchased a "yellow dog"—two for five at all places west of the Rockies—and laid in twelve cents' worth of liver, after pricing the chuck

"It seems to me, wife," said I, in the weak tones of a convalescent, "that I am a cheap skate."

That should have startled her, but she never batted an eyelash or looked up from her work

"I wish you were better paid," she said presently. "I think if they knew how hard you have to work they would give you more money. I only wish," she added, with resignation, "that we were able to work or not as we like. I hope some day we may be independent."

The Woman's Point of View.

I seized the hope and flew to figures. In five minutes I had it. The known rate of savings performing its annual stunt with the mensurated interest produced at a hazy point in the future an unctuous competence.

"See!" cried I to my wife in rapture. "Figures won't lie! Here it is in black and white! Patience! All we need is patience. If we have no bad luck, in 1987 we shall have twenty thousand dollars! In 2007, forty thousand dollars! After that it doubles to beat the band! It is not such a bad job, after all, when you view it comprehensively!"

My wife was not in the least excited. Figures do not stir a woman.

"It seems to me," she said, without reference to my calculations, "that as long and faithfully as you have worked for the road they would give you a better place."

Every railroad man has this experience and hears this lamentation in his home. Wife feels keenly the grinding injustice, the insufficient pay, and the hardships imposed by the railroad, and pities her husband down deep in her heart that he must endure a servitude where hope and reward are so far removed. After taking the matrimonial hook husband lets out this sort of rot as long as the reel will spin, and lets her play on it as long as she will.

Working Overtime.

It accounts for his many shortcomings. It excuses the discipline that carelessness brings upon him. She believes the officials have it in for him, fine and efficient as he is. She attributes everything to their spite and nothing to his own pig-headedness.

His breath may often have the vintage of years ago. Baby may find a blue chip in his pocket. A blond hair may be on his lapel, but to her, who hears and believes his tales of wo, he is a long suffering and slowly dying martyr

We fool them for sure and plenty.

I relieved an agent at one time at a station where the work was well out of the way every evening at 5 P.M. The wife of the old agent complained about "John's hard lot." She was doing everything she could to get him away from the place before his health would break down under the strain.

"It is too much for John," said she. "Many nights he has to work till two or three o'clock in the morning bal-

ancing his books. He is growing more fretful and peevish all the time. The work is killing him."

She sighed heavily.

John performed his book-balancing stunt in an atmosphere heavy with smoke, in a room echoing with the badinage of convivial spirits. John's books were not easily balanced. Often there were two aces and but one king. One time they balanced beautifully—two trays and two deuces.

He foolishly drew one and got another deuce, thereby disturbing the balance. Then he merrily jingled his coin and went up against four of a kind in the hands of a fellow laborer for whom the days were likewise too short.

His wife said hard things about the way railroads work their men, and John half believed it himself. But he had sense enough to let her do all the outside talking.

I have strayed somewhat. Again, speaking of money: The earnings and savings of the army of railroad men bring the water to the jowls of the carnivori that live on the succulent flesh of lambkins. The stockades are raided with frequency and fierceness, and pelts are so common that they no longer attract attention.

Whenever the alert and thrifty optimist, from his city office on the twenty-third floor, glances hopefully toward the great West and notes the yellow reflection of the sunflowers of Kansas he at once diagrams another gold-mine in Nevada. After fixing the shares at ten cents and arranging a convenient date for their advance to twenty-five he mails the station-agent the "come on" literature

Aids to Easy Money.

In fact, every philanthropist with the longing to bestow wealth on his fellow men at the rate of a little down and some each month knows that there are three men in each town he can reach by mail without knowing their names—the cashier of the bank, the postmaster, and the station-agent. He knows they have salaries, and that they handle other moneys daily.

Thus, if a station-agent fails to rise in opulence and affluence, it is his own fault. Opportunity not only knocks at the door, but actually crawls through the transom. It holds before him silver and gold, copper and cobalt, rubber and coffee, and the green cheese of the moon.

He can't lose, because the yellow stuff is in plain sight, thick as country butter on little Johnny's hoecake. Nor is that all. He is privileged to sell all the stock he can to his neighbors and retain a certain percentage, with which he can purchase more for himself.

Nor need he have any fear that the supply will run out. The wheels of the press are high gear. There is a night-shift, and the spruce-tree is still growing in the north for paper-pulp. While the agent is getting the ground floor proposition by mail other railroad employees are not overlooked.

No Respecter of Persons.

At every terminal where railroad men live and congregate, and where pay is good and regular, the wonder-workers of finance are busy.

Every man wants more. We are not a land of plodders. We cannot wait calmly while the savings grow to a competence. We are prone to the short cut of investment. We rub the lamp—magic, presto! the golden stream pours into our coffers! No long and tedious waiting! No self-denial! No indeed!

We are avaricious and credulous. We have ambitions and vanities. Vanities—aye, there's the rub! These are wholesale human qualities, upon which the promotion-shark plays

He comes to us railroaders because we have a regular income, and because we are so busy that we cannot personally investigate the plausible scheme he presents.

Along with the station-agent, the conductor, and the engineer he lands officials of both high and low degree. It is not one mine or oil company, but dozens. They come in groups, like sun-spots, and pass with the same internal commotion.

They start in whispered confidences. There is a period of suppressed excitement and expectation. A committee of our own goes out to investigate. It re-

turns pop-eyed and breathless, declaring that the government will have to build another mint to coin our output.

Of course, the committee can't tell the difference between a gold-mine and a cheese-factory, but we are so busy fishing up the last rupee from the old stocking that this significant fact does not occur to us

Then follows a period of dreams—fancy-free. Wan-Lung and his pipe has nothing in its class.

We spend the imaginary money. We build houses and buy farms. We own an aluminum automobile. We join the Country Club; wife drops her *r*'s and begins saying "glaws" and "pawdon."

The old engine takes on a greasy look. The cabin is narrow and inconvenient. The office is a dingy hole. All work is an abomination.

The Morning After.

But there is some delay. A trifling hitch occurs in the company's organization. Certain auxiliary arrangements must be made. Time goes on. Some one accuses some one — mildly, then wildly. There comes a frost—a biting frost. We wilt like tomato-vines. All we see between us and starvation is our railroad job.

We have lost!

This is not fanciful. It happens everywhere, and will happen for evermore, so long as railroad men, busy with their work, blindly place their savings into the hands of others for multiplication. When I think of it I recall these forceful words of Thomas Moore:

> This world is all a fleeting show,
> For man's illusion given
> The smiles of joy, the tears of wo,
> Deceitful shine, deceitful flow—
> There's nothing true but h—

"Is there airy hog hyer fer Jake Lewis?"

Think of that! The poetic mind is running over immortal verse. The soul is musing in divine afflatus. The intellect is attuned to the rime and rhythm and harmony of words, suddenly to be jarred by the cracked and rasping—

"Is there airy hog hyer fer Jake Lewis?"

I turned to Mr. Lewis and replied that there was no porker at this station for him.

"Well, there ort to be!" said he, leaning far over the counter. He was seven feet tall.

"But there isn't," I replied

"When will it be hyer?"

"Where is it to come from?"

"Omega, Missoury. I got a letter to-day. They wuz to ship it yisterday. It ort to come through on the same train ez the letter."

"Call again to-morrow, Mr. Lewis," said I, waving my hand in dismissal. He did not dismiss.

"Cain't you find out whur it is now?"

"How is it coming—by freight or express?"

"I dunno. Which is the cheapest?"

"What does your letter say?"

"I dunno. I ain't got it with me."

"I don't see that we can give you any information, Mr. Lewis," I replied, once more giving him the avaunt sign. "We haven't anything to work on."

"Cain't you telegraph?"

"Telegraph where?" I asked, with some irritation.

"To Omega, Missoury, of course," he replied, with corresponding warmth. "To Obediah Schwartz, thet the hog fer Jake Lewis hain't come yit an' whur is it.'

I placed a Western Union blank before him

"Write out what you want to say," said I, somewhat curtly.

"Hey? Hyer? No!" He backed off.

"I cain't write it; you write it."

A Question of Paying.

I addressed to Obediah, of Omega, a message that the bristled quadruped was not yet in our midst and asking when and how it was shipped.

I checked it "15 paid," and remarked in an unconcerned way:

"Ninety-five cents, please. Forty to guarantee answer."

If Uncle Jake ever gets a death sentence from twelve of his peers it will not startle him more than that brief ultimatum. For a time he was speechless. Then he pointed his long finger

at me and said in the ascending scale of rising indignation:

"Do you want me to pay for that telegraph?"

"I certainly do," I replied.

"I'll never do her!" he cried, cracking his fists together.

"It's your place to telegraph," he went on. "That's what you're here fer, to telegraph and let people know things. When I ax you where's that hog you'd orter find out, an' to wunst!"

I turned to my work.

"Air you goin' to do it?" he demanded.

"No, sir!" I snapped.

He went out, but he poked his head back through the door and handed me this parting shot:

"You're a helluva agent!"

Let me see. When this interruption came I was quoting a verse of Thomas Moore. The last word is "heaven." I make this statement to clear my conscience of any wrong interpretation that some irreverent reader might chance to put upon it.

The local was doing some switching at the station. I was alone in the office. The conductor bawled out some orders in a loud voice to the brakeman. In an instant there came a shriek from a woman on the platform.

"Help! Murder! Help!"

I rushed out. The conductor was already at her side reassuring her. She came back into the waiting-room and sat down, blushing and confused.

"I was so frightened," she said.

"Was it a mouse?" I asked the conductor.

The conductor went around the end of the depot and doubled up with laughter

"Didn't you hear it?" he asked.

"She was just standin' there rubberin', when I pops out and hollers to the brakeman, five car-lengths ahead, 'Cut her in two! Head up to the elevator—rear to the depot!' She thought we meant her!"

He went into another spasm.

The woman looked foolish when I came back into the depot. But she had learned something of the vernacular of the railroads.

(To be continued.)

SCHOLARSHIPS FOR RAILROAD BOYS.

Pennsylvania Accepts Generous Endowment for Providing Sons of Employees with a Technical Education.

THE board of directors of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company recently accepted the offer of Anne Thomson, Frank Graham Thomson, and Clark Thomson of a fund of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars to establish what are to be known as the "Frank Thomson Scholarships." The fund has been deposited with the Fidelity Trust Company of Philadelphia.

The grantors of the trust declare their desire to afford to "sons of living or deceased employees of all the lines of the railroad an opportunity for a technical education, so as better to enable them to qualify themselves for employment by the company."

Competitive examinations are to be held, open only to sons of Pennsylvania employees, "corresponding in general to the entrance requirements of the scientific departments of the higher-class universities, colleges, and technical schools." The company, in selecting candidates for the Frank Thomson scholarships, is allowed to take into consideration, not only the examination "marks" the candidates make, but also the physical and moral qualifications requisite for railroad employees

After passing the examinations held by the company the winner of a scholarship must qualify for admission to one of the technical schools or departments approved by the company before he receives his certificate entitling him to draw on the fund.

Beginning this year, two scholarships, each of which amounts to six hundred dollars a year, are to be filled, and every year two will be added. After four years two will be graduated annually, keeping a total of eight men in college all the time

Rimes of the Rail.

Poets in Many Places and of Varying Moods Sing the Joys and Sorrows of the Men Who Man the Trains.

THE NIGHT EXPRESS.

ONE steady flight through the long, dark night,
Under mountain and over the plain,
While the fire-box flares and the head-lamp glares
Through the darkness and driving rain.

By farm and town, hills up and down,
Across the valley I throb and roar;
While lost in sleep, in embrace I keep
Two hundred souls and more.

With roar and scream of the tortured steam,
Through the night I rend my way;
A five-hundred-mile row of iron poles file
Behind me from dusk till day.

A firm hand I feel on my pulse of steel,
That drives me on at my best, not less;
And I sing my song as I speed along—
The song of the night express.

C. M. R., in South African Railway Magazine.

TO A TELEPHONE GIRL.

GIRL of the ever-varying voice—
Now cheerful as a blackbird's song,
Bidding the wakened world rejoice
In summer sunshine, hot and strong,
And now a very Fury's yell
That, hearing, I have only raged,
Knowing of old—alas, too well—
It means, to all my pleas: Engaged.

Who are you, pray? Do you and I
In tubes or 'buses ever meet,
Or pass each other idly by
As total strangers in the street?
Or are you composite, and not
A maid of curious moods that run
From heavenly sweet to—you know what,
But several girls who speak as one?

A piquant problem! But to-day,
When messages not mine I get,
While all my own you send astray,
Making confusion wilder yet,
My int'rest turns to passion fast,
Until I simply long to view
Your face, O fair Unknown, at last,
And tell you—what I think of you!

Punch.

WHAT THE ENGINE SAID.

I STOOD at the top of the hill one day—
The hill that the engines climb—
And I watched a train that was making its way,
Trying to get in on time;
But the train was too long and the hill was too steep,
As any one plainly could see
The engine moved slowly, and loudly complained,
"It's ten too many for me;
Ten too many,
Ten too many,
Ten too many for me."

The engineer coaxed, and the fireman swore,
And they begged her to climb the hill,
But their words were in vain, for the foolish old train
Was stubborn, and almost stood still.
The fireman toiled with his shovel and pick,
But scarcely an inch moved she,
And the harder he worked the louder she said,
"It's ten too many for me;
Ten too many,
Ten too many,
Ten too many for me."

Then the fireman threw his shovel aside,
And he said, "'Twill be just as you say;
If you think it's too many, you ought to know best.
Till you're ready to go we will stay."

The old engine snorted, "Perhaps we can
do it;
So come, let us try and see;
I'd like to make it, but I'm 'fraid I can't—
I'm afraid it's too many for me;
Ten too many,
Ten too many,
Ten too many for me."

So the fireman opened the furnace-door,
And he toiled with might and main,
And the engine struggled for all she was
worth
The top of the hill to gain.
At last she made it, and, panting, stood
As proud as an engine can be
"I thought 'twas too heavy, but I was
mistaken—
'Twas none too many for me;
None too many,
None too many,
None too many for me."

Lydia M. Dunham,
in Railroad Trainmen's Journal.

ONE KIND OF ENGINEER.

WHO comes with Faber sharpened keen,
With profile long and sober mien,
With transit, level, book, and tape,
And glittering ax to swat the stake?
The Engineer

Who sets the level, bends his spine,
Squints through the glass along the line,
Swings both his arms at rapid rate,
Yells "Hold that bloomin' rod up
straight"?
The Engineer

Who raves and snorts like one insane,
Jumps in the air and claws his mane,
Whene'er he sees a scraper take
A whack at his most cherished stake?
The Engineer.

Who swears he'll charge "an even ten"
For stakes destroyed by mules and men,
While on all fours he tries in vain
To find the vanished stake again?
The Engineer.

Who saws the air with maddened rage,
And turns with haste the figured page,
And then, with patience out of joint,
Ties in another "reference point"?
The Engineer

Who calls it "your unrivaled gall"
Whene'er you kick for "overhaul,"
And gives your spine the frigid chill
Whene'er you spring an "extra bill"?
The Engineer

Who deals with figures quite profuse;
Then tells you solid rock is loose;
That hard-pan's nothing more than loam,
While gumbo's lighter than sea-foam?
The Engineer

Who, after all, commands our praise
(In spite of his peculiar ways),
While others harvest all the gains
That spring from his prolific brains?
The Engineer.

The Railway Critic.

A WAIL OF WO.

'TWAS just a railroad, poor and old,
That passed along my way,
And noting pity in my eye,
It steamed right up and stopped close by
And raised this mournful lay:

"I once was rich and prosperous,
With money in my clo'es;
A happy home, strong friends, had I,
And whate'er else great wealth could buy—
And now— Observe my woes!

"Prosperity has gone—the case
Is different as can be
I'm friendless, out of luck, and poor;
I'm buffeted from door to door,
And no one cares for me

"I date my downfall from the day
I took away the pass;
For since then they who make the laws
Have stayed for neither rime nor cause
To up and give me sass.

"They sting me for a two-cent rate,
They penalize me much
They pinch away my profits—Whew!
Whatever thing I don't or do,
It means another touch

"Till now I'm on my uppers, friend—
I'm destitute, you see:
I'm shabby, knocked about, and frayed;
I've gone clean broke, and I'm afraid
The workhouse looms for me"

The railroad paused and wiped a tear.
Quoth I: "Luck turns again:
When you stop paying dividends,
And cut your pay-roll down, your friends—
Ah, well, you'll find them then."

Richmond Times-Dispatch.

BARNEGAN "COMES THROUGH."

BY J. R. STAFFORD.

One Man's Struggle with Burning Sun, Driving Sand, and Choking Thirst on the Desert.

BARNEGAN was at once the laughing-stock and the scandal of Alkali, and when you know that Alkali was half Mormon and nearly the other half Mexican, and that Barnegan was the only Gentile in the camp who had a wife—well, you know that there must have been something radically wrong with him.

Bill Turk, who was spokesman and leader of the Gentiles, and who knew the merits of the case better than any one, rendered his opinion in this wise:

"This here Barnegan is a plumb out-an'-out fool—dunno porfry frum pork an' yit he jist nacherly wears this hyar desert out a huntin' fur gold out thar; huntin' among rocks that no mineral on the yearth cud live in. But that ain't the beginnin' o' it either, fur a feller has after all got the right to figger out whut kind o' country looks good to 'im an' go prospect it, but this feller he hain't got no business a prospectin'.

"Any man," and here Bill always brought his fist down on the card-table with a thump, "any man with a wife an' kid like his'n ort to be at work in a mine or somethin'—whut bizness has he got a wantin' a fortune anyhow? Feller 'at has got whut he's got—hum—um. Say, that wife o' his has got eyes like stars, an' law, man! she loves 'im. An' the kid—Lord, if I had sich a kid I'm a son of a gun if I'd ever git more'n a mile frum where she wus!"

And old McPattie lifted one eyelid carefully at that and remarked:

"Don't think ye ever hev been since I knowed ye, Bill. Ye air allus right here in this hyar deadfall, a drinkin' forty rod an' playin' slough. Difference, though, 'tween you an' Barnegan is that he has reasons fur hangin' round an' you hain't."

Whereupon Bill let out a roar of laughter like the bray of his own "Jack," the finest burro in the camp, and Waggins was called in from the storeroom to fetch the bottle and the glasses for whoever might be in the place.

Now, Barnegan had come to that point in his career where it was difficult to get a grub-stake, for the simple reason that he had tried often and always failed to find the mine that he knew lay out there in the heart of the desert peaks, a great way to the southwest. The time came when his old-time backers wrote him that they would stake him no more.

And then it was that the little, blue-eyed wife applied for the school in Alkali and got it and began teaching. A few days afterward she came down to Waggins's and informed him that she was staking her husband, and that she would pay for anything he required for an outfit.

Turk, who heard it all from the deadfall, dropped his jaw and scarcely breathed until she was gone. Then he tiptoed carefully and closed the door. After a long time he exploded:

"Such a man ort to be hung! He ain't no better'n a Mormon, mighty nigh as low as a Mormon—wuss'n lots o' Mexicans. Gee!"

McPattie did not venture any opinion, and there was a long silence, broken only by the sounds of hobnailed shoes slumping into the store from outside

Bill opened the door. There stood Barnegan, a man so tall and thin that he might almost walk astride a burro, with a face tanned almost black by the

desert sun and winds, but with a soberness of air that gave him dignity.

"Jist talkin' about you, Barnegan. You air a perty bird, you air, to be lettin' that leetle woman slave herself to death to earn ye a grub-stake. The citizens o' Alkali ort to hang ye, that's what they ort to do."

Barnegan's face fell and reddened beneath the tan, and a palsy seemed to seize him, but he gave the same reply that he had given Turk of old:

"You jist wait an' don't worry about Barnegan. Barnegan'll come through one of these days. He'll shore come through."

"Umhu! That's whut ye allus been a sayin', an' as I hev before remarked, whenever Barnegan comes through, Alkali'll be a plumb popelation o' ijits. Alkali'll go crazy when Barnegan comes through, same as it would if the sun didn't come up in the mornin', er the end o' the world come."

But Barnegan went ahead and bought his hundred and fifty pounds of cornmeal—fifty pounds more than usual—and the usual fifty feet of fuse, and the ten pounds of giant, and the twenty caps, and loaded them into the old iron wheelbarrow at the door.

As he pushed up the sandy wash toward his shack, Turk slid out around the corner of the store, and, coming out of his cabin a moment later, busily buckling on his belt, made off for the desert whither Barnegan's burros usually strayed. McPattie followed him.

"Hate to hurt ye, ye pore little devils, but hit's mercy to you after all—an' hit's for the sake of the woman an' the kid Sabe?"

He looked down at the three carcasses as he slowly kicked the empty shells out of the cylinder of his blue-barreled forty-five and muttered:

"Reckon that'll fix 'is clock. If it don't, well, Mac, we'll jist swipe the son of a gun's canteens off'n 'im an' buy up all that Waggins's got. Sabe?"

But McPattie, who sometimes saw more than the surface of things, made no answer.

Toward evening, from the door at Waggins's, they saw him start out on the desert with a nose-bag in his hand, and they laughed as they pictured his anger when he found the carcasses. But they did not laugh when Barnegan came into the store with a rifle in his hands, just as Waggins was lighting the lamp. His eyes showed white and his voice was husky as he spoke.

"Ye needn't lie out of it, Bill Turk; I'm a goin' to take your Jack an' the two next best burros in this hyar camp; an' ye kin foot the bill."

Turk tried to open his mouth, but a gleam in Barnegan's eye silenced him, and the confiscator went on:

"Ye hain't the minds o' desert rats! Yer like sheep follerin' trails beat out an' leaders that hain't no more sense than ye got yerselves. An' simply because I got a mind o' my own an' am willin' to back my judgment, ye want to git in my road.

"I warn ye that ye better not try it no more. I'm a comin' through! I'm comin' through, if I have to walk the desert frum here to the end of it an' back agin without water, an' if skunks like you git in my way agin, I'll tromp ye down as I'd tromp down lizards. I'm a comin' through! I'm a comin' through, spiter'n blazes!"

But neither his tone nor his manner were those of the boaster. The words came frenzied, like a man burned with the passion of conviction.

Next morning, when the mountains lay blue and sharply defined against the clear sky in the east and the whole desert was azure, Barnegan roped his packs on the backs of the burros, and then, kissing his wife and blue-eyed youngster, told them:

"Don't worry, now. No, siree, don't you worry about me fur a minnit. Jist feel it in my bones that I'm shore comin' through this time. Hain't no use to worry nohow. Hain't I allus told ye an' made ye believe I'd come through? An' seein't I am, sho' now they cain't nothin' kin happen until I do come through."

Through her tears, the little woman laughed at his argument.

He prodded the rearmost burro and herded the three down through the little cluster of shacks, and across the arroyo beyond. There, before him, lay the desert, purple-shadowed in the light of the morning, its grim lifelessness soft-

ened and almost beautified into the semblance of a stretch of silent sea at dawn.

Far away, far as the forever, stretched the interminable wastes of sand, and the glistening drifts of alkali dust shone in the mellow sunshine of the morning like whitecaps on an endless dull gray sea. Forever and forever the desert stretched away, horizonless and beyond the vision, save where, in the far southwest, rose sharply outlined the snow-capped mountains, supporting, in their far heights, the sagging archway of the sky.

The day advanced and the mirages began shimmering like dancing seas. Rapidly these grew calm, and the whole prospect was one of still and silvery waters—waters that reflected mountains and cities and fair countries.

Hotter and brighter shone the sun, and the mellow light of the morning changed to a glare of dazzling whiteness that seared the eye as the glare of molten iron, and over all the mirages and the desert and the distant mountains the heat-waves quivered.

But none of these things did Barnegan note, although he drove his animals straight toward the mountains. For these things he had often seen, and they had lost their charm or their terror. They were but incidents of the trailless ways he traveled.

To him the desert was a miser, merciless, heartless, and powerful, set down to guard the treasures in those mountains and keep them hidden there forever from the eyes of men—from the eyes of men who would not dare and try.

Six times before he had essayed to penetrate the unknown fastnesses of those distant peaks, and six times he had failed and come near to death in the failures. Each time he had followed down the Green or up the Colorado, so as to be near water for the main part of the journey, but always the journey to the point of leaving the river had been too great. Heading impassable cañons that ran a day's travel into the desert, and other such delaying mischances, left him, just at the moment of leaving the river, either worn out or without sufficient food.

But from each of those failures he had learned something of vital importance, and some of these things were:

That a man who wants to go on the desert and accomplish anything must go prepared to accomplish it quickly. He must learn to eat mush or beans or rice, and not worry because he cannot have meat and other things. And another, and the latest lesson, was that if a man really wanted to get to those mountains the thing he simply had to do was to strike straight for them across the desert, leaving the rivers with their time-devouring détours far on the left.

Alkali was the nearest point from which to make the start, and it was one hundred and thirty miles across the desert, according to the map, from the town to the mountains.

With his field glasses—that was on one of the early trips, before he had been compelled to part with them to get a little money—he had seen that there was timber on the mountains. He knew there must be game there, and of course there was water from the melting snow.

If only a man could reach them! As for the gold, why, he knew there was gold up there, for he had panned the gravel in the big cañon that came in from the desert, and it was full of colors. Half a dozen times he had picked up bits of tellurium ores so rich that when he roasted them in the forge at home they fairly sweated gold.

His mind was on these things as he plodded on behind the lagging burros. The beasts could make at best twenty miles per day; they would have to do their best. It would thus take them six and one-half days to make the distance, and if his reckoning was correct, he would reach the mountains. If it was farther then it would take more time.

The kegs and the canteens held enough water to last himself and the animals for five days. It would only mean a day and a half of thirst, and while Barnegan knew that a day and a half in the desert without water is not an agreeable experience, still he could look upon it with equanimity, because of the fact that at the end of that head-bursting journey he would find both water and gold.

The day wore itself out in the desolation and the heat, and as if it gave up suddenly, died without twilight, and the darkness and cold of the desert night fell swiftly.

Barnegan made his rude camp in the lee of a sand-hummock, and after unpacking the burros, picketed them for a few hours and slept.

By midnight he was awake again and, repacking, drove them forward until the east grew gray. Then he fed them some of the meal and gave them water, and after that traveled until the light was white and blinding, when he lay by and waited for the night.

Thus he traveled, resting in the day and traveling in the night.

At last, just as he had hoped and believed he would, he came within a day's, or rather of a night's, travel of the mountains, nearer by many a mile than he had ever been before.

He was glad he was nearing them, for the water was gone and there were signs of a storm—signs of those heavy winds that come out of the southwest like hurricanes and hurl the desert sand in clouds like snow-flurries in the far north, blinding the burros and huddling them together so that they will not travel.

Other nights he had journeyed by the light of the desert stars and the moon, but on this night a thin veil, soft and gray, dulled them obscurely.

He beat the burros frantically in his haste to make the shelter before the storm should come. The animals floundered along through the sand-drifts or wrenched themselves from the soft paste of the alkali patches with difficulty. Barnegan, like some mighty gnome, threatened and harassed them continually.

At last the gray faded from the veil and left it merely a blot of black. Night, thicker than a foggy night at sea, enveloped the desert and the little caravan.

Barnegan, mariner of the desert that he was, lay by to wait the storm.

It came with morning—rather morning did not come, for when the night ended the air was filled with rushing winds that swept the loose sand and pebbles up and flung them in vast blotting clouds, until there was neither air to breathe nor sky overhead—nothing above ground save the swirling desolation.

The burros huddled themselves heads downward and away from the wind, and the sand drifted in front of them in long lines that grew to ridges, and the ridges grew to hummocks, and the hummocks slowly grew and crept backward until the forelegs of the animals were buried to their bodies. And they grew and grew until the beasts were half hidden and only their rumps and impatiently tossed heads distinguished them from the rocks around which other hummocks were rising.

Barnegan kept his head muffled and sat huddled until he himself was half buried. Then he rose in the pitiless blast, fought his way to the nearest burro, and dug him out after infinite labor. He led the brute around in the lee of the hummock that had been rising for his grave and left him there.

All day he struggled, thirst-parched and with bursting temples even in the cold blasts of the storm—worked with desperation, for, the lives of those burros gone, his chance of gaining Alkali again was lost

Night came, the wind fell, the stars shone dimly, and he again took up his way. But the delay had been a serious matter even if he had bested the storm, for half-way on the journey toward the now bright-gleaming snow caps two of the burros lay down and would not move.

Barnegan knew what was the trouble. These animals, unlike his own, had not been toughened to long and heavy traveling. They were worn out, and he must leave them. They might gain strength to come to the mountains, and he might find them again, but the chances were that they would die, here on the very spot where they now lay.

He loaded himself with as much of their packs as he could carry, and with the other animal hurried on.

He had now been without water for forty-eight hours, and without sleep for the better part of forty, but all the same he dragged his feet through the sand determinedly, with no thought of giving up and no heed to the fact that the nearest of his kind were more than a hundred miles away.

It was ten o'clock next day when he came to the foot of a lofty spur, and it was night before he found water. The faithful burro drank with him, and, fearful in this strange new mountain

country, clung close around his meager camp.

Barnegan rubbed the beast's nose and talked to him after the foolish fashion of prospectors:

"Huum—uum, Jack, when we git out o' here, ole feller, do you know whut I am a goin' to do fur you? Don't, hey? Well, sir, I'll tell ye this much, but ye needn't go tellin' it to ever'body; I'm a goin' to git ye a plumb full set o' gold shoes, Jack, 'ith diamond headed nails. Sabe that, Jack? Why, say, ole feller, ye'll be the admiration o' ever' jackass in the Rocky Mountains and the desert.

"An', Jack, ye needn't think I'm a givin' ye hot air in this hyar talk. Sabe this, Jack; hadn't a been fur you, I wouldn't a made it in here; wouldn't a come through, see? Jack, we're pardners, we air, you an' me. We jist make one prospector, that's all we do; an' the woman, Jack, she's a stakin' us. We hain't disappointed her this time, an' say, I know she'll stand fur them gold shoes, all right. Shore, she'll stand fur anything fur ye when she knows if it hadn't a been fur you I couldn't a come through."

Next night he loaded the brute with two canteens of water and set off into the desert again with the hope of finding the other two and bringing them in. He found them, but they were past the reviving influence of the water he had brought, so he packed Jack with the remainder of their burdens, and bidding them good-by, returned to the camp in the mountain by the water.

Amid the solitudes of those desert-guarded fastnesses, he roamed for days and days. From cañon depths where the sun had never shone he gazed upward to the towering heights that clove the very sky, and again from those far aeries he looked down and saw the desert at his feet and even pictured to himself that he could see Alkali across its wastes.

But it was not for a sight of these things that he roamed, for as he walked his eyes searched the ground.

He carried the gold pan with him and a little pick, and every time he found water he either panned gravel, or else, pulverizing bits of rock, he washed the powdered débris down to its last analysis of black sand.

At last, when the meal was getting so low that he knew he must soon be traveling, on a morning which he had agreed with himself should be the last, he put a shot in what looked to be vein matter, cutting through the granite of a mighty wall.

When he had fanned the blue smoke from the ragged hole, he looked in and saw the fruits of all his labors and hard years—black and dull gleaming bits of ore, streaked with little veins of glistening white; common rock to the inexperienced eye, tellurides of gold to his—ore so rich that a man might carry a fortune in it, unsmelted, on his back.

He whooped and he sang; he waved his tattered hat and he danced and he celebrated his triumph. It made no difference to him that no human eye was there to see or ear to hear. It was all the same. It was the fact; the fact alone. It intoxicated him like wine, and like a man drunken he exalted.

After the frenzy of his joy had worn away and he was sane again, he stepped off the lines of six claims. Until far into the night he worked, piling up stones for rude monuments to mark his corners, as prescribed by law.

Next day he put up his location notices: "Faithful Jack," for the burro that had helped him through and borne him company; "Little Mary," for the kid whose baby face seemed often to smile down on him; "Best in all the World," for the blue eyed little woman whose faith and help had nerved him through it all; "The Sure Come Through," "The Telluride," and last of all, "Aladdin."

Hastily he did that work, and all of the rest of the day he cooked the balance of his corn-meal into mush, explaining to Jack:

"Save cookin' water, sabe? Findin' out things; findin' out when they hain't much use, Jack, fur we ain't prospectors any more, we air the owners o' rich mines."

All his tools he left at the prospect, packing on the burro his canteens and the filled kegs. The bag of mush he carried on his own back, and he put a few pieces of the rich ore in his pockets.

At nightfall they started out on the desert, and before the light was white

they had gone a long way, he calculated thirty miles. He patted Jack's nose before he lay down to sleep and confided:

"Shore, we air a goin' to have water all the way—all the way, sabe?"

But the next night's travel was a poor one. He missed the familiar landmarks, for the storm had covered them, and in traveling by the stars he got into the draws of a steep cañon that wasted hours.

On the seventh day, the day on which Barnegan had confidently believed they would tramp into Alkali, the water gave out and there was but one feed of mush left for himself and the burro. Somehow, the desert was unfamiliar. He thought he had known all of it, but this part seemed different from any he had ever seen. However, he knew they were not far out of their course, and he whistled as he trudged beside the burro and talked to him.

"Shore, we air a goin' to keep on a travelin' to-day—won't stop to lay up fur sun an' heat—little woman an' the kid air expectin' us to-day, Jack. We gotta make it. Shore, we air a comin' through to-day."

As night came on he unslung the bag from his shoulder and thrust it under Jack's nose and urged him to eat.

"Eat the hull blame business, Jack; I cain't eat any of it anyhow. You gotta keep up a stiff upper lip an' hit the trail into Alkali, an' ye gotta find the way, fur I cain't see no more. Eat it, I say. Ye got to, fur if ye don't—well, ye got to, fur we gotta come through! We gotta come through!"

But the burro was weary with the long and ceaseless travel of the twenty-four hours, and after he had feasted he lay down. Barnegan kicked him and tried to force him to go on, but it was no use, so he stretched himself beside the brute and slept through the night.

Next morning the sun came up in a blaze of glory; the sky was full of golden clouds. Barnegan's eyes were better, and he saw these things, and also that this was a part of the desert exactly nine miles from the arroyo and Alkali.

He communicated the news to the burro with difficulty, for his tongue was dry and thickening and his voice often became a rattle in his throat

They made four or five miles, but the beast lay down from heat and exhaustion. Barnegan put sand in his ears, but the brute only shook his head wearily

Barnegan remembers that he bade Jack good-by, and that afterward he started off alone; that he walked a good way and fell down. And that the wife and baby came and brought water that saved his life. That is all he remembers of that nine-mile agony.

Bill Turk, on the hunt for a couple of burros that had strayed that morning, saw a strange black animal creeping slowly along on the desert, to the west.

He approached it, and as he realized that it was a man, and Barnegan, he rushed forward and threw up his hands in horror—for it was but the semblance of a man! His clothing was gone, his feet were bare, and his eyes were bloodshot and had the glitter of a wild beast's. His mouth stood agape, and the lips were covered with bloody foam.

It was a week before he was able to sit up and tell about his find and the return trip. Then, as he sat on the edge of the bed, with the blue-eyed kid gazing gravely up into his face, the blue-eyed wife smiling happily into his eyes, and the white Gentile population of Alkali disposed about in awkward satisfaction, he smiled as he spoke.

"I come through! I come through! An' fur you fellers that tried to hender me, well, I wus a goin' to handle ye fur killin' my burros, but I reckon that Jack beat any I had after all. Fellers, ye done me kindness after all; ye aimed it fur the baby and the wife.

"Fellers, it hain't me alone that has come through, it's fust of all the wife an' kid, an' then the balance of us They's enough gold down there to make a plenty fur ye all. Ye don't tech my claims, but I'm a goin' to keep it still, so ye kin all git in there before the stompede."

Beside the things that Bill Turk and the others said then, the foolish things that Barnegan had said to Jack were in nowise extravagant. But that was natural, after all, seeing that, as Turk had so often put it, "The camp'll all go crazy when Barnegan comes through."

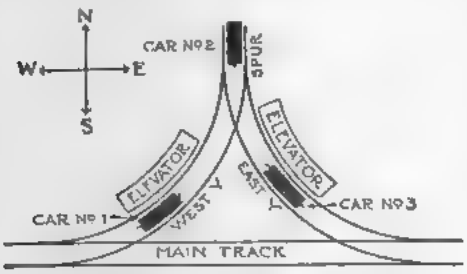
RAILROAD PUZZLES.

Many Practical Questions of the Rail Asked and Answered.

THE GIRARD PUZZLE SOLVED.

IN the June number we presented a puzzle offered by Mr. Roy Girard, of Bristol, Illinois. It ran as follows:

A light engine headed west and wishing to turn on a Y finds a car at the elevator on each leg of the Y and one on the spur. The spur has room for only one car or an engine. The engineer has orders to leave the cars in the positions in which he finds them. No cars may be left standing on the main track while turning, and "running," "flying," or "drop" switches are not allowed.



MR. GIRARD'S "Y" PROBLEM. HOW TO GET AN ENGINE AROUND AND LEAVE THE CARS IN THEIR ORIGINAL POSITIONS.

The accompanying diagram, which appeared with the original puzzle, explains the situation. Mr. Girard's own solution, which may be regarded as authoritative, or at least standard, follows:

Engine backs in on west Y, couples on car No. 1 at elevator, and backs up with car and couples on to car No. 2 on spur; pulls both cars back on west Y, and leaves them standing at elevator. Then heads out on main track with engine, backs east along main track, heads in on east Y, and shoves car No. 3 at elevator to the spur. Leaves car on spur and back out through east Y to main track again.

Runs west on main and backs in on west Y and backs cars 1 and 2 back to car 3 on spur, coupling on to it and bringing all three cars out on main track through west Y, backs them east along main line, heads in on east Y, leaves the three cars standing on east Y at elevator, and runs up to spur with engine; backs down through west Y to main track.

Engine is now turned. Runs east on main track and backs in on east Y, couples on to three cars at elevator, and backs them up to spur. Cuts off car No. 1 on spur and pulls other two out on east Y, again leaving them at elevator. Then runs out on main track with engine, backs west on main track, and heading in on west Y, couples on to car No. 1 on spur, pulling it back to elevator on west Y, and leaves it where it was originally.

Then backs out of west Y on to main track, runs east on main, backs in on east Y, and backs cars 2 and 3 up to spur, leaving car No. 2 on spur and bringing car 3 down on east Y to elevator, leaving it and car 2 in their original positions. Engine is now turned, and all cars are as they were when engine arrived before turning.

A solution that is entitled to take rank with Mr. Girard's is offered by Mr. Lew James, of McCook, Nebraska. The only difference is that instead of backing the engine in on the west leg of the Y Mr. James begins by heading in on the east leg. Otherwise the process is the same.

If numbers count for anything, Mr. James should rank ahead of Mr. Girard, as the proportion of our readers supporting the former's solution as against that of the latter is more than two to one. Honorable mention for clearness of explanation is due W. Sherman Maple, Mexia, Texas; H. L. Pearsall, Elroy, Wisconsin, and G. R. Bachman, Council Bluffs, Iowa, whose solution agrees with Mr. Girard's. The same praise is due James F. McGarr, Spring Lake, Kentucky; H. B. Phillips, Rochester, New York, George L. Brower, Port Chester, New York; O. M. Greenleaf, St. Paul, Minnesota, and Stewart Ross, Clinton, Ontario, who used the same course as that followed by Mr. James.

Only one correspondent violated the conditions of the puzzle by leaving cars standing on the main line unattached to the engine. One other, a switchman in Princeton, Iowa, declares his inability to see any solution unless the engineer keeps backing his engine or uses a block and tackle.

HANDLING THE CRIPPLES.

A FULL-SIDING puzzle that is capable of a simpler solution than came was proposed in our June number by Mr. John Bateman, of London, Ontario. He said.

Two trains of fifteen cars each meet at a siding that will hold an engine and fifteen cars. But it already contains fifteen cars, with broken draw-bars, so that they cannot be coupled together in any way. How do the trains pass and leave the crippled cars standing in their original positions on the siding afterward?

For convenience sake a diagram is appended, although it is hardly necessary Mr. Bateman says in explanation:

Cut engine off train No. 1, run up main line, and back into siding on top of the fifteen crippled cars. Close switch for main line. Let train No. 2 run up main track and back into siding on top of the crippled cars. Shove the fifteen cars out and their own train clear of siding. Train No. 2 is now at her original position, with siding clear of cars.

THEY MUST BE MOVED BACK AND FORTH, THOUGH THEY CANNOT BE COUPLED TOGETHER.

Cut engine off train No. 2, run up and couple on to train No. 1, and pull up main track clear of the two switches. Siding is now clear for train No. 2 to proceed. Now the engine of train No. 1 is on the west end of the crippled cars, so they shove them into siding, couple on to their train, and proceed

Two correspondents in the United States Signal Corps, at Benicia Barracks, California, Howard M. Viall and James L. Emery, have a more complicated solution. In their answer No. 2 heads in on the cripples, pushing them off the siding and against the engine of No. 1, leaving No. 2 train on the siding. The bad order cars now have an engine at each end of them. No. 1 then shoves the cripples, with No. 2 engine ahead of them, down the track to clear the farther switch

No. 1 uncouples from the cripples and leaves them on the main line, with the engine of No. 2 to push them in, and then backs in on the siding and pushes No. 2 train out on the main line at the other end of the siding. Then the engine of No. 2 pushes the cripples in on the siding and stops.

This leaves the main line clear ahead of No. 1, but the train does not proceed until she has pulled No. 2 train past both switches. Then she pulls out. The engine of No. 2 backs off the siding, couples on to her train, and leaves.

The other solutions received practically agree with Mr. Bateman's.

COMING BACK AT MR. MINEAR.

OUR June number contained two puzzles by our friend, Mr. H. G. Minear, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. In the first an engineer found twenty-five cars on a siding and took them out in four trips, taking an odd number each time. Mr. Minear's own solution gives the engineer a cut of seven cars taken out on each of three trips. When he goes back the fourth time he takes a car with him and picks up the remaining four, making a cut of five cars. This is four trips with an odd number of cars each trip

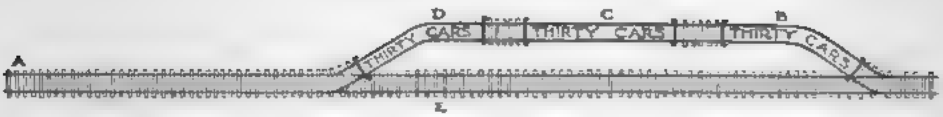
The same method is used by Mr. O. W Greenleaf, St. Paul, Minnesota. Mr McGarr, to whom all puzzles are easy, would take out five cars first time, leaving four on main line; go back with one and pick up six, making seven to set on main line. On third and fourth trips he would take out five and nine respectively.

Our boy friend, Edward Bradley, of Justin, Texas, would take out thirteen cars the first trip, three the second, and five the third. On the fourth trip he would take one car back with him and pick up the remaining four, making four trips with an odd number of cars each trip.

Mr. Minear's second puzzle is more terrifying. It is a variation of the crowded-side-track problem. Here it is:

The siding holds ninety-five cars, and contains ninety, in "cuts" of thirty each. A train of thirty empty cars on the main line is to be put in the middle of the siding, and the thirty loaded cars already there are to be taken out. The engine can handle only thirty loaded cars at a time, and can couple only at the tank end.

Mr. Minear has a solution of his own which will work, although it is a trifle hard to follow.



THE GAME IS TO PUT THIRTY FRESH CARS IN THE PLACE OF THOSE NOW AT C.

The crew is at A with the engine, thirty cars, and caboose, the engine headed toward B. Cut engine off train at A, go to B, back in on siding, pick up thirty cars, pull out of siding, and shove the thirty cars down against the train at A. Cut off engine, pull up to B, back into C, pick up thirty cars, pull out on to main track, and back them to E, leaving them so that they will clear the switch at D. These are the cars that must go out as the train

Cut engine off, go to B, back in on siding, pick up thirty cars at D, pull out on main line, and back them down against the thirty at E. Cut engine off, go to B, back through siding to A, pick up thirty cars which were originally standing on the siding at B, pull through siding with them past B, and back them down on the sixty cars at E.

Cut the engine off, go back through the siding, and pick up the thirty cars of the original train at A, minus the caboose. Pull them in on the siding to D far enough to clear the switch. Pull on through past B, back down on the main line, pick up the first thirty at E, and set them in on the siding at C. Run out on the main line again, back down on the next thirty, and push them on the siding at B to clear the switch. Go out on the main line again and push the last thirty down to the caboose at A

These are the cars that are to go out on the train. The cars on the siding must now be rearranged so as to put the original train in the middle of C. Run engine ahead to B, back in on siding, pick up thirty cars at B, pull out on main line, and push them down to A to clear switch at D. Run ahead with engine to B, back in on siding, pick up thirty cars at C, pull out on main line, and push them down to E, so as to clear switch at D.

Go ahead again with engine to B, back in on thirty cars at D, pull them out on main line, and back them to other thirty at E. These are the cars that composed the original train and must go in the middle of the siding. Run engine up to B, back through siding, pick up thirty cars at A, pull ahead into siding, and drop them at D. Run through siding with engine, back down on cars at E, pick up first thirty, pull them up to B, and push them in on siding to C. Repeat the process with the second thirty at E. Then back down on thirty cars at A, couple up, and pull out.

Practically the same solution is reached by the boy railroader, Ed. Bradley, of Justin, Texas. Few of our readers, however, seemed disposed to tackle this. One correspondent omitted one cut of thirty cars, thereby considerably simplifying the problem. Another assumed that because the engine could handle thirty loads it could manage sixty empties. While this would be true in actual practise, it is our understanding that for the purposes of this problem the engine could handle only thirty cars, whether loaded or empty.

ANSWERS FOR A RAILROAD GIRL.

THE query propounded by the Jersey City brakeman last April about passing trains at a short spur-switch inspired Miss Myra E. Hatch, a twelve-year-old reader in Cumberland Mills, Maine, to do a little something in the puzzle line. This was Miss Hatch's offering:

Train No. 5, with thirty cars, meets train No. 6, with thirty also, at a siding which will hold only thirty. There are thirty cars already on the siding. Neither engine can haul more than thirty cars at a time. How do the trains pass?

One way of doing it is described briefly by Mr. James F. McGarr, of Spring Lake, Kentucky. Mr. McGarr, by the way, sent solutions of all the puzzles in the June number, as well as a new problem of his own. This is his answer to Miss Hatch:

Take it for granted that No. 5 is on the main line between the switches. Cut No. 6 engine off, couple to cars on siding, and shove them out west on main line. Cut off engine, back up through siding, couple to train, and pull into clear in siding. Let No. 5 proceed

Then back No. 6 train out on main line, cut off engine, go through siding, couple to cars left on main line, and pull them into siding to clear main line. Cut off engine, back out, couple up to train, and proceed.

Similar in general plan, but different in details, is the solution by N. C. Dow, of Fox Point Station, Rhode Island. This is the way Mr. Dow would do it.

Trains No. 5 west and No. 6 east. Engine of No. 5 leaves its train standing at a point east of siding and proceeds to the siding heads in, and couples to the thirty cars, pulling them off the siding, then pushing them opposite the siding on the main, until train No. 6 has pulled in on the siding, then pushing the thirty cars west of the siding to clear the switch. Engine of No. 5 then runs east to its train and hauls it up

opposite the siding, so that No. 6 can pull off and proceed east. Engine of No. 5 then pushes its train back east of the siding, runs west, and pulls the thirty cars on to the siding, cuts off, runs to its own train, and proceeds west

These are the only types of solutions offered to this puzzle, the first being the favorite. All of our correspondents have assumed that when Miss Hatch said that the siding would hold thirty cars she meant thirty cars and an engine. It remains to be seen whether she will accept this construction

PUZZLES THAT WAIT.

SOLUTIONS will be offered in our September number for the following puzzles, which were published in June: "More About Cripples," by Frank Bohannan; "Think It Over," by Otto Galbrecht; "Letting Out and Picking Up; What Would You Do?" by Herbert C. Smith; "Another Y Puzzle," by George S. Thomson, and "Had to Be Done in a Hurry," by H. C. Strong. Lack of space prevents our publishing them this month.

ONE FOR THE MATHEMATICIANS.

PEOPLE who like to exercise their brains on problems that are not so easy as they look will find good material in one propounded by a Norfolk and Western engineer in Pulaski City, Virginia. Our engineer friend says

There are two stations, A and B, four miles apart. Put a train one mile long on this stretch of track, with its caboose standing at A. Put a man on the caboose, let the train run to B, and let the man walk over the train from the caboose to the engine between the stations. Stop the train so that the engine is standing at Station B. How far does the train run, how far does the man ride, and how far does he walk?

TURNING WITHOUT A Y.

WE have had several puzzles which had to do with the turning of trains on Y's. It has remained for Mr. L. W. Newton, of Nashville, Tennessee, to present one in which an engine must be turned without a Y or a turntable. Here it is:

A new road was under construction. The construction train was at the end of the track, tied up for the night. A severe snowstorm stopped all work and blockaded five hundred men at the front without supplies. The engine could not be backed through the snow the fifteen miles necessary to reach the base of supplies. How did the engineer turn his engine without Y or turntable?

A BAD BREAK.

IF half of the conditions described in our puzzles occur in actual railroading an engineer needs to know a lot of things besides running an engine. Here is a poser from a "Boomer, Operator, and Brakeman" in Solomon, Kansas.

A train between stations breaks a link in the middle of the train. The crew have no extra link or chain. How do they repair the break so as to proceed with the train?

AN ODD SORT OF TRAIN.

THERE is an old story about a misguided and much-abused road whose trains were always late. One day great consternation was aroused by a train reaching the end of its run on schedule time—until it was discovered to be exactly twenty-four hours late. A question that reminds one of that story is the following, by W. C. De Rocher, of Charlotte, New York:

When would a train be one hour late and on time at the same time?

Another question which Mr. De Rocher would like to have his railroad friends answer is:

What train never carries any signals?

TURNING THE TRAIN.

TURNING a train is not always clear sailing, even with a turntable, as will be shown by a little consideration of the following problem, offered by James F McGarr, of Spring Lake, Kentucky

The general officers, with an inspection-train consisting of an engine and six coaches—in the following order from the engine: baggage, combination-car, day-coach, dining-car, sleeper, and observation-car—reached the end of the line. The general manager, an old railroad man, told the conductor to turn the train around and place the cars in the same relative positions in the train for the return trip. The turntable held only an engine and one car, or two cars. The conductor scratched his head for a while, but he dug it out. How?

THE "DEAD ONE."

BY CHARLES WESLEY SANDERS.

While You Can't Teach an Old Dog New Tricks, Some of the Old Ones Are Still Good.

BRADLEY'S nickname was given him by the chief despatcher.

"Oh, you ought to be glad to get the coal-dock job, Bradley," he said. "You haven't got the speed any more. You're a dead one."

They were sitting in the chief despatcher's office, and the chief had told Bradley that he was taking his trick away from him.

"You don't like me, do you?" Bradley sullenly asked.

The chief despatcher grinned.

"What's the odds whether I like you or not? I never let my personal feelings interfere with my work. If I thought you were a better man than Sadler I'd keep you here. Yes, I'd keep you here if I thought you were as good a man as he is. But, you see, I've got to make good myself.

"The old man sent me from the West End to get things into working order. There's been too much laying on sidings—too much waiting for the despatcher to make up his mind.

"Why, when I went over the division I didn't see an engineer who seemed to care whether he got over the road or not. We're at low pressure, Bradley." He slammed his hand down on the table. "We are going to get to high pressure right away, or there'll be trouble!"

"If you can take my train-sheet any night and show me where anything was laid out because I didn't keep them moving I'll resign," Bradley declared.

The chief grinned again.

"It's not my place to show you, Bradley. You and all the rest of the boys have got to show me. I'm from Missouri, understand. And as for your resigning—why, go as far as you like. If you want the coal-dock job—why, say so; if you don't—" and the chief merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I suppose I'll have to take it," Bradley returned.

"There you go," the chief laughed. "That's what's the matter with you, Bradley. You've lost your spirit. I couldn't depend on you, especially in an emergency. Why do you have to take any job? You ought to have some money saved. You're not married, are you?"

If the chief had been a little less sure of the thing he was doing, if he had been a little more observant, he might have watched Bradley to see the effect of his words. But the chief was the "livest" man on the road.

He was young, and energetic, and ambitious. For a "dead one," even for one beginning to "die," he had not the slightest use. He had been, he thought, rather considerate in giving Bradley the dock office. He would have been justified in discharging the older man.

And now he did not see the wave of hot blood which spread slowly up across Bradley's face. He did not see the color recede, leaving the face grayer and older still. He did not even notice the hardening of Bradley's voice when he said:

"No, I'm not married."

"Well, fifty dollars a month will take care of you in this town, all right, Bradley," the chief said. Then, as Bradley rose, he added: "We all have to come to it, old chap. Don't feel bad about it. I suppose a younger man will be handing it out to me one day."

Bradley looked back with his hand on the knob.

"You're right about that," he said. "And it may come sooner than you think. You're good, perhaps, but you're not as good as I was at your age. You ask the old man, and he'll tell you that this road, or any other that he ever worked on, never saw an operator or a despatcher like me when I was good. I had them all beaten. My sending was gilt-edged, and I wrote a hand like print."

"Well, that's what I say," the chief replied tolerantly. "You've gone back. What you were won't go very far toward helping me to get things running on this division."

Bradley went out, and slowly descended the stairs that led from the despatcher's office. He had gone up those stairs eighteen years before to run his first train. It had been the third trick—from eleven o'clock at night till seven in the morning.

It was this same trick he was leaving. Eighteen years on one job, and then not good enough to keep it at the last!

"I should have Stout's job," said Bradley to himself; "but they all got by me."

Stout was the division superintendent. He had risen from the lowest round of the telegraph ladder while Bradley stood still.

Bradley felt his legs tremble as he came out on the station platform.

It was evening, and it suddenly struck him that it was wonderfully like another evening sixteen years before. Twilight was coming over the village.

Number Five was about due. Presently it would come creeping up through the yards. The engineer and the conductor would run into the despatcher's office, run out again, there would be a whistle, a bell, and the train would glide away into the growing darkness.

Just, indeed, as it had glided away that night, carrying him and her! The question the young chief had put to him rankled in Bradley's mind. No, he was not married; but he had been, and now he had not even a fond memory.

And it hurt—it was like tearing open an old wound—to find that it was necessary for any one in this town to ask.

If he were a "dead one," she was responsible. He had been good when she had been with him, for she had been kind and loving for a while, but later, weak—weak!

She had been foolish to run away. The man she had gone with had not been good to her. She had wanted to come back, but of course Bradley could not permit that, even though her absence was eating his heart out.

He had stubbornly refused to get a divorce. He would not let her come back, but he could not put her away from him like that. Sometimes he was weak, too; he sent her money when she wrote to say she needed it badly. Well, he could not send so much now, unless he could deny himself more than he had been doing.

As he stood there on the platform Number Five's whistle sounded. He turned quickly and hastened up the road. The whistle made this soft evening more like the other. It was almost unbearable. He felt lonely and old.

"The dead one," he said, trying to smile.

Of all the operators along the line, new though many of them were and supposed to be correspondingly keen, Bradley was the only one who noticed that there was anything wrong with Sadler, the third-trick despatcher.

Bradley might be a "dead one," but his ears were wonderfully quick where telegraphic signals were concerned. To the ordinary operator, the little unsteadiness in Sadler's sending would have been scarcely perceptible. But when Bradley got this order from Sadler he knew there was something decidedly amiss:

"Ground number three and leave it on."

Number three was the wire over which the general work was done. If Bradley grounded it there would be no connection east and west, and it was almost time for the general-office operator to wake up and start taking his morning reports.

Bradley paid no attention to the order. He had a prevision that he was going to get even with the chief, for he suspected that the third-trick despatcher, the

chief's pet, had been drinking. Well, Sadler was a young man, and years yet from being a "dead one."

Presently a division point called the despatcher and reported a train ready with thirty loads.

"How do they expect that engine to take thirty loads out of here?" the despatcher asked waveringly.

The operator opened his key, and Bradley, listening, could imagine the look of astonishment on his face. He finally made a series of dashes and an interrogation-point, the operator's sign that he is surprised beyond words. The despatcher spelled out his question slowly, which is an insult to a good operator and likely to stir his anger.

"She always takes thirty," the operator snapped. "You got any orders?"

The despatcher tried to snap back his own answer, but his usually steady hand was shaking.

"I'll call you," he said.

A way station reported a passenger-train approaching.

"Hold the block against them," the despatcher ordered.

The "dead one" put on his hat and coat and left his office.

When he pushed open the door of the despatcher's room he found Sadler asleep, with his head on his arms. Bradley shook him none too gently. The despatcher awoke slowly, lifted his head, and stared stupidly.

"What're you doin' up here?" he asked, trying to assert his dignity. "You didn't get permission to leave your office. Go back!"

"Don't talk to me that way," said Bradley, taking off his coat.

Sadler got unsteadily to his feet.

"What d'ye mean?"

"Do you realize that you're drunk, and that you've got your division in a snarl?" Bradley demanded

Sadler turned pale and stared at his sheet. "I guess I must 'a' slep'," he said. "I'll soon get 'em under way, though."

Before he could sit down Bradley took him by the arm.

"I'm going to work your trick for you while you sleep," he said.

Sadler laughed scornfully.

"You work my trick? Why, you're crazy! You couldn't work one side of my trick!"

"I worked it for eighteen years."

Sadler put his hand to his head. "That's so," he said. He drooped a little, and his bravado suddenly deserted him. When he drew his hand away his face was working.

"Stick by me, will you?" he pleaded. "Don't let the chief get wise. Don't let me lose my job. It means a lot to me. I don't drink anything, as a rule, but to-day I took two or three, and when I got up here they seemed to get the best of me."

Bradley took down some old coats from the wall and spread them on the floor.

"Lie down," he commanded. "I'll call the day-man to work for me at the dock. I'll work your trick so nobody'll ever know the difference."

The despatcher lay down like an obedient dog and was asleep in a moment. Bradley turned to the train-sheet and put his hand on the key.

His hand trembled somewhat from varying emotions. It was a strange way he had come back to the old job! And it was a big thing he was trying to do.

Not to let the operators along the line know that Sadler had been relieved, Bradley would have to imitate Sadler's sending; and he would have to imitate his penmanship, so that the train-sheet would not betray the erring man.

After he had called the day man on the telephone to take his place at the dock he stood a moment looking at his rival.

"I don't know that I've got any business to do this for you," he said, "but I'll do it, anyway."

In the years during which he had been "dying" Bradley had fallen into a slipshod way of sending, quite different from Sadler's brisk style. But, as Bradley had told the chief, there had been a day when Bradley was the best sender on the road. Could he now call back that neglected skill and make it serve him?

As he opened the key he took a deep breath; then he felt the old stir of his pulses as he set the machinery of the road in motion

If any one noticed a difference in the

despatcher's work that morning it was only to wonder why he was putting on so much steam. There was never a break in that warm, even Morse; never an instant's delay in issuing an order. One or two slow operators sat up straighter in their chairs after a rebuke spat out in a way that made the sounders sing.

And on the train-sheet it would have taken an expert in penmanship to see any difference. Bradley swung into the boy's round hand without a trace of hesitation.

At five o'clock the division was moving like clockwork. Bradley got up from his chair wearily and went over to the sleeper. Of a sudden he felt the fire die down in him. He felt old and tired again

If the division got into another snarl somebody else would have to get it out. His energy had gone.

"Funny I could do that for you, when I don't like you, and I can't keep it up for myself," he said to the prostrate one

Stirring Sadler with his toe, he called to him. Sadler opened his eyes and stared. Then he sat up in terror.

"What's happened?" he gasped.

"Nothing," said Bradley. "You were sick, and I worked your trick for you."

"Oh, seems to me I remember." He got up. "Lord! how my head aches. Well, I s'pose you've got my job away from me, Bradley. Serves me right."

"No, I haven't got your job," Bradley said. "I don't want it. I wouldn't take it. I couldn't hold it."

"No, I guess you couldn't, by the looks of that sheet," the other said. Bradley had put on his coat and started for the door. "Say," Sadler called after him, "how do we stand?"

"How do we stand?"

"Yes; what're you going to tell the chief?"

"The chief and I don't talk to each other very much," said Bradley grimly. "It's hardly possible that I will get a chance to tell him anything."

The two men looked at each other gravely.

"I see," said Sadler. "I'm much obliged."

The "dead one" swept the room with his eyes—rather fondly, Sadler thought—and then he went out hastily.

GUARDING SECONDS ON A RAILROAD.

Method of Many Roads to Assist Employees to Keep Correct Time and to Protect Public.

THE official watch-inspector is a person of considerable importance on many railroads. In Kansas City, every road entering the city has one of these personages in its employ, and penalties are inflicted on employees who fail to report their watches once a week at the time-keeping quarters

One of these inspectors, according to the Kansas City *Star*, has five hundred watches to attend to. If a watch is not more than thirty seconds out of the way when it is inspected it is merely set and returned to the owner, but if it is more than thirty seconds it is regulated, cleaned, and, if necessary, repaired before it is returned to its owner.

Records are taken of the condition of every watch, and if an employee lays the blame for some mistake on his watch the record is referred to. Naturally, some of the watches have become famous for their time-keeping.

J. H Cadden, an engineer on the Union Pacific, is the fortunate possessor of one that often runs for six weeks without varying a second, while Thomas D. Pickett, an engineer on the same road, has a watch that does not vary more than a second in four weeks

The Union Pacific has a system of demerit marks for employees who neglect watch inspection, while the Chicago Great Western imposes suspension on men who overlook this important part of their railroad duty

Roll-Call of Veterans.

Stirring Incidents in the Lives of Some of the Old-Timers Who Saw Service on the Railroad in the Days "Befo' de Wah."

VANNES ON PENSION ROLL.

Conductor on One Line for Forty-Three Years, He at Last Retires Because of Ill Health.

CONDUCTOR HENRY VANNES, of Rockville, Connecticut, has recently retired on a pension from the New York, New Haven and Hartford after forty-three years of service.

He began on the Rockville Railroad as a freight-handler when the road was an independent line. In a couple of years he was made brakeman, first on a freight and then on a passenger train. In 1881 he was made conductor.

He has worked on both the Rockville and the Melrose branches, as well as on the main line. For the past eighteen years he has been on the Melrose branch. Mr. Vannes has not enjoyed very good health since 1888, when his train was stalled in a blizzard for three days. Both passengers and crew had a terrible experience, and since that time Vannes has suffered more or less from rheumatism.

CIVIL WAR RAILROADERS.

One of Them the Pennsylvania's Most Prolific Inventor of Tools, and Both of Them Expert Machinists.

ONE of the most notable retirements from among the ranks of the Pennsylvania shop employees of recent months was that of John William Wood, Sr., who left the compady at the end of last March on a pension, because of ill health, at the age of sixty-six

Wood was admittedly one of the company's most expert machinists. He has invented over one hundred tools or improvements on tools, many of which have been patented by the Pennsylvania and are used exclusively in their shops. For three years during the Civil War he was foreman of gunboat repairs at the League Island Navy Yard.

Another veteran to be retired by the Pennsylvania at the same time as Wood was David D. Funk, who also had exciting experiences during the war. At one time he was captured by the Confederates, and was rescued by Union cavalry just in time to be saved from Libby Prison. Funk has reached the age limit of seventy.

BUILT FIRST ARMORED CAR.

Passing of Rufus A. Wilder, Who Saved the Bridges and added Another Implement to Modern Warfare.

THE builder of the first armored car, Rufus A. Wilder, died last May at Cressona, Pennsylvania. The manner in which the armored car came to be invented is related by a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Record*. Mr. Wilder was a witness in a case which was being tried before Judge Sharswood at that period of the Civil War when communication was severed between Philadelphia and Washington by the destruction of the bridges of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, including the one across the Susquehanna. Wilder heard the judge say that the bridges could not be rebuilt because of the activity of the Confederate sharpshooters.

An idea for rendering the work possible occurred to him, and he communicated it to the judge. The judge thought so well of the plan that he postponed the case in which Wilder was interested, that he might go to the shops of the Baldwin Locomotive Works and carry it out. There he built the first armored car

The car was a lumber-truck with a steel-plated cover giving protection for one howitzer and fifty loopholes for riflemen. It was sent along the eastern bank of the river at Havre de Grace, and bombarded the Confederates to such good effect that the workmen were soon able to get at the work of erecting the bridge.

Since that time the armored car has been a regular feature of civilized warfare, playing a prominent part in both the Franco-Prussian and the Anglo-Boer wars. The relation of this incident is said to have been the last article that Mr. Wilder wrote, and in it he says that the Confederate general who destroyed the bridges was the chief engineer of the road at the outbreak of the war

IS THERE ONE OLDER?

This Veteran Railroader in Many Lands Is Said to Be the Oldest Living Engineer.

AN eventful career has been that of George T. Horton, of Chicago, who is popularly credited with being the oldest living locomotive engineer. As he is eighty-eight years old, it is probable that he comes within very near range of that honor, at all events

He was sent to France from England as an engineer at the time of the restoration of the French Empire by Napoleon III, and was later chosen as the engineer to come to this country to open the Great Western Railroad

According to the Jackson (Michigan) *Patriot*, he was the first man to run over the suspension bridge at Niagara Falls—was engineer of the engine that tested the bridge, took the official train over, and drove the first engines over the following roads: Hamilton to Suspension Bridge, Hamilton to London, London to Windsor, Hamilton to Buffalo, and Hamilton to Goderich.

He not only ran the first trains, but walked over the road with the officials from Hamilton to the bridge, stopping at farmhouses each night. Later he was made foreman at Hamilton, and again at London

Mr. Horton retired to go into business, but his old desire for railroading was too strong, and he returned to the throttle, retiring only when old age asserted itself

TO BE CONTINUED.

Chattanooga "Old Guard" Has a Good Time with the Bosses, and Promises Itself Another Next Year.

THE first annual reunion of the "Old Guard" of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad was looked upon as an affair of considerable local importance both by the town of Nashville and the company. Seventeen veterans of the road assembled to swap experiences and to entertain their guests of the occasion

Among the latter were President Thomas, of the company; E. C. Lewis, chairman of the board of directors; Charles Barham, general freight agent; Hunter McDonald, chief engineer; the superintendent of transportation, the treasurer, the chief clerk to the president, the assistant general passenger-agent, and several other officials

The members of the "Old Guard" were: W. L. Danley, general passenger-agent; W M. Anderson, assistant superintendent Chattanooga division; J. T. C. Davis, assistant superintendent Chattanooga division; J. H. Latimer, traveling passenger-agent; Ed Sanders, passenger conductor; Milton Anderson, assistant superintendent Jasper branch, Lawrence Heher, machinist; Hugh Goft, charge of floating gang, Frank Gibson (blind and on the retired list); Lafayette Lynch, watchman, William Lynch, engineer on Fayetteville branch; James Halloran, tinner; T. T. Mahoney, roadmaster; James Killen, foreman boilermakers; Tol Guest, flagman; James McGonnigal, inspector of coaches; William Fletcher, superintendent of water supply; Robert Moore, machinist; Jo Marshall, colored, helper at the shops, and Willis Baugh, colored, of Manchester, Tennessee.

One of the oldest members, Neil Hutchinson, who is eighty-three years of age and was for fifty two years blacksmith at the shops, had the misfortune to slip and fracture his right hip two or three days before the reunion

SMALL TOOK CHANCES.

How He Ran a Train of Valuable Freight Through the Confederate Lines in Pennsylvania.

AT York, Pennsylvania, has recently passed away another of the old Civil War engineers—George Small, retired from the Northern Central. During the war York was at one time occupied by Southern troops.

It was necessary to get a train of valuable goods across the river, and Small was put at the throttle to run the gauntlet. He was pursued by cavalry and fired upon.

At Wrightsville he lost his smoke-stack, but he kept right on, and after a desperate chase distanced his pursuers and made good his escape. Small was seventy-one years of age. He succumbed to an attack of acute indigestion.

THE ROAD MONKEY.

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE.

In Which Are Described Some of the Things That Improve Stoddard's Standing in the Camp.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

IN a moment of anger Wilson Stoddard hurls a match receiver at Grayford's head. The latter falls dead, and Stoddard flees. Disguising himself, he boards a train and travels until he reaches the lumber regions of the North. There, under the name of Wilson, he gets a job as "road monkey" from John Findlay, a boss logger. At Archer, the nearest town to Findlay's camps, he meets Findlay's daughter Dorothy in the store where he goes to buy his outfit, and helps her home through the deep snow.

Stoddard's duties in the logging-camp consist in cutting down saplings and piling brush to make new roads for the teams. In a few days after his arrival Findlay takes a large railroad-tie contract away from his old rival, Meyer, of the Badger company. Time is short, and he sets his walking boss, Flint, to building an ice road to get out the ties, since there is not enough snow for heavy sledding. Incidentally, Stoddard sees Flint quell an incipient riot in the camp. A few days later he comes upon Miss Findlay lost in the woods and frightened by the wolves. They lose the trail, and take refuge for the night in a deserted camp.

CHAPTER V *(continued).*

Lost in the Snow.

LITTERING the floor was the refuse of a deserted kitchen. Battered pots and pans not worth the carrying away, a spider with a broken handle, barrels, and shrunken pails confronted him, and by the aid of more matches he saw that the wood-box was well filled. Selecting a piece of pine for a torch, he lighted it and entered the bunk-house with the blaze held high.

Discarded blankets, ragged, but still usable in case of emergency, were heaped on the deacon seats and bunks, and the sight of the mammoth heater in the center of the room brought him joy. Here they could at least be safe and fairly comfortable until morning, with no further ill than a night of acute worry for the girl's father.

To start a fire in the heater was the work of a few smoky minutes, and together they seated themselves on the benches and watched the first pink blush of the roaring iron monster grow into the red of a rose. Then arousing himself and searching further with his torch, the man found a lantern with nearly half a candle in it, and this he lighted and set on the window-sill close beside her.

Outside, the forest was roaring like surf on a rock beach, and once from out of the heart of the woods there was borne to them by the whipping gale a howl that made them look into each other's eyes with a meaning smile. The thought that two feet of solid logs separated them from all that howled and roared without was cause enough for smiling.

The snow fell faster. Whirled past the lighted window by the growing blizzard, the flakes seemed phosphorescent streaks that merged with clouds of dim, meteor-like dust as the wind picked up whole snow-banks bodily and hurled them by. Although it was still early evening, beyond the glow of the candle the outside world was but a snow-swept darkness; within the narrow

circle of light where the snow-bound pair sat the rude corner was almost inviting.

Neither woman nor man had spoken for many minutes, he sitting with his eyes fastened on the snow-gusts that whirled by the pane, and she with her chin in her palms and an expression of wistfulness in eyes that were overhung and shaded by long dark lashes as ferns overhang and shade deep forest pools. Her lips were tightly closed and her forehead wrinkled; her whole attitude was so tense and thoughtful that the man, turning from the snowflakes, became instantly inquisitive.

"You seem to be thinking very hard of something," he ventured at last.

"I am," she rejoined quickly.

"May I ask of what?"

"You may. I am thinking of my appetite. It is a ravening wolf."

He got to his feet, suddenly realizing that he, also, wished very much to eat.

"If you will come with me we will forage," he said.

Instantly she was at his side, and together they crossed the gale-swept passageway and entered the cook-shanty. There she took the lantern from him and held it high while he searched the shelves among the odds and ends, bringing forth from time to time hidden treasures; a can of tomatoes, first, that had been overlooked by the departed occupants, upon which they pounced greedily and disputed over as to who should have the larger share.

Next followed a few spoonfuls of salt caked in the bottom of a bag, and carefully hoarding this they descended to the root-cellar; there they found a dozen potatoes not much the worse for age, as many onions in fair repair, and a portion of a smoked ham mold-incrusted without but still wholesome about the bone.

All these they bore aloft and scattered upon the long table with the salt and the tomatoes, the gross results of their search. From out of the tin litter he selected a few of the least-battered dishes, bent them back into a semblance of shape, and having scoured them thoroughly with snow, filled one from a drift and set it on the stove.

"Good cook?" he inquired anxiously.

"Magnificent."

He sincerely hoped that she was, for the inadequacy of larder and utensils demanded that cunning hands should do the ministering. With his pocket-knife he opened the tomato-can while the girl scrubbed the potatoes and onions into cleanliness. Then he sliced the ham under her directions, and watched her admiringly as with sleeves tucked up she hovered about the stove with testing-fork.

Potatoes and ham, onions and tomatoes, were done to tenderness, and with each dish served hot, and with hunger for a sauce, they sat down to the festal board, he at the end of the long table, like a feudal lord within the great banquet-hall of his rough castle, she at his right, as lady over all, his faithful ally and wise counselor. Then they ate, and ate, and ate.

She asked him how he liked her cooking, purposely letting her long lashes fall and coquetting with an onion as though it had been some rare fruit. The enthusiasm of his reply was boundless as his heavily laden fork paused midway in its upward flight.

"Immensely. Never have I tasted its equal, even in alley chop-houses whose fame has gone around the world."

He ceased speaking abruptly, for the long lashes had flown upward and she was looking at him steadily.

"I did not know that road monkeys dined at such places," she returned with a queer smile and a slight emphasis upon the obnoxious title.

The man flushed, angry with himself at his slip.

"They don't," he muttered.

"Then, you have not always been a road monkey," she breathed as if greatly relieved. "What were you before you became one?"

"Leave off the 'road' and you have your answer."

The tang of sharpness in his reply told her that the question had annoyed him, and her enjoyment grew accordingly. Deliberately she baited him:

"Then, I suppose you used to frequent such places in your salad college days before your rich father disowned you with a sixpence because of your reckless eating debts. That is the way

it usually happens, you know. Only, instead of going West as a cowboy to become a great cattleman later you came North to become a rich road monkey."

Her smile was of the friendliest and her inflections the most innocent, but the taunt in her eyes challenged the impatience that had been behind his last words. He became nettled.

"You have guessed wonderfully. But, of course, those were freshman days for me and you were preparing for Vassar. I think I remember meeting you. A band of us escaped from the reservation one evening and came over to your town, and by some wonderful coincidence fell in with you. We all took the war-path together. The fearful ice-cream orgy that followed ruined me."

She nodded in the most matter-of-fact way possible. "Of course. I remember you distinctly now. You were a great athlete, or something, and when our joint war-party was discovered—goodness, how fast you ran!"

"Almost as fast as though I had been chasing a wolf," he returned maliciously.

She smiled sweetly.

"Much faster. Did you run all the way up here?"

He refused to answer, and during the rest of the meal ate in almost complete silence, while the girl, wondering if she had really wounded him, watched him covertly. The meal finished, he washed the dishes for her, and as there was no cloth at hand, dried them by turning them upside down over the stove.

She was still sitting on the bench before the table, and he saw her endeavor to hide a yawn.

"I will get a couple of blankets and sleep here in the cook's bunk by the stove. You take the bunk-house and the lantern," he said.

She nodded her approval, admitting that she was tired, and promptly rose to her feet. Screening the lantern from the wind of the passageway, he escorted her to the adjoining building, hung the light on a peg, and gathering up his blankets, stepped back to the entrance.

She was standing by the heater, her back toward him, her soft hair glistening beneath the light as he paused in the doorway.

"I can only hope that you will sleep soundly. Rap on the door of the cook-shanty if anything alarms you. But of course there is nothing to fear."

She told him that she would, and he passed without

"Then we will meet at the breakfast-table. Good night."

"Good night."

CHAPTER VI.

Fighting the Snow.

MORNING came, gray morning, with the wind in the south but the snow still falling heavily. Dorothy was preparing the morning meal from the remnants of the night before when Wilson came into the cook-shanty, snow-covered, from a short scouting expedition. They breakfasted, as they had supped, discussing the situation. The man summarized conditions.

"It has been snowing like this for eighteen hours, and it is now nearly knee-deep on the level, and the Lord only knows its depth where the drifts have formed. Anyway, they have climbed to the eaves of this very house.

"I might be able to get through the snow as far as Archer by taking my time and picking my route, but I don't believe any woman could last long in the kind of going that is between here and town. So, there it is, and here we are."

"And just where is 'here'?"

"I don't know exactly, but I have recovered my bearings to a certain extent, and I should guess that 'here' is not over five miles from your home as the crow flies. But it would be considerably farther along the route we would have to take to get there."

"You know the right direction, then, if you should decide to go?"

"Approximately. I think I could hit it close enough for all practical purposes. But it might take me all day to make it, and that would leave you alone all to-day and nearly all to-night while they were coming back after you."

The girl lost no time in expressing her views on that subject.

"I wouldn't stay here alone all night if the snows were as deep as the Deluge.

I know I would be safe enough, but the loneliness of it would be unendurable. I would rather flounder through the drifts until I was tired out, rest for a while, and then go on again until I got somewhere.

"Besides, poor daddy will be nearly insane until he gets me back. We must try to break through."

The man weighed the chances in his mind. It might be days before the searching party, now undoubtedly on its way, would stumble on this half-forgotten camp, and for him, as able-bodied a man as the woods knew, to sit helplessly indoors and wait to be rescued from a snow-bank would be the height of the ridiculous.

Still, the situation had its difficulties. Inasmuch as she had declared that she would not remain behind, he must take her with him, yet he scarcely saw how he could do it. So much depended on her strength and stamina.

They finished their meal and rose, Wilson buttoning his mackinaw closely about him and bidding her get ready for the journey, which she did by a slight shortening of her walking-skirt and putting on her cap and mittens. Then, after he had rolled up the most serviceable of the blankets, which he slung over his shoulder, and had thrust a piece of meat and a couple of boiled potatoes into his pocket, they plunged waist-deep into the drift that lay just beyond the passageway.

Save in narrow areas where the gale howling down the forest alleyways had swept the snow aside and left the lower growth exposed, the brush had disappeared entirely, or at best stood with but its tips above the surface, like the fingers of a drowning man who clutches at the empty air. Smothering masses of feather softness had transformed the dark-green roof of the forest into a blur of white from which puff-balls fell noiselessly.

The blacksmith-shop, the lowest of the buildings, was but a mound; the clearing a spotless, smooth-billowed sea. Wilson, two yards in advance of the girl, plowed a deep trail around the drifts, while she, hampered by skirts and inferior length of limbs, followed laboriously.

When, as often happened, he floundered into a hole he turned about, floundered out again, and chose another course, being frequently back at her side to assist her after a fall.

It was severe work, even for him with his strength and leg reach; for the girl, it was next to impossible. She was breathing heavily, and several times he paused to ask her if she would not stop for a brief rest, but each time she said "No" and bravely struggled on.

An hour of continuous wading passed, and he estimated that they had put a mile behind them, when an exclamation from behind caused him to wheel about, and he saw that she had fallen again. Instantly he was at her side. But so worn out and breathless was she that instead of helping her to her feet he forced her to remain sitting in the snow.

Though both were perspiring freely from their exertions when they halted, scarcely a minute had passed in inactivity before the razor-edged air had cut through their clothing and set them shivering. He drew the blanket from his shoulders, wrapped it snugly about her, and commanding that she sit still, he went slowly ahead making a trail. Fifteen minutes later she had caught up with him.

Floundering and wallowing, halting briefly at times that she might regain her breath, they struggled on until noon came, with perhaps half the distance covered. But the girl, despite her determination and endurance, was manifestly on the verge of complete exhaustion. Yet the smile was almost as ready upon her lips as when they had sat at ease behind the log walls of the camp.

He scooped the snow from a fallen tree-trunk, and they seated themselves upon it, where they ate the chilled lunch and rested for the better part of an hour. The food and rest brought them new strength, and a pipeful of tobacco comforted the man mightily, but dread of the darkness and a long night in the snow brought them to their feet and drove them forward again.

For another hour they made as good speed as they had averaged during the morning, but at the end of that time, although she struggled her bravest, nature began to fail her and the girl

lagged until the pace was little better than a crawl. At three o'clock, and but a moment after she had flatly refused to either pause or let him help her, she sank limply in her tracks without a sound.

Wilson had long feared that this minute would come, and was beside her almost before she struck the snow.

He knelt and rested her head in the crook of his elbow. Her eyes were half closed, her breath came in gasps, and her bosom heaved spasmodically. He withdrew the arm that supported her, and her head toppled against his breast, where she lay utterly wearied and nearly unconscious, and incapable of other than involuntary movement.

He drew the blanket close around her, as he had done earlier in the day, and making her as comfortable as he could, scanned the silent, trackless forest that lay in front of him. He did not think that it could be more than a mile to her home, but she would not be capable of further exertion for hours — perhaps days—and the early darkness was already beginning to gather.

To leave her alone in the snow while he went on, trusting to chance that he would get back to her before she froze, was not to be considered, while to carry her all the way to Archer would be an almost herculean feat under the conditions that existed. But he must do it, or else build a fire and watch over her through the long night so rapidly falling.

He dared not risk the exposure in her exhausted state. Most of all things, she needed food, hot drinks, the warmth and comfort of a bed, and these he decided she should have if human effort could take her to them. Could he have slung her over his back as Indian women carry their papooses his labor would have been lightened a half, but he had no means of doing that, so he raised her in his arms and started on.

At the end of two hundred yards she opened her eyes and feebly begged to be allowed to walk. To humor her and convince her of the folly of the attempt, he stood her on her feet. Instantly her limbs gave way, and only his arm about her waist prevented her from falling to the ground.

In this position he held her while he took a moment's breathing-spell. Then he raised her, despite her protesting struggles, and carried her on. Again she became unconscious in the midst of her assurances that she was well able to walk. He did not succeed in getting quite as far this time as on the first effort.

The clutch of the snow was beginning to tell upon him, and the dead weight of her body tugged at his arms unceasingly. A hundred and fifty wading steps he made, and then was forced to lay her gently down on the snow until breath and strength came back to him. So on and on, in steadily diminishing stages, his breath labored and painful, his knees trembling and his arms threatening to leave their sockets beneath the numbing strain, Wilson toiled gamely.

Time and again despair clutched him when after a breathing-spell he stumbled about in feeble effort to raise her, yet each time the more strongly recurring fear of a night in the snow, coupled with the thought of her own dauntless courage that had driven her on until unconsciousness came, nerved his benumbed muscles.

The red sun sinking behind a ridge left him leaning against a tree with his right arm hooked around it for support, as his left encircled his burden. He had done his best, but the darkness was now only a matter of minutes, and the forest seemed as endless as at the beginning. He drew off his mittens and felt of her cheeks and wrists.

They were cold, and he sat down at once and began chafing them, while he gazed at the unutterable weariness of her face, with its sweeping lashes resting upon her cheeks. Forgetful of his own great weariness, his heart went out to her in sympathy.

"Poor girl!" was his thought. "How some man will long for you one of these days! How he will strive for you, and if he wins, what a prize he will get!"

The chafings warmed her wrists, and he looked around in a last survey. It was too dark for him to carry her much farther, but if he could reach the other side of the ridge on which they stood

they would be sheltered from the north wind, and he could make a fire.

Once more he tried to lift her, but his legs seemed to have frozen stiff in his brief interval of kneeling, and he had to exert all his strength to rise alone. At the thought of how short the distance was to a more sheltered place and how little strength it would take to bear her there a feeling of savagery arose within him at his own helplessness.

"I'll make it, if it kills me!" he muttered, and pulling her up almost hand over hand, he got her free of the snow.

Then like a drunken man he went staggering on in his last effort of the day. As he reached the summit the trees opened before him as though there was no such thing as a forest on earth and the half-dozen lights of Archer twinkled close before his eyes.

Five minutes later a man, done to his last rod and minute, dropped a heavily sleeping woman into a chair and threw himself at full length upon the counter before the staring eyes of the storekeeper. And while the latter was still rushing excitedly about in a flurry of indecision the door was flung open and Findlay, closely followed by half a dozen men, entered from a long bootless day among the drifts, weary beyond telling, but calling for lanterns, that the search might be renewed.

The jaws of the logger were set like the jaws of a trap; his face was stamped with agony; his eyes were mechanically flicking the store as all day they had flicked the snow-mounds, horror-filled lest they should find that for which they searched, agonized lest they should not. Half-way down the aisle he saw the girl and stared at her for an instant; then with a hoarse shout he sprang forward and took her face between his palms.

Finding it warm, he lifted her as though she had been a child and broke into a wild waltz about the room as he held her close to him. Her eyelids lifted heavily, and at the sight of the whiskered face above her she smiled contentedly, with one hand wandering upward until it reached and patted the cheek. Her words came drowsily.

"Take me home and let me sleep. I'm awfully tired, and besides"—her eyes slowly turned to Wilson and seemed to be laughing at him—"besides, I've been hugged enough for one day, daddy."

CHAPTER VII.

A Contest in Prevarication.

THROUGH the week following the Christmas carousal and the heavy fall of snow the crew of Camp 5 toiled mightily. As if in penance for their day of strenuous relaxation, the complex-muscled, simple-minded sons of the forest daily worked miracles of endurance. The camp was buried to its eaves, and the glistening ice road lay buried half a fathom deep.

Twenty-four lunging horses fought their way to Archer in the van of the first hastily constructed snow-boat, a stanch craft with a V-shaped nose, heavily ballasted with logs to give it draft.

A score of shovelers floundered ahead of it, digging the horses out of the depths when the course grew too rough or leaping aboard the craft for a ride when the sailing was fair and the boat rode easily. The trip in, although only eight miles in length, used up an eighteen-hour day, but the plow had left a deep trench behind it and the worst part of the job ended with the first journey.

Then the crew that had accompanied the snow-boat ate and slept for half a dozen hours in Archer, after which they steered the rough craft back again. The second round trip left the road in a usable condition.

Six days and nights of work like this found the camp in smooth running order again. The snow had settled of its own accord, the skidways and tote-roads had become packed and solid, and six or seven o'clock was once more the standard hour for ending the day's toil.

Then New Year's Day came, and, although technically recognized as a holiday, found the men in the woods working practically as usual. But they knocked off early that afternoon, and were gathered around the heater not long after the first dusk of evening.

The shortness of the day's labor had left them unusually surcharged with vitality, and being fresh physically, their tongues moved with unwonted alacrity.

For a time shop talk prevailed; then a chance remark caught each ear, and straight as a weathercock points into the wind the conversation was directed to pure romance. For the woodsman in his lighter moods is a true raconteur, and a humorist of no mean ability. Of a sudden Winnipeg plunged into the midst of the strange adventures of a cousin of his on the latter's first arrival in the north woods.

"My souzeen he hear a woodpeckair up a tree mek a grand noise and he say to me, 'Pete, what is it she'll go r-r-rickety talk up ze tree?'

"'Gar,' say I. 'Zat is ze gret American woodpeckair.'

"'Ze gret American woodpeckair?' he say. 'Well, Ba' Cras! She got a dam hard nose.'"

Werwolves and loup-garous followed in howling chorus. Devil-bats and rackaree bobs were conjured forth until the listeners swore they could hear the whistle of wings and the scratch of claws. Imps and devils did their turns and vanished, and the plain skeleton—that unassuming backbone of all that is supernatural—took his place in the center of the circle.

He was introduced by "Sourdough" Casey, but a year returned from the Alaskan snows, who spat reflectively into the distance as he made answer to a question.

"Did I iver see a ghost? Wan. But it was not until afther he was dead. Down in Newfoundland, where I was born, they was as thick as fleas on a dog; yit divil a ghost did I iver lay eyes upon until wan year ago come this very minnit.

"'Twas while Brady an' me was shackin' out Seminow way in an ould hut by an abandoned shaft without a human bein' within twinty miles of us savin' two Frinchmin what was prospectin' about a mile beyant. Wan avenin' Brady an' me goes over and makes a party call on thim. They was frindly an' dacent enough in a Frinchmin's way.

"Says Brady as we was about lavin', 'Come over, byes, an' see us nixt Sunday. We kape house in thot ould shack by the shaft, the bottum of which is filt with brush. 'Tis an ilegant shack, with rale boards on the floor an' a chimney like a steeple.'

"Mooch to our surprise, they but rowlt their eyes an' backed away from us like scairt horses.

"'An' what's the matter wid thim dagoes?' wants to know Brady. 'It's scairt they be of us, but what the sin can it be—barrin' your landscape? Lit's be afther askin' the dom pagins.'

"So, we begin palaverin'. Well, by dint of much loud talkin' in the sign-language we found out about it.

"Wan year before two fellys had lived in thot silfsame shack, an' wan night somethin' happened—a screamin' an' hollerin' of blackmail an' bloody murder. So the nixt mornin' over wint some fellys who was campin' near to find out the meanin' of sich conduct.

"Divil a sowl was in the camp, but there was plinty of fresh blood dried on the floor, an' the ground was trampled outrajus. Thin they followed up the tracks, an' there at the bottum of the shaft was the body of wan of thim, dead beyant all savin', his throat cut most reckless. So, they threw brush down to cover him an' took afther the other felly. Niver did they cotch him."

"How about the ghost?" broke in Sturgeon Bay as Sourdough stopped to relight his pipe. The latter nodded.

"Yis, the ghost. He will appear prisently. So, Brady an' me kapes on askin', but they only humped their shoulders an' wint away, lavin' us. Off we goes full of wondermint.

"'Tis a banshee they be fearin',' says I. 'An' I'll not be timptin' the divil by stayin' in thot shack longer.' But Brady only kapes on thinkin', an' we wint to bed. Along in the shank of the avenin' he wakes me up with his elbow.

"'Hist!' says he. 'Now listen.'

"An' there in the darkness of the shack I could hear some wan walkin'. The boards cracked under his feet, an' ivery now an' thin he would heave a sigh like a steam-ingine.

"'Avaunt, ye bog-trotter!' yells Brady, throwin' his boot through the darkness.

"An' at thot there was a shriek thot lifted us clane on to the floor, where we stood shakin', with our hair risin' like the quills on a porky. Thin we struck a light, but niver a thing could we see thot was not what it should be. But over toward the ould shaft somethin' was wailin', an' we wint back to bed an' awaited devilopments.

"But all was paceful as Palm Sonday until the nixt night. I was sleepin' with wan eye open, an' I knew Brady was awake, because he wasn't snorin'. Everythin' was as still as a cimitery, when all at once the floor began creakin' an' thin comes a groan that curdled me system.

"'Lit's pray,' I whispers to Brady as I crossed mesilf. 'I disremimber the openin' words, but you start it off an' I'll join in the chorus.'

"But Brady only chuckled.

"'Stop your chucklin', you blasphemous gorilla,' says I. 'Shame be upon you for such disrespect in the prisince of the departed.'

"Then Brady rolls over and faces me.

"'Hould your horses for a minnit an' the beggar will have somethin' to groan over. I set a wolf-trap for him, bad luck to the sleep-walkin' bogy,' he breathes in me ear.

"An' the words was barely out from his teeth when there was a snap an' a scream that made me skin feel like a nutmeg-grater. Around the shack somethin' was flounderin' an' screamin', but the nixt minnit it had got outside an' we heard it clatterin' off into the distance.

"Thin up jumps Brady, grabs a lantern, an' follows the racket, wid me stumblin' along afther, the sweat poppin' from me forehead like dew on a lily. Straight up to the mouth of the shaft the sounds led us, an' thin all was silence.

"'I got him, all right, an' I'll have him on exhibition to-morry,' grins Brady.

"An' the nixt mornin' I lowers him down the shaft with a rope an' he throws the brush aside. An' there under it was the skileton of a man with a wolf-trap still tight to his ankle. 'Twas a most unusual experience."

Then silence fell, and through the smoke Wilson watched them as they puffed stolidly at their pipes. There was no comment, no smile, not the glance of an eye, to betoken the slightest discredit of the story. A minute passed, and then Sourdough turned upon the watcher.

"'Tis yoursilf we would hear from nixt, sor," he announced with wheedling politeness.

The circle stirred expectantly. Just who this man of silence was they had not been able to make up their minds, but now he was to address them. Certainly he was no woodsman, and it had been this same Sourdough who had been the most persistent in demanding, "Thin, what the divil is he?"

As a lumberman he ranked far beneath them, and they had ever been alert to peer beneath his cloak of silence to see what manner of man might be concealed there. Externally, they rated him as their inferior, but as to his unrevealed possibilities, they had reserved judgment.

As for Wilson, he now found himself squarely cornered. To confess that he had nothing to tell, that he had had no experiences and could invent none worth listening to, would be, to their minds, an open confession of his mental vacuity, whereat the silence which they had theretofore held in mild respect would thereafter be regarded as merely the shroud of stupidity.

He knew very well that he could not romance up to their standard, yet while he was not able to serve them with a pure lie garbed as truth, he might at least serve them with pure truth dressed as a lie—a wonderful truth, an astonishing, marvelous truth, infinitely beyond their primitive comprehensions.

Thinking rapidly, he happened to recall the weird experience of the Siberian explorers who found buried in the ice of a thousand generations the frozen body of a mammoth, exhumed it, thawed the prehistoric flesh before their fires, and fed the dead tissue of thousands of years, still quick with life-giving properties, to their half-famished dogs. Nothing in the wildest flights of fiction could sound more unreal to these crude minds than this elementary simple scientific truth — the living of to-day feeding on flesh that had walked the earth thousands of years ago.

The incident had impressed him as he read it, and he was now able to tell it graphically and with a wealth of detail, even elaborating a trifle at times as he puffed slowly at his pipe between sentences. As he spoke their attention grew and grew until their tobacco ceased to burn and wide-eyed and open-mouthed they hemmed him about in an ear-strained circle.

He finished, knocked the "heel" from his brier, and rising with deliberation, passed out into the moonlight as he closed the door after him. For a moment following his departure all within the bunk-house was as quiet as the grave; then came to his ears the voice of Sourdough, awe-struck, almost reverent.

"An' ilephant in cold storage for twinty thousand years! An' they ate his mate like 'twas tinderloin. Niver before did I hear such a liar!"

CHAPTER VIII.

A Day of Tragedy.

SIX o'clock the next morning found Wilson, ax on shoulder, striding along the trail that led to the river. With the whining saws ever eating deeper into the forest and leaving behind them day after day more scores of felled trunks, new skidding-roads must be constantly constructed.

He was now to work upon one that led to a rollway down which the logs were to be tumbled. Where the banks of the stream were low the logs were piled at the water's edge, where a few heaves from a cant-hook would send them into the current, but where the shores towered they were accumulated at the verge of an incline.

Back in the woods he heard the commands of a top loader to the ground men as the logs were hauled to the pile on skids, wrapped about by a log-chain, and then, by means of a primitive, sled-mounted derrick, swung from the skid by horse-power to the top of the pile.

It was fast work and dangerous work, this swinging of ponderous tree-trunks bodily through the air, poising them delicately upon the crest of the top log and then nesting them snugly with cant-hook and peavy, and gruesome accidents were of not infrequent occurrence. For though your true loader is as keen eyed and sure footed as a mountain-goat, yet the day sometimes comes to him when a foot slips, a working mate blunders, or a well-trained horse miscalculates, and then a mangled body lies in the snow.

Sharply the shouts of the toiling crew rang in the frost bitten air, the warning call of the skyman to his partners below, their grunted responses, and the rattle of chains. Then suddenly there came a dull rumble and a warning yell, followed by an ominous silence.

Halted in his tracks by the dull roar and the ensuing stillness, Wilson stood with eyes peering into the forest, where he knew another grim tragedy had taken place, his ears strained for another sound that would give him the exact location of the happening.

For a space the stillness was absolute, seeming accentuated by the sudden hushing of the cries, as the stillness of a room seems to be emphasized by the instantaneous stopping of a loudly ticking clock. Then he heard a combined groan and curse, and throwing his ax aside, he ran toward the spot.

Sturgeon Bay was lying in the snow, white of face and grimacing with pain, but swearing at his mates without cessation. A heavy log pinned his leg to the ground, and his escape from death had been narrow. But although he hurried his utmost, before Wilson could lend a hand the rapidly working woodsmen had refastened the logging-chain and the stout horses once more lurched forward and swung the trunk into the air, where it swayed above its victim.

Then they grasped the fallen man and dragged him to a place of safety, where they began, with rough solicitude, to examine the injured limb. It was a compound fracture. The victim, bolstered up by the knee of Pete Mullet, watched their crude diagnosis as he called down picturesque misfortunes upon the heads of the authors of the accident.

Wilson was holding the injured leg in position as best he could while the others tightly bandaged it with strips torn from

their clothing, and now he asked incidentally how it had happened. Sturgeon Bay's reply was pregnant with a great disgust.

"I was the skyman, and that —— Canuck cant-hook jack below was heaving up a top log. I yelled to him to throw the Saginaw into her, but instead of that the pea-cracking boom-skipper St.-Croixed her, and she bucked up and cracked off one of my stems."

They grinned in the midst of their ministerings, abusing the patient in kind, and having finished wrapping the leg, quickly made a rude stretcher of saplings and bore him away. The swamper watched them as they disappeared campward, the maledictions of Sturgeon Bay coming back to his ears long after the boughs had screened him; then he returned to his ax.

The accident had depressed him more than a little. There had been something in the attitude of the woodsman as he had lain in the snow that had been gruesomely suggestive of the way Grayford had fallen, and not since the few days following that tragedy had he been so soul-weary. That Dorothy Findlay had come into his life, radiant and unforgettable, he regarded as an additional misfortune.

That he admired her more than any other woman he had ever known, that of late he had thought of her more than of all other things combined, and that her presence had quickened his pulse as no other presence ever had were the cause of added pain. To fall in love—nothing could be worse. Doggedly he trudged on.

He was walking along a beaten path with his eyes glued on the trail and his rubbered feet falling almost noiselessly. A fallen log lay before him, and he swung himself upon it with the involuntary stealth of those who walk alone in the empty halls of silent places. Happening to glance ahead, he stopped abruptly. A dozen yards away a large animal lay sleeping in the snow, the silvery-gray coat harmonizing almost perfectly with the bed upon which it lay and the broad antlers uprising in a pronged crescent.

Neither sound nor scent had betrayed the advancing man, and the buck slept on unconsciously, fairly within ax-hurl. There was a fresh wound, as though made by sharp fangs, upon his flank, and the soundness of his sleep betokened hard running and exhaustion not many hours past.

"Good morning," called Wilson from his perch.

With a snort the buck raised his head and fore quarters, and with front legs spread far apart and stiffly braced, sat for a moment in strange awkwardness as he stared uncomprehendingly at the one who had aroused him from his dreams. Then he rose on all fours, wheeled, and leaped high in the air with the easy spring of a rubber ball.

So slow, so effortless, and so rhythmic were his motions that to the watching man he seemed springing idly up and down in one spot, until his rapidly diminishing size told him that those seemingly purposeless leaps were in reality tremendous forward bounds that sent the great silvery-gray body fairly whistling through the air.

For a hundred yards he ran straightaway; then turning from the trail he cleared a fallen tree-top the height of a man's head, with half a yard to spare between his knees and the topmost branch, and vanished like a gray specter in the brush. It was a display of running and vaulting incomparable, and the sight of it aroused the watcher's admiration.

"Good-by and good luck to you, old man," he called into the emptiness where the deer had been a moment before. "May you always be able to show your enemies as clean a pair of heels as you do your friend."

He leaped from the log and went on down the trail, marveling as he went at the distance that lay between the hoof-prints.

Throughout that day Wilson worked even harder than usual. Despite all efforts to lighten them, his spirits remained leaden, and he sought by sheer violence of exertion to banish the dreary mental pictures that insisted on rising before him. Five o'clock came, with the gray of midwinter twilight close upon it, heavy clouds blurring the sky, and a shifting wind that awoke the voices of the firs.

Across the river, over on the hardwood ridge, the wolves had been in full cry for an hour past, their voices now receding, now approaching, as though they ran some game that circled wide and fast. The tumult was steadily growing in volume now, eager and sharp, leading straight toward him, and he rested on his ax as he fastened his eyes on the river, where it seemed, each moment, the yelling pack must burst into full sight.

An instant later a magnificent buck shot out of the forest on to the snow-spread ice, a great silver-gray fellow with a fresh scar upon his flank. Taking to the level surface he ran diagonally across toward where the man stood Scarcely was he well clear of the cover than a full score of gaunt brutes burst into sight on the other side and went leaping across the ice in full chorus.

For a moment the swamper's heart stood still as he recognized the grand brute as the one of the morning whom he had prayed might ever show his enemies clean heels. But the great one no longer ran with the effortless grace of a bounding rubber ball, but heavily and doggedly.

Now fairly in the middle of the river, with his lolling foes henming him close about and one red-tongued brute leaping back and forth before his nose, the buck spun about. Softly gossiping winds had whispered to the pack that he was near, and the ever telltale snow had led them to the covert where he had hid.

Ill luck had led him into a pit, where a fall had lamed him, and now the remorseless ruler of the wilderness, whose decree has ever been that no wild thing shall die a natural death, stood over him thumbs down. Knowing that he was about to die, the buck lowered his antlers and charged, and Wilson cheered him on with a wild yell as he saw a howling form go down before the prongs and knife-like hoofs of the dying warrior.

But he was hopelessly outnumbered and exhausted, while the cunning ones that had run him in relays were fresh and famishing. Struggling bravely, he went down, buried beneath them, and in a moment more his sufferings were over. Dusk crept out of the woods and threw its first fold over the tragedy of the river, and the man turned campward and left the snarling pack muzzle-deep in the warm blood that had the moment before surged so strongly through the perfect form of their quarry.

But it was a day of accidents and bloodshed, and he was not done with it yet. Back in camp, he learned of another disaster. Jimmy Hard Boots, partner of Big Ben, had had his ribs staved in by the back kick of a tree, and was already being carried to the railway on a sled. That night, for the first time during the season, the scaler's figures on the bucking-board, where the day's cut of the rival crews was chalked in all men's view, showed that another crew had done greater wonders since morning than had Big Ben's.

Glowering over the misfortune to his partner, and stung by the humiliation of being outdone in his labors, that giant sat in a corner without a word the whole evening through. It was a day that Wilson was glad to see pass, and he crawled into his blankets immediately after supper.

Yet, in one way it brought its compensation. For out of it grew an incident deemed remarkable even among the mighty deeds of the giants of the snows

CHAPTER IX.

Big Ben Finds a New Partner.

HE came squeaking over the surface, his broad, hide-interlaced footgear stringing the blurred signature of the snow-shoe behind him. Up the steep bank of the stream he zigzagged his way among the dark firs and pale birches until he reached the hardwood of the ridge-top, and there paused for a brief inspection.

To his left lay the steep plunge of the south side of the hill, ending in a cypress swamp choked with the white groves of its buried dead; back of him the dark-fringed river glimmered unspotted in the moonlight; before him the endless forest stretched away and away until it sickened and died at the edge of the polar circle.

Hitching his pack higher on his shoulders and shaping his course so that the moon shone full in his face, he went shuffling along the spine of the ridge with the swinging gait of a caribou. For nearly a mile he traveled rapidly, then halted.

Just before him the shoulder of the hill fell sharply away, and in the hollow below half a dozen low log structures squatted, with yellow fans of light streaming from the narrow windows across the snow. He descended and plunged among them.

From the first came the munching and stamping of many horses, from the next the shrill whistle of the still toiling cookee, from the third and largest the hum of many voices. Hesitating for but an instant before the door, he jerked the latch up and stepped inside.

The buzz of voices ceased instantly, and through the smoke-fog threescore pair of eyes gazed at him with the unwinking frankness of men who compliment each other with curses, and whose idea of a mild reproof is a blow that does not permanently disable.

In the center of the room a heater was roaring, and the humid smell of rapidly drying garments was strong in his nose. Unwinkingly he returned their stare, until at last the voice of Winnipeg broke the silence.

"Injun, by gar!"

In an instant pandemonium arose. From deacon bench, bunk, and stool arose the tolling sentences of a Swede, the quick retort of a Celt, and the burr of a Canuck, until Flint, striding from out of the gray gloom, stood before the visitor.

"What's the trouble, Injun?" he demanded.

Impassively the other answered him:

"No trouble 'tall. Cold in woods. Me stay here all night, mebbyso."

With a brief nod the walking boss turned away, and the red man, kicking his feet from his snow-shoes, threw his pack upon an empty bunk and seated himself alone in a corner. For it is the unwritten law of the north woods that whoever comes into camp from off the snows may eat, sleep, and rest there from sun to sun without money and without price, be his skin white, black, or red.

Gradually the hum of voices sank into a drone, and the drone into a silence, as the wearied toilers cast off their outer clothing and crawled into their bunks for the deep sleep that should leave them giants refreshed for the giants' work of the morrow, the last intelligible sound being the drowsy query of Sourdough, whose bunk was next to the door.

"An', Swanson? Did ye wind up thot dom thermometer?"

Scarcely, so it seemed to them, had the hands of the tiny clock had time to crawl an inch when the long-drawn call of the chore-boy ringing in their ears brought them to the floor, where they dressed in a dozen breaths and then filed through the door to the long breakfast-tables.

The Indian, following closely in their steps, ate as the white men did, silently, hugely, then stepped into the open air. The sky was leaden, and the air bitterly cold, while frozen particles of snow rattled on his head and shoulders like fine-sifted sands.

Out of the morning's gray Flint came striding, and the guest let fall a detaining hand upon the white man's sleeve as the latter passed. The boss whirled upon him impatiently.

"What do you want?"

"Me go to work now."

"What can you do?"

"Saw down tree like loup-garou."

Critically Flint surveyed him up and down, through and across, with eyes long accustomed to judge of the brawn of man or beast, noting the set of the thick neck on the powerful shoulders, the depth of the chest, and the bowed, muscled legs.

"Looks fit, but I never saw an Injun yet that could hold up his end with a good white man," he thought, and at another time would have given a curt negative and gone his way.

But since the accident to Jimmy Hard Boots Big Ben had been in a black sulk because of the feebleness of his new sawing partner, and Flint, eager to humor the giant as the best sawyer in the woods, was at his wits' end to find him a fitting mate. It is a bitter thing for a man to see a fiercely won and long-held championship wrested from him, and Big Ben's fame had been sung in

every lumber camp, smoky dance-hall, and log saloon of the pineries.

Yet that is just what this mighty sawyer was witnessing now, for Lebeau and Amereaux, greatly heartened by the disabling of Jimmy, were driving their whining ribbon of steel back and forth with the frenzy of scourged demons, and the nightly scores on the bucking-board were gall and wormwood to the long-victorious Ben.

With all this in mind, Flint pondered while one might have counted ten, then jerked out his answer. "Come with me."

Quickly he turned away, the Indian stepping in his tracks.

Over the summit of the hill a black mass crawled, seemed to poise for an instant on the apex, and then tilting, came thundering down upon them. A leap to one side and they were in safety among the brush. The next moment a huge swaying load roared past, the teamster as tense and alert as a charioteer of Rome as with wild yells he urged the leaping beasts on. Flint, his mouth bound shut by tight lines, watched the mass until, with a lurch to the side, it ground around a curve and disappeared. Then he faced his companion.

"Lost two horses and a man on that slide last winter. Straw got iced over in the night, and the sled raced like that one just now. Horses slipped and went down, and the driver was yanked off. Ten thousand feet of logs went over them in the tenth of a second. You can imagine the shape they were in when we gathered them up. But the stuff has to go down, all the same."

Grimmer of countenance than he had been the moment before, he once more led the way up the hill.

Big Ben accepted his new mate with a scowl of disapproval.

"Injun or white man, Swede or Canuck, is all the same to me so long as he can do the work," he growled. "But whoever he may be, I'll make him sweat blood before three hours have come and gone. Hear that, you savage! I'm going to tame you!"

"Mebbyso."

"Then, take hold of that saw."

Despite the bitterness of the air, Big Ben threw his heavy blanket-coat aside and stood before them frowning and huge in the first daylight as the Indian silently picked up his end of the thin blade. And Flint, seeing the light of rivalry that already burned in their eyes, left them with a "Go it" and an inward grin, for rivalry between a pair like this meant many logs cut for the drive to come, and many logs for the drive meant an increase of wages for the foreman.

Back and forth, back and forth, they swayed until the red sawdust spurted in streams from the heart of the wounded tree. Deftly the wedge was driven, the final ax-cut made, and far up in the air the head of the Norway nodded.

Then with a shudder, a groan, and a drunken sway it roared down through the branches of its lesser kind, stripping them as by a thunderbolt, hurling the dismembered limbs javelin-like through the air, and then, with a rebounding back leap and the rending of tough fibers, lay full length on the snow. From the place of safety to which they had withdrawn at the beginning of the downrush Big Ben and his dark partner emerged to seek another victim.

But though he worked with more than his usual might through the day, when night came and they wended their way campward the white man was forced to confess to himself that his new partner had driven him as no man ever had before. But the figures on the board that night told another tale—the old familiar one of Big Ben and his mate leading in the cut of the day—and for the first time since the passing of Jimmy Hard Boots the voices of the Frenchmen were subdued

But instead of rejoicing that he had again found a partner against whom he could pit his full strength to the vanquishment of his rivals, petty jealousy and selfish rage filled Big Ben's soul that another man dared be as mighty as himself. However, he would teach him his lesson yet.

To-morrow he would drive him as man was never driven before—would drive him until he whined for mercy. Then, having taught him his place, he would ease up on him a bit, and together they would overhaul the spurting Frenchmen or leave their skins hanging

in the woods. Comforted somewhat by thoughts like these, he crept early to bed for the long slumber which would bring him triumph on the morrow.

The moon sailed high, and the camp lay hushed in deathlike slumber. From out of a berth a form came creeping, and stealthily opening the door, stepped out into the moonlight of the clearing. Long it stood there in the stinging cold, intense, snuffing the air, listening, its eyes bent steadily upon the north.

And though, of course, the watcher knew it not, half a dozen leagues farther on toward the pole-star a young Indian woman from her knees was praying that O-no-ka, the guardian spirit of lovers, might guide her steps to the lost trail of her husband, for unless she could find him and gain forgiveness for her hot words and senseless jealousy the gaunt wolf that had followed her for so many weary miles might do his worst, for his worst was better than the lone tepee far back by the turtle-waters.

Six o'clock coming again found Big Ben stripped to his shirt-sleeves on the hillside and scowling at the man whom he had sworn should this day fall gasping before him in the darkness of departing senses and the bitterness of defeat. With an expressionless face the swarthy one picked up one end of the shining steel band, and the long finish-fight was on.

Although Big Ben had done trojan labors on the day before, his previous efforts were but child's play beside his struggles now as he sought to wear down the silent man whose black eyes gazed deep into his from the far end of the rushing saw. Three o'clock found the giant gasping for breath and staggering as he sought another tree, but defeat was grinning at him through a dizzy world that swam in a sea of blood, and gritting his teeth, he settled himself for his last great effort.

An hour later Flint, who happened to be passing, leaped forward with a shout, for Big Ben dropped his arms and fell forward on his face, in a shapeless mass, on the sawdust-littered snow. The Indian staggered to a near-by trunk and sat down on it, covering his face with his hands.

Like a forest fire the news swept the camp. Big Ben, the idolized, the invincible, the champion sawyer of the world, had been whipped, done up, beaten to a lay-down—and by an Indian. Wonders would never cease. The loggers scowled and swore when they heard the news. But there was one consolation back of it all. There would be a fight worth going miles to witness.

That night, in camp, the challenge was hurled. Big Ben, striding before his conqueror, glared fiercely upon him.

"You ——! I'll break every bone in your carcass!"

With a grunt and a shrug of the shoulders, the cold answer came:

"Mebbyso."

"When will you fight?"

"No care. Sunday good-'nuf day for me."

It was Friday night, and the time set was not unreasonably distant. For the first time during the season, silence held the camp that night. Into their bunks the men went a full half-hour earlier than was their wont, but when their breathing had grown regular and deep a dark form once more came creeping forth to stand erect in the moonlight without.

And as it stood and listened there came to its ear a faint quavering howl that caused the listener to start as though stung by a lash. Then passing to the wall of the bunk-house, he took from the logs a pair of snow-shoes, swiftly adjusted them, and with head and shoulders held low went swinging into the blackness of the forest along his half-obliterated trail of two nights before.

Kenny, a hostler, saw him as he vanished among the shadows and hurried to the bunk-house with the news.

"The Injun has *puckacheed,* skipped out, dead scairt to fight," said he disgustedly.

And Big Ben, hearing the words, sat up in his bunk and roared in his disappointment and rage.

Back along the spine of the ridge the runaway sped until he reached the summit, then slid and zigzagged down the steep incline. A mile ahead of him was a promontory, low and heavily wooded, lying like some monster of the darkness across his way, and rounding it, he sud-

denly stopped with an unintelligible grunt and a screening of his eyes from the white light from above.

For a hundred yards ahead of him there lay upon the shimmering way a black object where no black object should have been, while at the same instant from out of the near-by forest stepped the tall form of one of the great gray runners of the north woods.

Slipping one hand into his bosom, the man swiftly advanced.

"Puckachee!" he cried from the distance of a dozen steps. The wolf's lip curled.

"Get out!" he cried, still more harshly, his knife suddenly gleaming in the moonlight.

At the sight of the cold steel and the threatening front of his foe the beast slowly rose, and with ears laid back and legs held stiffly watchfully paced about him from a distance of two yards.

Three times the brute made the circle complete, and never for an instant did the red eyes of the one or the black eyes of the other fail to meet each other. Then the man rushed.

With a cat-like leap, a snarl, and a snap of his teeth, the brute was far to one side, but the man, tripping, unluckily, from the violence of his wasted knife-sweep, fell headlong into the snow. Before he could free himself from the smother, the gray one leaped again, forward this time, and at the first crunch of the iron jaws on the wrist the knife slipped from the clutch that had held it and disappeared beneath their flounderings.

But the man twisted like a worm, and burying the fingers of the free hand in the shaggy throat above him, closed them like the jaws of a vise.

There are not many men who have killed a gaunt timber-wolf thirty inches high at the shoulder with his naked hand, but for that matter, only one man ever bore the full brunt of Big Ben's enormous strength and came forth victorious. The Indian did it; did it with strength loaned him by O-no-ka, guardian spirit of lovers—strangled him until the stiff legs ceased to strike and the living coals in the famished eyes had turned to dead ashes.

Then, bleeding and dizzy, he staggered to his feet and bent over the still body that lay beside the grim dead one.

"Live!" he gasped, as he painfully swung her to his shoulder. "Live, and I will always work and hunt for you. And may O-no-ka loan me his might once more, for the way is long and my strength flows from me like the waters of a river."

Bent like a horseshoe beneath his burden, he shambled across the ice, floundered up the hillside, reeled along the ridge as Wilson had done, burst open the door, and fell at full length on the floor of the bunk-house.

Little was said, but muscle-knotted arms laid them gently in a bunk, and hard palms chafed the woman's wrists with rough sympathy. Her lids opened, and for a moment she gazed about uncomprehendingly; then her eyes fell upon the prostrate form beside her, and with a cry she threw herself upon it.

"Your tongue was long and my temper short, yet you are my squaw, and our trails should run side by side," he said as his hand closed over hers. "There was no war between us, and it is the wish of O-no-ka that we be not parted. One tepee is big enough for both of us, and the wolf-skin shall cover us when we are old."

Big Ben rose to his feet and stood glowering upon the circle.

"That Injun is the best man in the woods, and I'd like to hear some one say different," he said threateningly. "He is the only man that ever beat me, but, by the eternal, him and me are going to saw them Canadians out of their hides before the winter is over."

(To be continued.)

Discretion is the better part of valor, but some men have so much discretion that you can't detect their valor. —The Switchman.

Law for the Railroads.

How Our Legislatures and Courts View Their Responsibilities and Powers.

The Supreme Court of Iowa has decided that the liability of a railroad for "baggage" is not limited to "personal effects."

According to an order issued by the board of railroad commissioners, fire-extinguishers must be provided on passenger-cars on all railroads operating in Massachusetts.

According to a ruling by Judge Tyler in the Common Pleas Court of Toledo, Ohio, a railroad is not required to keep a clear view of its track from a highway crossing.

In Missouri, a new law prohibits telegraph operators who handle train orders from working more than eight hours a day, save at day stations where only one operator is employed, who may work twelve.

New York courts have decided against the rule of the street-car companies permitting conductors to refuse change for bills larger than two dollars; the reason is that the rule is not generally advertised, and is one-sided.

Pennsylvania has passed laws creating a railroad commission and prohibiting rebates, discrimination in rates, consolidation of parallel lines, and the operation of mines or manufactories by railroad companies, directly or indirectly.

The Supreme Court of the United States has sustained the power of the corporation commission of North Carolina to compel railroads to so adjust their schedules as to accommodate passengers on other lines from any part of the State.

It has been decided by the Interstate Commerce Commission that railroads must grant the privilege of "party-rate" tickets to any persons applying together in sufficient numbers. The railroads have held that the rule applied only to theatrical or amusement companies.

HELP FOR MEN WHO HELP THEMSELVES—NUMBER 1.

THE MAKING OF AN ENGINEER.

BY ROBERT H. ROGERS,
Master Mechanic on the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad.

THIS is the first article in a new series which THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE expects to make as entertaining as any that has yet been published—and useful into the bargain. Many readers want to know the inside facts in the railroad world, even though they are not railroaders themselves. The railroad friends of the magazine are doubly desirous of learning all that they can about the profession which is their life-work.

Therefore, the magazine will make it its business to meet this double need—of those who want to know for the sake of knowing, and of those who wish to add to their usefulness and power. To this end, the series begins with this article on "The Making of an Engineer," written by a master mechanic on a great New England system, who speaks from expert knowledge of his profession.

Later articles will describe the construction and operation of the locomotive, the details of air-brake operation, the administration of the different departments of the railroad, and, in fact, everything about the railroad that is of interest to the general public and of value to railroaders.

A Long Probation in the Roundhouse and an Arduous Service as Fireman Before the Throttle Can Be Reached by the Aspirant.

WOULD you like to take a job as fireman on some railroad, with the prospect of running its celebrated "fast mail" or the "vestibuled limited"? About one hundred thousand young men in the United States entertain that idea every year, and maybe thirty thousand actually try to carry it out.

How many of these men realize their ambition to become engineers? Fairly reliable statistics show that not more than two thousand five hundred are promoted to the right side of the cab annually.

When a "green" man elects to follow railroading he naturally starts with a false impression. There is more to it than riding through the country, ringing the bell, and waving at the girls.

He will find that for value received he must return an equivalent of labor, the conception of which is staggering to a layman, but still reasonable enough when viewed from the standpoint of less remunerative employment.

He will apply to the master mechanic for a job firing, and will promptly be advised that there is none. Should his appearance impress this official, he may be questioned, and the fact elicited that he would be glad to accept any employment about the shop as a means toward the end desired.

It may be that the master mechanic has learned through his foreman that the shop is short of wipers, or help in other unskilled capacities. If that be the case, he will probably say to the applicant:

Success for the Man Who Tries.

"I can't put you on the road just now, because I have a long waiting list, but you can start in wiping engines. While you are doing this you will learn the names of the parts and obtain a fair idea of the roundhouse end of a fireman's work.

"By getting this experience you will find that considerable of the raw edge is taken off when you do start firing. What do you say to a job as an engine-cleaner at a dollar and ten cents a day, and I will keep you in mind for something better?"

If the aspirant for future honors on the foot-plate is sensible he will see it this way, even at the possible sacrifice of a little personal pride, and he need not fear that the master mechanic will forget his word. He will begin his greasy and unpleasant employment as a marked man, and largely, it may be added, because he showed a willing spirit.

It counts for a great deal in railroading if a man tries. A large number are kept in the service when, through ordinary conceptions of ability, they should have received their time long ago. That is because they do their best.

The most weighty recommendation ever filed in favor of a man in this business was that no matter what the others were doing, he was trying all the time, and honest, consistent effort eventually won over an isolated spectacular performance.

Suppose he takes that job wiping. A broad and deep gulf separates him from the right side of the cab, one not to be bridged in a month or a year, but while he is cleaning rods and wheels and knocking the ice from the tender-trucks he is surrounded by the atmosphere of his future calling.

It is a peculiar air, too. It teems with speech unintelligible to the uninitiated, but it rings with the true call of the iron trail

While plying his handful of waste he will chat with the firemen, and maybe with the engineers. He will obtain a more than passing knowledge of the division and its general conditions.

It is an even chance that in six months he will be able to pass a far better examination on the individual whims of engines, road, and time-card than the majority of the firemen, without previous roundhouse experience, who have held their jobs for a year or more.

It is a proud day for this fellow, whether he be wiper, call-boy, tool-checker, or what not, when the foreman tells him that the "old man" wants to see him. The master mechanic will advise him that his "chance" has at last appeared.

He is going to put him on firing, but he will impress on him that this is all he can do. The future is up to the man himself.

The ultimate goal is, of course, running an engine, but it is too far off to be considered at this stage. Before the man can even get a chance to handle the shovel as a learner, he must report for examination

Trying Him Out.

The company's medical examiner will try his strength of wind and limb and thoroughly test his adeptness in counting dots on white paper and his ability to call the proper colors, snapped unexpectedly from bull's-eye lanterns in a dark room, and he must offer conclusive evidence that red is known to be red and not green.

Then comes a probationary period, varying in length according to the nat-

ural aptness of the candidate to learn. He is put out by the engine-despatcher on runs with good firemen, and he must ride without pay and without responsibility until at least three of the engineers with whom he has made divisional trips have signed a paper to the effect that in their opinion he is able to get along by himself

While he is learning the road and the duties of the fireman the advantage of his previous employment about the roundhouse becomes manifest. It means that through the friendship which he has managed to strike up with practically all of the engine-crews he will be taught little points tending to make the work easier, and that he will be turned in as competent by his friendly preceptors while the unfortunate rustic from the hills who started "learning" with him is still swinging the spout at the water-stations or shoveling coal over on the tender for the use of the fireman.

How to Get an Engine.

His real employment does not commence until he has been "turned in," and then the way is long and the going hard before he will proudly leave a terminal in charge of a string of varnished cars. Starting as an extra fireman—that is, substituting for some regular man who is off duty—he will gradually work into a regular engine.

The latter is acquired in this way: When a place becomes vacant the fact will be advertised on the bulletin boards of the various roundhouses. If any of the extra firemen desire it, they will put in bids, having a certain time to do so, at the expiration of which the bids will be opened and the job awarded to the bidder longest in the service.

This advertising of vacant runs or jobs is now a common procedure on all railroads, and has been found the fairest manner in which to place the men. It applies to engineers as well as to firemen.

For the more desirable runs, every man eligible in the service will turn in a bid, but on some hard freight-trains, with the "lay over" away from the home terminal, no bids whatever may be received. Then, and then only, has the master mechanic a right to select a man from the spare list for the vacancy.

The frequent spectacle which the South affords of a husky colored man on the fireman's seat-box seems very odd to a Northerner, and stranger still that the negro should have all the best of it in the assignment of runs.

This is due to the fact that the colored man cannot be considered in line of promotion, and it is justly reasoned by the management, and acquiesced in by the majority of white firemen, that, being destined to serve in a subordinate capacity all his life, he might as well have the best of it as far as possible.

These "bogy" men, as they are called in the roundhouse vernacular of the South, are good firemen in almost every instance, and, in view of the wide gulf between the races in that section, are better thought of by their engineers than might be imagined.

An engineer wants, primarily, steam, and next to that a clean engine. With a negro fireman he gets these, and many little considerations for his personal comfort that he could hardly look for from a white man.

For instance, when the engine comes in off the run the fireman will dig a kit out of some mysterious box and black the engineer's boots and hand him his coat and hat neatly brushed. He will stop up all the air-leaks about the cab and the running-board, and keep the engineer's front-window glass as clean as waste and tripoli will make it.

Furthermore, it is the unwritten law that he will not volunteer speech unless previously addressed, and least of all will he answer if reprimanded It is no wonder that a run over the division under these conditions becomes a veritable dream of peace for the runner, contrasting vividly with prevailing conditions in some other localities.

No Rest for the Fireman.

Whether the work of a fireman is performed by a white man in the North, a negro in the South, or a Mexican in his own country, it is hard work just the same, and there are few illusions about it.

Passengers may be heard often to

comment on the big pile of coal "haystacked" on the tender of some engine about to pull out with a fast train, but few of them realize just how much of this will be handled by the fireboy before the engine is changed at the end of the division.

An average estimate, and one correct for all practical purposes, is five tons per hundred miles. As the majority of runs are laid out for a round trip of one hundred and fifty miles each way, which is ordinarily completed in from twelve to fifteen hours, the fireman will be called upon to shovel fifteen tons of coal on a run.

It is not random work, either, nor is it performed under exactly ideal conditions. With the locomotive swaying and jolting at a speed of fifty miles an hour, making the preservation of balance alone the feat of an acrobat, each shovelful must go exactly to its proper place, in a fire-box ten feet long and five feet wide, and the fire-door must be closed after each and every shovelful, to be opened as promptly in readiness for the next.

Perhaps it is needless to say that the fireman is expected to ring the bell where necessary, if the engine is not equipped with an automatic device for this purpose, and to keep as close watch on the signals, in conjunction with the engineer, as his duties will permit.

Frequently, near the end of a long run, the coal has "crawled away" from the fireman and he has to shovel it from the back of the tank up forward where he can reach it. Time must, of course, be found to do this in the short intervals between the work of replenishing the fire-box.

Only Chance for a Long Breath.

The only possible respite in the incessant work of shoveling coal is in drifting down some long grade where no steam is used. Then the fireman may have a chance to take a short rest on his seat-box, but these instances are rare. The best proof of this is the fact that the fireman's seat on any engine will be found in as good condition as when put on, while the one on the other side is worn out.

This applies, of course, only to cases where coal is used for fuel. The fireman on one of the oil-burners in the Southwest has a much easier job, his work being merely to control the admission of the supply to the fire-box and the blast which vaporizes it. There is no coal to be handled, and consequently, the laborious feature of the shovel is eliminated.

No definite answer can be given to the question often heard, "How long does it take to go through all the grades before becoming an engineer on a crack train?" A new fireman on the Pennsylvania Railroad, for instance, may not hope for a chance to run its famous Limited inside of thirty years.

Longer Service with the Shovel.

This is because the railroads of the East have become rounded out to the greatest volume of train service which the most up-to-date despatching can handle. No new trains have been added for a long time, and in consequence, no "jobs" created.

Vacancies among engineers, necessitating the promotion of firemen, arise through accidental or natural death and retirement through age. The extension of the block system has greatly minimized the casualties, and instances are very few on record where an engineer voluntarily leaves the service.

In the East, twenty years ago, four years was the maximum time which a man served as a fireman, and any number of cases are on record where they have become engineers in two years. On these same roads this time has now grown to six or eight years before a fireman can run extra freight. Both the Baltimore and Ohio and the Pennsylvania railroads have firemen who have been twelve and fifteen years in the service.

This does not necessarily mean that these men could not go to running. In many instances it is because they don't want to go. After firing that many years they are found, of course, on the preferred runs, their time on the road being limited to a very few hours, probably, by virtue of a double-crewed engine only three days a week, making in some cases upward of one hundred dol-

lars per month. If they would accept promotion and give up these desirable jobs it would mean that they would start running on the extra-freight board, making a trip when they could, and if business were dull not enough trips to amount to their former pay.

In addition to this important consideration they would be on call all the time at irregular hours, and there are other considerations that generally cause considerable reflection on their part when the time comes for them to decide between their old berth on the left side and a chance at the throttle.

The chances for being "set up" are, of course, much better in the South and the Far West. The roads in those sections are growing all the time, with the development of the country. None of them have ever tried the experiment of promoting their colored and Mexican firemen, and probably never will attempt it.

Railroads, to a unit, prefer to make their own engineers. Of course, if circumstances are such that they have no firemen available for promotion they are obliged to hire them, but it is only as a last resort, and after the applicant has been subjected to a minute scrutiny into his past record on other roads and present habits.

An engineer out of a job through fault of his own should be regarded with unbounded sympathy. There is little chance, if any, of his ever securing employment again in his profession.

(To be continued.)

RAILROAD BUILDING A CHURCH.

The Pennsylvania Provides New Buildings for the Church, School, Rectory, and Convent of St. Michael in New York.

IN New York City the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has built a church, parish school, rectory, and convent. This is one of the unusual exigencies of railroading, but it has nevertheless been carried out with as much thoroughness as the building of bridges or the laying of tracks over which the flier is to run.

The Roman Catholic Church of St. Michael, on Thirty-Second Street, and the school, rectory, and convent connected with it, stood in the way of the new terminal being erected between Seventh and Tenth avenues, so instead of obtaining the property by condemnation, the company came to an agreement with the church authorities by which they were to reproduce, to all exterior appearances, the original church, buying the land and erecting the new buildings at Thirty-Fourth Street.

An extract from the agreement reads: "The cut-stone work of the Thirty-Second Street façade of the present church is to be carefully taken down, each stone being numbered for rerection on Thirty-Fourth Street, which reconstruction is to follow the original plan. Any stones that may be spoiled, cracked, damaged, lost, or destroyed are to be replaced with new and perfect material, matching in workmanship, color, etc., the original blocks."

This has been done. The stained glass windows were taken apart piece by piece, each piece being numbered; the paintings on the ceilings are exact copies of those in the old church, and the "interior plastering work, moldings, capitals, and cornices are," to quote again from the agreement, "exact reproductions in line profile and detail" of the original structure

The new buildings cost more than half a million dollars, exclusive of the land. Though the appearance of the old church must be retained, the new structures are very different from the old in that they are of fire-proof construction throughout. They have steel frames, the walls are supported on cast-iron columns and steel girders, the steelwork is protected by brick, terra-cotta blocks, or concrete, and all window and door frames are covered by metal

Inside fire-escapes, in the shape of broad masonry stairs shut off from other sections of the buildings by metal-covered doors, provide means of speedy departure in case of fire.

The Church of St. Michael was built in 1857, and was rebuilt in 1892

INDUSTRIAL ROLL OF HONOR.

Men and Women Who Put the Lives of Others Above Their Own.

Record of Heroes By Carnegie Commission.

THE Carnegie Hero Fund Commission made twenty-two awards on the 15th of May, the majority of which were to heroes of the Cornell fire and the Larchmont disaster.

Besides the eight awards for the Larchmont rescues, there were six awards made for rescues from drowning, five of them to boys under twenty. These were: Earl B. Spencer, aged seventeen, of North Dighton, Massachusetts, who rescued Frank Perry, aged fifteen, from drowning in a pond where the water was fourteen feet deep. Spencer was awarded a bronze medal

A similar case was that of Thomas B. Bockwich, nineteen years old, of Waterbury, Connecticut, with the exception that in rescuing Harold C. Ashborn he plunged head first through a thin crust of ice. He was awarded a bronze medal

Malcolm C. Auerbach, seventeen years of age, of Washington, D. C., made an unsuccessful attempt to save Charles L. Eardmann from drowning in the Atlantic Ocean, at Ocean City. Eardmann was carried away by the current, and Auerbach had come within twelve feet of him, after a desperate struggle, when he went down for the last time. Auerbach was awarded a bronze medal and two thousand dollars for educational purposes

Boy Saves a Man.

Another drowning award was in the case of Fenton S Gregory, of Laceyville, Pennsylvania, a boy of eleven, who saved a man of twenty-three, six feet tall and weighing one hundred and eighty-five pounds. The boy was awarded a bronze medal and two thousand dollars for educational purposes.

Gustav Wohl, twenty-three years of age, of Hartford, Connecticut, plunged through a thin sheet of ice into the Park River, Hartford, and saved Clement S. Donahue, a boy of eight. The scene was only about fifteen yards from the breast of a dam.

The other award of this nature had, unfortunately, to be conferred upon the father of the would-be rescuer. Thomas B. Burns, of Lowell, Massachusetts, seventeen years of age, was, with a number of other workmen from a near by foundry, eating lunch on the bank of the Pawtucket Canal, at Lowell, when they heard the cries of a little boy of five, named Frank Newell. The sides of the bank are of perfectly smooth masonry, and none of the workmen could swim

Burns ran to a discarded hawser, tied it around his waist, flung one end to the men, and jumped into the canal. Unfortunately, the rope broke, and Burns sank immediately and was drowned. The boy was rescued. A silver medal was awarded to the father of the would-be rescuer.

Hero at Thirteen.

Of all the feats recognized, one of the most praiseworthy was that of Lyndon B. Phifer, a boy of thirteen, who exhibited wonderful nerve and presence of mind. A party of boys were crossing a trestle bridge at Rich Hill, Missouri, when they saw an express-train approaching. All except one of them ran back to safety. But one boy caught his foot between two ties and was held fast. Phifer saw him, and dashing back, seized him, jerked him loose, and dropped him over the side of the bridge to the water, thirteen feet below. He then lowered himself until he hung over the water from the end of one of the cross-ties, and when the train had passed pulled himself up again. The boy he rescued suffered nothing more than a wetting. Phifer was awarded a bronze medal and two thousand dollars for educational purposes.

Another award was to a young lady of Washington, D. C., an employee in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. She sprang in front of a street-car to save a child, and after throwing the child to safety was herself struck by the car, suffering a compound fracture of the nose and several other injuries She was awarded a bronze

medal and disablement benefits to the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars

George H. Williams, a locomotive engineer, of Braintree, Massachusetts, attempted to save the life of J. N. Hill at the Saville Street station of the New York, New Haven and Hartford at Quincy, Massachusetts. Williams sprang in front of an engine to save the woman and was himself struck, sustaining severe injuries. The woman was pulled to safety by the gate-tender. The would-be rescuer was awarded a silver medal and one thousand dollars to liquidate a mortgage on his property.

A somewhat similar case was that of John Morris, a gate-tender, of Hartford, Connecticut, who was killed in a gallant attempt to save an unknown woman from an oncoming engine. He was successful in this, but he paid for it with his life. His widow was awarded a silver medal and four hundred and eighty dollars a year during her life or until she remarries.

In Fire and Shipwreck.

Of the Cornell fire cases, the one to result fatally for the hero of it, Oliver L. Schmuck, has already been mentioned in this department. Schmuck's father was awarded a silver medal The other two were of a similar nature; that is, the recipients of the awards, Clarence J. Pope and Henry M Curry, went back into the burning building to save a friend, as did Schmuck. Both these students were awarded a silver medal by the commission.

The Larchmont awards were made to the crew of a small fishing-schooner, Elise, who put out in the terrible weather and rescued some of the Larchmont passengers who were drifting on a portion of the wreckage. The awards were as follows:

Captain John W. Smith, fifty-three years old, Block Island, Rhode Island. Gold medal and four thousand dollars for the education of his two sons.

Albert W Smith, forty-six years old, Block Island, a brother of John W. Smith, gold medal and four thousand dollars for the education of his two daughters

George E. Smith, fifty-one years old, Block Island, a brother. Gold medal and two thousand dollars for the education of his son

Harry L. Smith, a nephew, twenty-four years old, Block Island, a gold medal and one thousand dollars for the purchase of a home or some other worthy purpose.

Earl A. Smith, a nephew, twenty years old, Block Island, gold medal and two thousand dollars for the education of his son.

Louis N Smith, a nephew, nineteen years old, Block Island, a gold medal and one thousand dollars for the purchase of a home.

Jeremiah M. Littlefield, forty years old, Block Island, brother-in-law of Captain Smith, gold medal and two thousand dollars for the education of his son.

Edgar Littlefield, thirty-five years old, Block Island, a brother of Jeremiah, gold medal and six thousand dollars for the education of his three children.

Risked Her Neck but Stopped the Train.

UNIQUE among railroad life-saving records is the feat by which Mrs. Dora Jasper, who owns a farm near Eureka Springs, Arkansas, saved a train bearing a hundred passengers and a high official of the road on the Missouri and North Arkansas Railway. A trestle bridge over a branch of the White River had been fired by sparks from a passing freight-engine.

Mrs. Jasper attempted to extinguish the blaze, but failed. Rushing to her barn with the intention of mounting a horse and riding up the track to warn an approaching train, she found that every animal was out at work, with the exception of one unbroken colt for which she was able to find only a rope halter.

She mounted the bare back of this unreliable steed and forced him at breakneck speed toward the switch, which she reached just in time to flag the train.

A Hero by Habit Defies Hell Gate.

A DEED of more than ordinary courage was performed a short time ago by Joseph Lazarus, of New York City, who jumped into the dreaded waters of Hell Gate, with their swift currents and swirling whirlpools, to save the life of a young girl who was attempting suicide. It was pitch-dark when the people ashore, including Lazarus, heard the cries and splashes of a girl in the river, and had it not been that a big transport went past and flashed her search-light on the scene the girl would probably have drowned

As soon as Lazarus saw the girl he flung off his coat and shoes and sprang into the dangerous river. After a terrible battle he reached her, but she immediately seized him by the throat, and they went down together. By using force he was able to free himself, and commenced the fight for the shore. He

was tossed about and thrown this way and that by the treacherous currents, and handicapped by his struggling burden.

At last, with his friends' help, he managed to drag her to the dock. In the meantime, some large minded person had appropriated the hero's coat and shoes, and the police had to lend him the necessary articles that he might go home. It is reported that this is not the first time that Lazarus has saved lives in the terrible waters that race past the upper end of Manhattan Island.

A Woman's Nerve Wins National Award.

MISS MARY GUINAN, of Middletown, New York, is probably the first woman to receive the medal of honor awarded by Congress to those who at great personal risk save life on railroads engaged in interstate commerce. Miss Guinan risked her life to save John C. Runyan, a man seventy-four years of age, who was in danger of being killed by an Erie train.

Mr. Runyan was attempting to cross the tracks in front of an approaching train, not noticing that although he would clear that train, there was another coming in the opposite direction. Seeing that the old man had lost his nerve when he discovered his predicament, Miss Guinan sprang in front of the train, and seizing him, held him until both trains had safely cleared.

The old man nearly collapsed from fright, but Miss Guinan seemed to take the affair very much as a matter of course. A subsequent measurement of the space between the two trains, allowing for the sway as they dashed past, showed that the standing-room could not have been more than thirty-six inches

A Terrible Price For an Heroic Act.

ENGINEER G. H. BERRY, of the Queen and Crescent, placed his life in such danger while attempting to save another man from death at Danville, Kentucky, that it is at present doubtful whether or not he will recover from the injuries he sustained. During a rain-storm a man named John DeHore had taken refuge behind a box car in the yards

Berry saw a car kicked into the siding by the switch-engine, and as it was bearing down upon the car which sheltered the man, unconscious of danger, Berry leaped from his engine and pushed DeHore from the track. Although he succeeded in his attempt, he was himself caught by the car and hurled beneath the wheels. Later, at the hospital, it was found necessary to amputate both his legs below the knee, and there is considerable doubt as to his ultimate recovery.

Another Fireman Goes Down On the Pilot to Save a Child.

STILL another fireman has performed the heroic feat of climbing down the pilot of his rushing engine to snatch a baby from the path of the monster. Engineer Thomas Gray was sending his fast freight along at thirty-five miles an hour at Ferguson, about ten miles from St. Louis, when he saw on the track a little tot named Ralph Skillington, with whom both he and his fireman were familiar. He made desperate but unavailing efforts to stop the train

Fireman Smagel quickly climbed out of the cab, clambered along the foot-board, and lowered himself down the pilot, gripping the coupling-bar with his right hand. Hardly had he got to this position than they were upon the child. With a desperate grab he had him by the collar, but he was not successful in swinging him quite free, and he got a few nasty bruises about the face through coming in contact with the pilot. However, this was all the harm he suffered, and in a short while he was restored to his mother.

The Brave Unknown Who Died for Stranger.

AN unknown man, whose only shred of identification was a prayer-book he carried, was killed on the 19th of May in a gallant attempt to rescue another man from the wheels of a Big Four express at Bellefontaine, Ohio. The hero was an itinerant umbrella mender. The only name he was known by was "Blackey," chiefly because he was not black

The other victim of the accident was an old man of about seventy, and "Blackey" had dashed in front of the train to try to drag the old man to safety, only to be caught and mangled beneath the great wheels. The prayer-book which he had carried was traced to a minister of Kenton, but that gentleman proved unable to throw any further light on the identity of the man than to say that he had given him the book some days earlier, and that he had said he had influential relatives who were living in a near-by town.

MARY ABBY STOOD BEFORE THEM WIPING HER BIG HANDS ON HER CALICO APRON.

MRS. DENNETT'S SUBSCRIPTION.

BY JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

First She Thought She Couldn't, Then She Said She Wouldn't, and Then She Suddenly Made Up Her Mind.

JUNE'S long drought had left the roadway thick with dust. It rose in choking clouds beneath the feet of the two women who, with skirts held high, made their way gingerly down the little hill toward an isolated house at the foot of it.

As they neared the gate, flanked on either side by a giant poplar, Mrs. Bass, who was in the lead, turned to her smaller companion with an exclamation of surprise.

"I just want you to look in there, Ann Coleman," she said, in tones of marked disapproval. "If there ain't 'Liza Dennett settin' by her front-room window with a black silk dress on, an' what's more, she's got every one of the curtains up, so the sun can stream right on to that new ingrain carpet. Seems to me I should be a little more careful even if I *did* have money."

"I dunno as I should if I'd been without things as long as she has," Mrs. Coleman responded. "Ain't that pretty ruchin' she's got in her neck? She must have sent off somewheres to get it."

They turned in at the gate and went up the weedy gravel path to the front door, on which Mrs. Bass knocked resoundingly. There was a moment of silence; then they could hear a voice within calling stridently:

"Mary Abby—Mary Abby, there's some one to the front door. How many times have I got to tell you that when I have visitors come I want you to let 'em

in an' show 'em into the front room, here?"

Mrs. Bass chuckled. "I heard she had Mary Abby Brownlow workin' for her," she remarked *sotto voce*, "but I never took no stock in it. Startin' right out with all the fixin's, ain't she?"

Mrs. Coleman smiled and bobbed her head in meaning fashion. From the other side of the door came the sound of heavy footsteps shuffling along the little hall; the latch clicked, and Mary Abby stood before them wiping her big hands on her calico apron.

"Step right into the front room," she invited cordially. "Mis' Dennett'll be real pleased to see you."

She pushed open the door of the front room, and the two entered, Mrs. Bass still leading. Eliza Dennett arose languidly from the haircloth sofa as they came into her presence. Her angular frame seemed very stiff in the rustling black silk, and the black mitts which were drawn over her toil-hardened hands added to the general air of prim austerity about her.

"Good afternoon," she said, offering a limp hand to each in turn. "Sit down, won't you? Take this chair by the window, Mis' Coleman. I guess you'll find that spring-rocker comf'table, Mis' Bass. Hot, ain't it?"

Mrs. Bass sank heavily into the rocker and began to swing creakingly to and fro. She smoothed the shiny folds of her own best gown, shook the dust from the hem of her skirt, and beamed upon Mrs. Dennett with all the air of a bearer of important tidings.

"We've come to see you, Mis' Dennett, on a very special matter," she announced importantly. "At the annual meetin' of the Ladies' Aid Society, last Wednesday, you was elected president, an' Mis' Coleman an' me was appointed a committee to get your acceptance."

The monotonous creak of the spring-rocker ceased for a moment. Mrs. Bass's congratulatory beam grew more pronounced.

"You see," Mrs. Coleman supplemented, "what with all there is to be done the comin' year—the repairs to the church an' fixin' over the vestry, to say nothin' of the new aisle-carpets we've got to have—we'll need a president with executive ability, one that'll know how to set the society to work gettin' subscriptions. That's why we elected you," she ended ingenuously.

For a moment Mrs. Dennett seemed quite overcome by the honor thrust upon her. She looked inquiringly from one of her callers to the other.

Her somber eyes lighted eagerly, and a spot of color came into either sallow cheek. Her elation, however, was but momentary, for the light suddenly died from her eyes and her mouth set in hard lines.

"So, that's what you've come for?" she said very quietly.

Mrs. Bass nodded.

"You'll take it, won't you?" she inquired.

Mrs. Dennett deliberated for a time in silence.

"I can't make no promises offhand," was her non-committal reply.

"You must take it," Mrs. Coleman put in impetuously.

Mrs. Dennett turned to her with a dry smile.

"Seems to me the Ladies' Aid Society has found out awful sudden about my executive ability," she observed. "I ain't at all certain whether I'll accept or not. I shall have to think it over for a while."

The two members of the committee looked at each other blankly. Mrs. Coleman nervously cleared her throat.

"We supposed, of course—" she began, but Mrs. Dennett cut her short in the middle of her sentence.

"You can tell the Ladies' Aid Society, from me, that if I'd been elected president six months ago I should 'a' been tickled to death," she snapped. "Comin,' as it does, just now, I don't think so much of it."

Mrs. Bass leaned forward from the depths of the spring-rocker.

"There's goin' to be another meetin' at my house next Thursday to appoint the various committees," she said in conciliatory tones. "You think it over till then an' let us know what your mind is."

A grim smile curved Mrs. Dennett's lips; the bit of color came into her cheeks again.

"I'll be at that meetin'," she an-

nounced with decision, "an' I'll let you know what I've decided then."

Her two visitors arose, said their adieus, and made their way up the dusty road. Mrs. Dennett stood at the window watching them until they disappeared over the brow of the hill.

"I'm able to see the length of my nose," she mused bitterly. "I guess I can see through this president business they've hatched up. If my mother's half-brother hadn't left me that money they wouldn't be runnin' after me, soft-soapin' me about my executive ability.

"I don't believe my executive ability is any better now than it was when I used to wash all the dishes at the sociables an' scrub up the vestry floor after 'em. If they hadn't thought I'd 'a' headed the list with a good big subscription there wouldn't been no talk about me bein' president."

She turned from the window and seated herself again on the sofa, sedate—as became her new station in life—even in her anger.

"Well," she went on to herself, the lines about her mouth growing tense, "I ain't goin' to give a cent—not one red cent. I won't even pay my dues. They can take 'em out of the floors I've scrubbed an' the other dirty work I've done for 'em.

"YOU REMEMBER THAT HOSS AN' BUGGY WE WERE SPEAKIN' ABOUT, SAM."

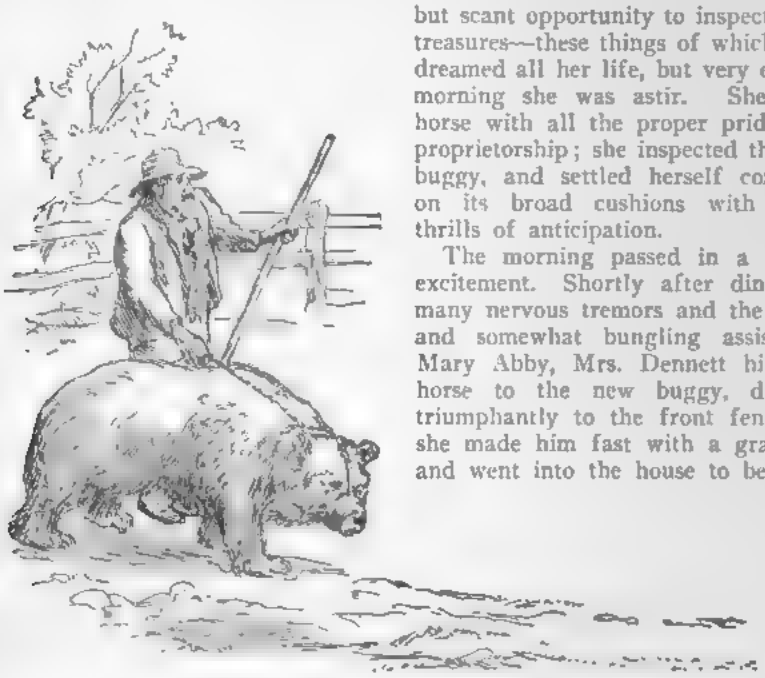
"I've worked an' skimped an' saved, an' I've always done my part, considerin' the money I've had. This money that's come to me now I'm goin' to use for myself. I'm goin' to have a good time for once, an' I'm goin' to have some of the things I've always wanted.

"The very first thing I thought of when I heard that money'd been left to me was that I could have a hoss an' buggy if I was a mind to. I'm goin' to have them two things jest as soon as I can get 'em, an' if I go spendin' that much money right off I sha'n't go headin' any subscription list, leastways not at present.

"I dunno as I could do better than to take that hoss an' buggy I spoke to Sam Drake about. It's a good deal to pay, but it'll be worth it jest to drive up to the meetin' at Mis' Bass's next Thursday in my own rig an' give the Ladies' Aid Society a piece of my mind.

"I'll let 'em know that I ain't the fool I look to be, an' that it'll take more than flattery to get me to fatten their subscription papers!"

With Mrs. Dennett, to think was to act. She rose from the sofa, donned a faded sunbonnet, which was strangely out of harmony with the rest of her attire, and slipped out the front door and down the gravel walk. She made



A DIRTY ITALIAN LEADING A TAME BEAR CAME SUDDENLY AND STARTLINGLY INTO VIEW.

her way down the road, pausing now and then to shake the dust from her skirt.

It was nearing sunset when she reached a group of farm buildings standing in sorry disrepair beside the highway. In the yard by the house a sharp-faced man was oiling the wheels of a Concord wagon. Mrs. Dennett bowed to him primly.

"You remember that hoss an' buggy we were speakin' about, Sam," she said.

The sharp-faced man nodded his comprehension.

"Well, if you can get it over to me by Thursday mornin' I'll take it," she announced.

"I'll have it there by Wednesday night, 'Lizy," he agreed with alacrity.

"All right. See that you do, now," said she, and as she turned homeward there was a certain flash of triumph in her eyes.

The new equipage arrived Wednesday night. The horse was ensconced in a dusty, long-disused stall in the rickety little barn, while the shining new buggy was domiciled in a corner of the old wagon-shed near by.

It was so dark that Mrs. Dennett had but scant opportunity to inspect her new treasures—these things of which she had dreamed all her life, but very early next morning she was astir. She fed the horse with all the proper pride of new proprietorship; she inspected the shining buggy, and settled herself comfortably on its broad cushions with delicious thrills of anticipation.

The morning passed in a flutter of excitement. Shortly after dinner, with many nervous tremors and the reluctant and somewhat bungling assistance of Mary Abby, Mrs. Dennett hitched the horse to the new buggy, drove him triumphantly to the front fence, where she made him fast with a granny-knot, and went into the house to bedeck herself in the purple and fine linen that the occasion demanded.

A half-hour later she emerged from the front door resplendent in her black silk, her mitts, and the new black bonnet, and while Mary Abby gingerly held the docile steed's head Mrs. Dennett climbed into the buggy and took up the reins. There was a flourish of the whip; the sober-looking beast lurched into motion and went slowly up the road, its driver alternately jerking the reins and clucking nasal encouragement.

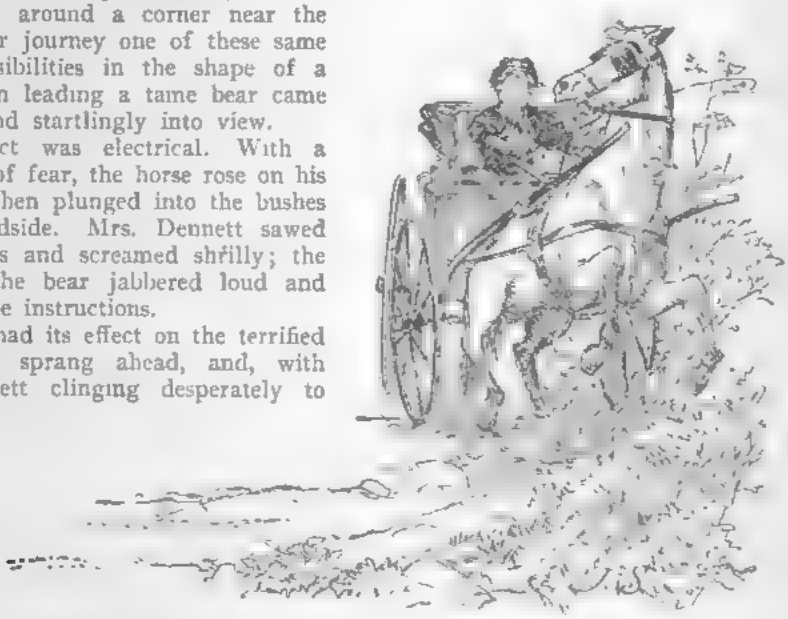
Thus, perched stiffly erect on the buggy cushions, her heart beating fiercely with a pride which she made no effort to smother, Mrs. Dennett made her way toward the meeting of the

Ladies' Aid Society, with the full intention, once she had arrived there, of speaking her mind freely and to the point.

Now, the sharp-faced man who had sold the equipage to Mrs. Dennett had assured her that the steed was sound and kind, "gentle as a lamb," and "scairt o' nothin'." In his general appearance and in his movements the horse seemed to merit all these recommendations; but the sharp faced man, in giving his information, had taken no thought of remote possibilities, and as they swung around a corner near the end of their journey one of these same remote possibilities in the shape of a dirty Italian leading a tame bear came suddenly and startlingly into view.

The effect was electrical. With a wild snort of fear, the horse rose on his hind legs, then plunged into the bushes by the roadside. Mrs. Dennett sawed on the reins and screamed shrilly; the owner of the bear jabbered loud and unintelligible instructions.

All this had its effect on the terrified horse. He sprang ahead, and, with Mrs. Dennett clinging desperately to the reins and shrieking in terror, tore madly up the road toward Mrs. Bass's house, where, on the front lawn, the meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society was just coming to order.



MRS. DENNETT SAWED ON THE REINS AND SCREAMED SHRILLY.

With some vague idea of turning the runaway into the yard and so stopping him, Mrs. Dennett caught the left rein in both hands and pulled with all her strength. The horse turned sharply at this sudden pressure on the bit; the buggy swerved, poised on two wheels, then one forward wheel crashed into an elm that stood beside the gate.

There was a terrific smash; a chorus of hysterical screams; Mrs. Dennett was flung violently into the bottom of the buggy; and the horse, kicking himself clear from the wreck, galloped across the yard and disappeared over a low stone wall at the rear of the house.

It was some moments before the scattered members of the Ladies' Aid Society could collect their wits sufficiently to rush forward to the wrecked buggy. They found Mrs. Dennett on her knees, firmly grasping the dashboard, her mitts hanging in shreds from her wrists and her new black bonnet slewed to a most rakish angle.

By rare good fortune, she was quite unhurt. Slowly she got to her feet, and, amid a babel of sympathetic voices, crawled awkwardly out over the wheel. She was trembling somewhat, but her eyes looked steadily and without appearance of fear into the shocked faces of the women before her.

When she found herself again on solid earth she straightened her bonnet and held up her hand to silence the solicitous voices about her.

"I drove up here this afternoon," she announced in a voice which she strove vainly to keep firm, "to tell you that I've been thinkin' over the presidency

THEY FOUND MRS. DENNETT ON HER KNEES, FIRMLY GRASPING THE DASHBOARD.

matter, an' that I've decided to accept it. Bein' president, I shall want to head the subscription papers with a fair-sized sum.

"You can put me down for whatever you can get for that hoss that jest went over the wall an' the remains of this buggy!"

FIRST STEEL BOX CAR BUILT.

An Interesting Experiment of the Union Pacific Which Promises Great Advantages Over Old Style.

ONCE more the West has come to the front in the improvement of railroad equipment. Following the gradual adoption of the all-steel postal and passenger cars, and owing to the success attendant upon the experiments in this line, the Union Pacific has recently built, as an experiment, an all-steel box car.

It is the first steel box car ever built, and judging from the results obtained from a constructive point, it will be the forerunner of a large army of its kind. The car has a capacity of one hundred thousand pounds, and weighs thirty-eight thousand four hundred and fifty pounds, against a weight of forty-two thousand two hundred pounds in the wooden cars of the same size.

A great saving in weight is brought about by using only one center sill, and rigidity is secured by designing the side frames as efficient plate girders of considerable length. The car weighs twelve per cent less than the standard car used on the Union Pacific, and has practically the same dimensions.

Getting Off the Sidings.

Men Who Prove by Their Promotions That the Way to the Top of the Railroad Ladder Is Still Open.

ON the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, M. J. Larson, heretofore chief clerk to the general manager, has been appointed trainmaster at Sioux City, Iowa, in place of C. F. Morrison, recently promoted.

W. C. HAYES, superintendent of the Delaware division of the Erie, has had his jurisdiction increased, and it now includes the Jefferson division, with headquarters at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania.

A COMBINED position as general freight-agent of the 'Frisco and the Rock Island at Salt Lake City has been given to J. G. Doolittle, formerly traveling freight and passenger agent of the 'Frisco at that city

PRESIDENT DAVIDSON, of the 'Frisco lines, announces the appointment of E. Pollock as vice-president in charge of purchases and stores. The appointment dates from the 1st of June. Mr Pollock's headquarters will be at St. Louis.

HORACE J. CLARK, who for the past three years has been district superintendent of the Pullman company in Chicago, has been transferred to New Orleans to act in a similar capacity, though the post is higher in the scale of promotion. Mr. Clark has been with the Pullman company for twenty years.

A NEW office has been created by the Michigan Central, with the title of industrial agent. The first appointee to fill the post is C. J. Hupp, with headquarters at Detroit, Michigan. The object of the new position is to stimulate industry in an immense territory entered by the company which has never been very active, and to induce capitalists to build factories and manufacturing plants along the line.

THE post of general freight and passenger agent of the Tehuantepec National has been given to E. H. Moore, with headquarters at Rincon Antonio, Mexico, in place of E. M. Cousins, resigned. On the same road J. M. Moryurgo has been made customs agent at Puerto, Mexico, in place of C. C. Pearl, resigned

WILLIAM W. BROUGHTON, heretofore freight-traffic manager of the Great Northern, has been appointed general traffic-manager, with entire charge over all traffic matters. Mr. Broughton not only takes over the duties of Benjamin Campbell, who recently resigned as fourth vice-president, in charge of traffic, but he has jurisdiction over passenger traffic also.

THE appointment of assistant to the general manager of the New York Central at New York has been given to Ira McCormick, while A. R. Whitley has been appointed manager of the Grand Central Station and general superintendent of the electric zone in succession to Mr. McCormick. David Hanna has been made trainmaster at White Plains, New York.

W. H. LYMAN, who has been general passenger agent of the Chicago Great Western at Kansas City, Missouri, for the past three years, has been promoted to general agent of the road, representing California, Arizona, and Nevada, with headquarters at San Francisco. A handsome diamond scarf-pin was presented to Mr. Lyman by the members of the Railroad Club at a special meeting. He is succeeded by E. B. McConahy, formerly division freight and passenger agent for the Clover Leaf at

Chicago. Mr. Lyman has been with the Great Western for sixteen years.

SEVERAL recent promotions are announced by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, among which are the following: G. S Cameron is appointed trainmaster, with headquarters at Sterling, Colorado, in place of M. O. Joder. Mr. Joder is transferred as trainmaster, with headquarters at Alliance, Nebraska, succeeding F. W. Harris, and F. W. Harris is appointed trainmaster, with headquarters at Deadwood, *vice* J. N. Andrews, resigned.

W. BIBBY, roadmaster of the Grand Trunk at St. Thomas, has been appointed general roadmaster of the northern division at Allandale, Ontario, in place of F H. MacFadden, who has resigned to go to the Great Northern. J. Henderson, roadmaster at Belleville, Ontario, has been appointed general roadmaster of the eastern division, with offices at Montreal, Quebec, in place of D. McCooe, who has also accepted a position with the Great Northern.

A. R COOK, city passenger and ticket agent of the Southern Railway at Louisville, Kentucky, has been appointed district passenger-agent at the same point, in place of C. H. Hungerford, resigned. J. L. Hunt, traveling passenger-agent at Houston, Texas, has been transferred to Atlanta, Georgia, *vice* Holmes Smith, resigned, while Bennett S. Yent, traveling passenger-agent at Lexington, Kentucky, has been transferred to the district passenger-agent's office at Louisville

SAMUEL M. ADSIT, late general freight and passenger agent of the St. Joseph and Grand Island, has become freight and passenger agent of the newly consolidated Virginian Railroad, with headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia. The Virginian Railroad is formed by the uniting of the Tidewater Railway and the Deepwater Railway, and is largely in course of construction. Mr. Adsit began on the St. Joseph, as a clerk in the freight department, twenty-five years ago

OFFICIAL announcements of the following appointments have been issued by the Northern Pacific: G. A. Mitchell and J. C. Poore have been appointed assistant general passenger-agents, with headquarters at St. Paul; succeeding Mr. Mitchell, Mr Kennedy is appointed general agent at Spokane, and J. D. Koren is appointed division engineer at Spokane, in charge of engineering matters on operated lines between Ellensburg and Trout Creek, Washington, in place of A. C. Terrell, transferred.

THE appointment of Gerrit Ford, assistant general passenger-agent of the Union Pacific, to a post in the passenger department of the New York Central brings to the latter company a man who is by no means a stranger to its service. Mr. Ford was with the New York Central ten years ago, when he left it to become secretary of the Central Passenger Association at Chicago, a post which he relinquished to go with the Union Pacific. Mr. Ford will assist Vice-President Charles F. Daly, in charge of passenger traffic

SUCCEEDING Ernest Stenger, who has gone to Salt Lake City as superintendent of the Rio Grande Western, A. F. Vick Roy has been appointed superintendent of the Colorado division of the Union Pacific, being promoted from the position of assistant superintendent of the Wyoming division.

Mr. Roy has been railroading for thirty-four years, all of which time he has spent with the Union Pacific. He began as a messenger at the age of eleven, and has worked up through all the grades of operator, station-agent, despatcher, chief despatcher, and assistant superintendent to his present post.

AMONG the changes which became effective on the 1st of May on the Northern Pacific was the appointment of J. L. De Force to the newly created Pasco division. The territorial limits of the new division are from the most westerly switch at Spokane to the most easterly switch at Ellensburg, including the Sunnyside Branch. The Palouse and Lewiston and the Washington Central branches will continue to be operated as part of the Idaho division.

To take effect at the same time was the appointment of A. C. Terrell to be division engineer in charge of engineering matters on operated lines between Ellensburg and Trout Creek, in place of L. S. Oakes, who has resigned to take a position with a construction company. Mr. Oakes was appointed to the position he vacates only one month previous.

First Railroad Across the Continent.

BY C. F. CARTER.

IT is doubtful if any railroad ever built anywhere in the world has excited the interest and aroused the controversy that the system now known as the Southern and Union Pacific lines did. Across trackless desert and over almost impassable mountains the pathfinders and the builders pushed their way, spending money, human energy and strength, and life itself, but accomplishing the seemingly impossible.

Until the railroad had crossed the Rockies and the Sierras, the Union was incomplete. It was merely a geographical condition and a political theory, the railroad made it an indisputable fact. The conditions under which the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific roads were built, as well as the characters of the men who did the work, make the story of that gigantic enterprise one of unique interest.

Closely allied to the history of the Pacific roads, in many respects, is that of the Santa Fé. Its story will be told in the next number of this magazine. It is a tale of great obstacles, both natural and human, bravely overcome.

The Greatest Railroad Enterprise in the United States, if Not in the World, Begun by a Little Group of Storekeepers in Sacramento.

VIEWED through the perspective of years, the building of the first transcontinental railroad seems less a commercial enterprise stimulated by political considerations than a great melodrama in which the stage was a continent and the audience a nation. Like many another prosperous production, the first act of this episode in real life was swamped with talk and skimped in action. But thereafter the thrills came thick and fast in an ascending scale of climaxes, culminating in a grand finale which earned a world's applause.

Less than six months after the De Witt Clinton, the third locomotive built on American soil, had made its initial trip from Albany to Schenectady, when there was less than a hundred miles of railroad in the country, Judge S. W. Dexter, of Ann Arbor, Michigan, proposed, in an editorial in his paper, the *Weekly Emigrant*, of February 6, 1832, that a railroad should be built from the Great Lakes, across more than two thousand miles of unbroken, almost unexplored, wilderness, to the Pacific Ocean.

In 1838, John Plumbe, a Welsh civil engineer living at Dubuque, Iowa, took the lead by holding, in that city, the first public convention ever called to discuss ways and means of building a Pacific railroad.

Then came Asa Whitney, a New York merchant, who while on a business trip to China became filled with the idea of a railroad across the continent

as the means of securing for America the rich trade of the Orient. Returning to New York in 1840, he gave up business, and with the fanaticism of a Mad Mullah preaching a holy war devoted ten years of his life and all of his fortune to advocating the immediate building of a transcontinental railroad.

In 1845 he submitted to Congress a proposal to undertake the building of the road in consideration of a grant of land sixty miles wide for the length of the route. For the next five years he bombarded the national legislature with memorials and addresses, carrying on, at the same time, a vigorous publicity campaign. Then, when his money was all gone, he retired from the scene to eke out his remaining years on the proceeds of a small dairy in Washington.

Congress Gets Interested.

In the decade from 1850 to 1860 Congress devoted a large proportion of its time to discussion of the Pacific-railroad project. The net result of all this talk was an appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in 1853 to defray the expenses of six surveys to ascertain the most practicable route for the proposed road. An additional appropriation, later on, paid for four more surveys. There was scarcely a town or a hamlet from Canada to the Gulf and the Atlantic that was not only willing to be benefited to the exclusion of other towns by being made the terminus of a railroad built at government expense, but was also determined to see that the road was not built on any other terms.

Charleston, South Carolina; Memphis; New Orleans; Corpus Christi, Texas; Fulton, Arkansas, and Independence, Missouri, were among the insistent candidates for the terminus, backed by the Southern statesmen, who were resolved that the road should not benefit the North, whatever happened.

Meanwhile, influences more potent than secession were hastening the building of the Pacific railroad. The war with Mexico had added California to the Union. A year later the discovery of gold, followed by the rapid development of agricultural and other resources, capped, finally, by the finding of the great Comstock lode, built up sources of traffic which demanded better facilities than were afforded by a sea voyage of nineteen thousand miles. Lastly, there appeared at the proper time, as he always does, the Man.

The Man Who Made the Start.

To Theodore D. Judah belongs the credit of making the actual beginning of the first transcontinental railroad. Judah was educated at the Troy Engineering School. He was resident engineer of the Connecticut River Railroad, surveyed and built the railroad from Niagara Falls to Lewiston, and served as engineer on the Erie Canal, and on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad.

He gave up a lucrative position in 1854 to go to California to build the Sacramento Valley Railroad, the first on the Pacific coast. Twenty-two miles of that road was completed in 1856.

Judah was not only almost as much of a fanatic on the subject of a Pacific railroad as Asa Whitney, but he combined with the enthusiasm of the promoter the practical knowledge of the engineer and the executive capacity which gets things done. In the fall of 1856 he went East to raise funds for extending the Sacramento Valley Railroad from Marysville to San Francisco.

The winter of 1856-1857 he spent in Washington trying to secure a land grant for the railroad scheme. Returning to California, he took a prominent part in the railroad convention held in San Francisco September 19, 1859. He was sent as the accredited agent of this convention to Washington to lobby for the transcontinental road

His room became the headquarters for advocates of the Pacific railroad, and he himself was the recognized authority on everything relating to the subject. He was made secretary of the Pacific Railroad Committee of the House, and was accorded the privileges of the floor of both houses.

So effectively did Judah labor that he returned to California in the summer of 1860 confident of success when the new administration came in, to solve a problem which was the bugbear of timid

Congressmen. This was to find a pass through the Sierras.

Judah had no money to pay for surveys, and the business men of San Francisco had borne his expenses to Washington that he might induce other people to foot such bills, not to earn the privilege of doing it themselves. So the engineer went to his friends in the mountains.

They hadn't much to spare, but what they did have they gave freely. Dutch Flat, Illinoistown, Grass Valley, and Nevada City, among them, raised the money to buy the outfit for Judah's trip into the Sierras and the men to help him.

Mrs. Judah accompanied the party. While her husband was out with the men she caught trout for their meals. When the larder was supplied she laid aside her rod and sketched the magnificent mountain scenery. Two of her sketches were used on the stock certificates of the Central Pacific Railroad; others went to enlighten outsiders regarding California.

Finding a Way.

Judah was as successful with his transit as his wife was with rod and pencil. He found a pass by which the Sierra Nevadas could be surmounted 128 miles east of Sacramento on a maximum grade of 105 feet to the mile at a maximum cost of $150,000 a mile, a saving of 184 miles in distance and $13,500,000 in money over the route proposed by the government engineers.

Returning to Dutch Flat, he made the first profile of the new pass on the counter of his friend D. W. Strong's drug-store. Armed with this, he proceeded to Sacramento. He had been in the habit of dropping in at the hardware store of Huntington & Hopkins, No. 52 K Street, where he was always sure of finding sympathetic spirits with whom he could discuss his hobby.

Calling together C. P. Huntington and Mark Hopkins, the proprietors of the store; the Crocker brothers, dry-goods merchants down the street, and Leland Stanford, wholesale grocer, Judah told of the practicable pass he had found. They were quick to realize what it meant, and warmly urged him to go to San Francisco and raise the capital; then they would help him to form a company and take care of the profits. The uniform willingness to let some one else foot the bill for the Pacific railroad was as spontaneous and as cordial west of the Sierras as east.

A Company Organized.

Judah went to San Francisco with the profile of his practicable pass and figures showing that two hundred eight-mule teams passed over the Placerville road to Virginia City daily, and half as many over the Henness road, which traffic alone would make a very respectable local income for a railroad. But the San Francisco capitalists laughed at him.

Once more Judah traveled the dusty road to the hardware store in Sacramento. What he said when he arrived there no outsider will ever know, but it must have been very much to the point, for in June, 1861, the Central Pacific Railroad Company, with a capital of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, was organized.

Leland Stanford, who had just been elected Governor, was president of the company; C. P. Huntington, vice-president; Mark Hopkins, the other member of the hardware firm, treasurer; James Bailey, secretary, and Judah, chief engineer. The Sacramento merchants didn't object to putting their names down for fifteen thousand dollars each, or even to contributing enough actual cash to send Judah East again after the necessary capital.

In October, 1861, Judah set out for Washington once more, as agent of the Central Pacific Railroad, to secure government aid in bonds and land to build the road. He drew up a bill embodying substantially the plan upon which the road was finally built, and entrusted it to A. A. Sargent, newly elected Representative from California.

The House passed the bill May 6, 1862, the Senate June 20, and President Lincoln affixed his signature July 1. Judah was able to start back to Sacramento ten months after he left there with his object accomplished.

Even with government aid assured, the San Francisco bankers still refused

to put up the ready money needed to make a beginning. Orders had been given for plans for an office-building. Just as a final and more than usually emphatic negative had been received to the last appeal for funds the architect walked into the hardware store and with pardonable pride exhibited his designs.

Stanford Breaks Ground.

Huntington, senior partner in the hardware firm and the actual executive of the railroad company, glowered at the plans in silence. At last he blurted out:

"How much is that thing going to cost?"

"Only twelve thousand dollars."

"Twelve thousand dollars! Why, man, do you know we'll have to pay the bill ourselves? Here, I can beat that to a frazzle."

Taking up a piece of chalk, Huntington rapidly drew on a door the plans for the first general offices of the Central Pacific Railroad. The building was completed that same afternoon, at a cost of one hundred and fifty dollars. Finding that they really would have to make a beginning with their own scanty means, the Central Pacific directors decided that they would only undertake what they could pay for.

Grading was begun, January 1, 1863, when Governor Leland Stanford shoveled some sand from a cart into a mudhole at the foot of K Street, Sacramento, in the presence of the members of the Legislature, the State and city officers, and a mixed crowd which was highly amused by the idea of a bunch of local storekeepers trying to build a railroad across the continent. But once the work was begun it never stopped until it was completed.

Judah's Last Effort.

Although the Legislature authorized San Francisco, Sacramento, and Placer counties to issue bonds to a total amount of one million one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars in aid of the road, this action had no effect whatever upon the adamantine hearts of the coast capitalists. In desperation the hardware-store crowd scraped the till and managed to get together enough money to send Judah East once more—this time to try to sell their franchise.

But he caught the fever in crossing the Isthmus of Panama, and died in November, 1863. He was only thirty-seven years old, but he had laid the corner-stone of a mighty monument to himself.

Fortunately for the hardware-store crowd, the Eastern capitalists preferred government bonds to railroad securities. The only way to get back the small amount they had invested was to put in more and keep putting in more. Accepting the inevitable at last, they went at the task in dead earnest, and by a succession of miracles raised money enough to meet the pay rolls and other bills while they worked with desperate energy to finance the enterprise. Also, they took care to retain control of the situation.

U. P. Gets Under Way.

Not until September, 1866, three years and eight months from the date of beginning, did the rails reach Alta, seventy miles east of Sacramento, at an elevation of 5,625 feet. Two months later the line had been extended twenty-three miles farther, to Cisco, overcoming an elevation of 2,286 feet in that distance. The road was now in the very heart of the Sierras, only thirteen miles from the summit

By this time the Union Pacific Railroad, which had been organized to build the Eastern end of the line, stimulated by the example of the Central Pacific, was under way. Although the former did nothing for eighteen months after the latter began operations, by the time the Central Pacific was ninety-three miles into the mountains, where the maximum government subsidy was only half the cost of construction, the Union Pacific had extended its rails two hundred and forty-seven miles out on the plains, on an average grade of thirteen and a half feet to the mile, where the minimum subsidy more than paid for the road.

The Union Pacific Company had seen quite as much of trouble as the

hardware-store crowd. Under the act of 1862, the Union Pacific was duly organized, with General John A. Dix as president and T. C. Durant as vice-president. By heroic exertions the company contrived to raise money enough to pay the expenses of celebrating the breaking of ground at Omaha, December 2, 1863.

That was all that was done for many a day. Nobody wanted Union Pacific Railroad securities or land. The Mississippi and Missouri Railroad, which later became the Rock Island, had sent General G. M. Dodge out across the plains on a survey ten years before, but the company didn't think it worth while to push on beyond the Missouri River.

Neither could the Northwestern, then building across Iowa, see any money in a railroad across the lonely plains. No one would have anything to do with the Union Pacific on any terms whatsoever. The company got into such desperate straits that it was obliged to sell part of its material and cars.

No one coming to the rescue of the Pacific railroad project, Congress, in 1864, had doubled the subsidy, making the amount $16,000, $32,000, and $48,000 a mile in bonds, according to the nature of the country, and twenty sections of land per mile instead of ten. Altogether, the government aid offered lacked but $4,000,000 of the estimated cost of the road

Credit Mobilier Appears.

Congressman Oakes Ames, of Massachusetts, was asked by the administration to undertake the building of the Union Pacific. With the attraction of the increased subsidy, and by the influence of his own large wealth, he was able to finance the enterprise through the medium of a construction company—the much-discussed Crédit Mobilier. Besides the formidable financial difficulties, the physical obstacles in the way were immense.

Omaha was nearly as inaccessible as San Francisco. The nearest railroad was the Northwestern, one hundred and fifty miles to the East, and in no hurry to reach Omaha. Every pound of supplies had to be brought overland by wagon or up the Missouri River in steamboats.

As a sample of the expense of railroad-building under such circumstances it may be mentioned that ties cost two dollars and fifty cents each when they were finally in place. The workmen had so little confidence in the solvency of the concern that they demanded and received their day's pay before beginning work.

Indians as Railroad Engineers.

While the white men, who had been so ready to applaud the abstract idea of a transcontinental railroad and so reluctant to facilitate its realization, were giving the Union Pacific so much trouble the Indians rendered the company an invaluable service. This they achieved through an earnest effort to lift the scalps of General G. M. Dodge and his escort.

In the winter of 1864-1865 the Indians had declared war by way of varying the steady round of unofficial outrages, which had begun to pall upon them. General Dodge, who had made the survey for the Rock Island in 1853, was sent out to conduct the campaign against them.

Repeated efforts had failed to reveal a pass by which the road could be taken over the mountain range in southern Wyoming. General Dodge, being keenly interested in the Union Pacific survey, took advantage of every opportunity to pick up topographical points.

One day the general took an escort of six cavalrymen and, arranging to meet the main body of troops at a certain point, set out to have a look at the country. About noon he discovered a large body of Indians trying to corral him and his escort. Being a good Indian fighter, he rode hard for the nearest ridge, where there was no cover to enable the scalp-hunters to stalk him, and started along its crest toward his command, stopping occasionally to beat off the Indians whenever they became too eager.

After a long ride the little party reached the main body of the troops. The ridge upon which the Indians had herded them all afternoon had led them

down a gentle slope without a break to the plain. The pass through the mountains had been found.

One year later General Dodge returned to the spot where the ridge blended into the plains and laid out the city of Cheyenne, Wyoming. While he was at work the Indians raided a party of Mormon emigrants on the trail over which the general had just passed and killed a couple of men, thus enabling the cemetery of the new town to be started without delay.

By the beginning of 1867 the Union Pacific was in operation to a point three hundred and five miles west of Omaha. The completion of the Northwestern to Omaha, in December, 1866, opened up a line of communication which very greatly reduced the cost of supplies.

Red Men Take the Field.

The Union Pacific being now extended to a point most convenient for the Indians, all the tribes of the plains united their forces for the avowed purpose of exterminating the whites. Fifteen thousand warriors took the field, devoting especial attention to the railroad. At first they had not known what to make of the locomotive.

Soon they gathered courage to try to stop a train by stretching a lariat across the track held by thirty braves on each side. After it was all over the red man had a new grievance against his pale-faced oppressor, which he sought to redress in the usual way. A station near the scene of the disastrous hold up was raided next evening.

One man was caught before he could reach the shelter of the building. Him the Indians took to a little depression where they would be out of range of the guns of the few men in the station, staked him out on the ground, built a small fire on his breast, and then gathered about it to warm themselves and enjoy the agonies of the victim. His cries could be heard by the men in the station for several hours, but they dared not venture out in the darkness to attempt a rescue.

The Indians soon learned how to wreck trains. One night in the summer of 1867 they placed an obstruction on the track near Plum Creek, Nebraska, and ditched a freight-train. The engineer, fireman, head brakeman, and conductor were killed. The hind man, named Johnson, was shot in the back.

The bullet knocked him down, but did not render him unconscious. He had presence of mind enough not to utter a sound or move a muscle, even when an Indian seated himself astride his body and with an extremely dull knife proceeded, with great deliberation, to scalp him. This operation completed to the Indian's entire satisfaction, he stripped Johnson of everything but shirt and shoes and left him.

Next morning another train was flagged about a mile from the scene of the wreck by a hideous object which upon examination proved to be Johnson, covered from crown to sole with blood and dirt. His scalp was found where it had been dropped by the Indian in the excitement of plundering the train, but it wouldn't grow on again, although an obliging surgeon gave it every encouragement.

Everything had to be done under armed guard. The engineers laid out the line within musket-range of a strong military escort, dividing their attention between their instruments and their rifles. Even then numbers of them were killed and their stock run off by thousands.

Working Under Guard.

One party of ten men was "jumped" by Indians in Wyoming. Not being skilled in Indian fighting, they did the worst thing they possibly could have done—they undertook to conceal themselves in a clump of sage-brush some five hundred feet in diameter which was commanded by a little bluff at a distance of two hundred yards.

The sage brush afforded no protection, and simply provided a cover under which the Indians could creep up on them without risk of being seen. Whenever a white man moved or made a sound a volley of bullets would come in his direction. When darkness came three white men, the only ones left alive, crept from that sage-brush and contrived to reach safety.

The construction gangs fought off In-

dians, and wielded shovel and spike-maul between attacks. Every train was a traveling arsenal. Many were wrecked by the Indians. No one will ever know how many men were killed by Indians in building the Union Pacific. Vice-President Durant didn't like to have such things made public.

Racing for the Subsidy.

Funds being now abundant, the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific were able to enter upon a race in construction for the lion's share of the fat government subsidy. In spite of the Indians, two hundred and forty miles of track were laid by the Union Pacific in 1867. The Central Pacific was also waging a great contest, though of a totally different character, against the storm-king of the Sierras.

To build a railroad through mountains where the grade is one foot rise in each foot of distance, and where winter is an almost continuous series of snow-storms accompanied by high winds, is no trifling matter. To cross the Sierras, fifteen tunnels were driven by the expenditure of a million dollars' worth of blasting-powder, the longest being 1,659 feet. Work on the tunnels had been stopped entirely during the winter of 1865-1866.

To avoid another such delay, Engineer John R. Gilliss kept three shifts of men at work day and night on the approaches to the tunnel in the summer of 1866. One night in the autumn he stumbled over two miles of rough mountain trail and laid out the east end of tunnel number twelve by the light of a bonfire. Before midnight the men were at work.

When winter began the headings were underground, so that the work could go on uninterruptedly, though it was necessary to dig snow tunnels two hundred feet long to keep the entrances open. That winter there were forty-four snow-storms, in some of which ten feet of snow fell. As the usual temperature was about thirty-two degrees above zero, the snow was wet and heavy.

During the storms the wind blew so violently that it hid a warehouse thirty feet from the cabin of the engineers. One man was lost in going a short distance in a straight line between rock walls, and came in exhausted. In running lines outside it was necessary to dig deep cuts and tunnels in the snow to get at the original transit points. Yet the tunnel-headings met only two inches out of alignment.

All summer the Central Pacific was pushed on with a force of ten thousand men, principally Chinese, and one thousand three hundred teams. By December 1, 1867, all the tunnels were pierced, and trains were running across the summit to Truckee, one hundred and forty miles east of Sacramento

The spring of 1868 found the two companies on equal terms. While the Central Pacific had been crossing the Sierras the Union Pacific had surmounted Evans Pass, the highest point on the line, at an elevation of 8,242 feet. Both had ample funds, and both were almost equally distant from Monument Point, at the head of Great Salt Lake, the Union Pacific being 522 miles away and the Central Pacific 545 miles.

The Goal in Sight.

As soon as the weather permitted a construction campaign was begun which has never yet been equaled. From twenty thousand to twenty-five thousand men, and from five thousand to six thousand teams were employed, and from five hundred to six hundred tons of material was used daily. At one time the Central Pacific had no fewer than thirty vessels loaded with supplies at sea, on the long voyage of nineteen thousand miles from New York around the Horn to San Francisco. Twenty-five sawmills around Truckee worked up timber for the use of the Central Pacific, while a dozen mills in the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountains did a similar work for the Union Pacific.

Money was no object now. Speed, not economy, was the great desideratum. In their eagerness to earn as much as possible of the subsidy the rival companies pushed their grades ahead until they overlapped more than two hundred miles. In an attempt to get beyond Promontory Point, where there was a section of the most intricate alignment,

heaviest grades, and sharpest curves on the entire line, the Union Pacific took the work out of the contractors' hands and put on day and night shifts to finish the job in a hurry.

The result was that at the finish it cost $618,000 to move 178,000 cubic yards of material, whereas it had cost but $623,000 to move 800,000 yards under the contract system. The track-layers followed the graders as closely as the delivery of material would permit. In 1867 the Union Pacific laid 240 miles of track; in 1868, 425 miles, and to May 10, 1869, when the tracks met, 125 miles. The Central Pacific laid 94 miles through the mountains in 1867, 363 miles in 1868, and 186 miles to May 10, 1869.

An Army of Workers.

General Jack S. Casement and his brother, D. C. Casement, directed the Union Pacific forces, which were handled like an army. In fact, the force on the Union Pacific was largely composed of former army men. Operations partook somewhat of the nature of military maneuvers. The men marched to work at beat of drum, with outposts, as a precaution against surprises by Indians. As expressed in one of the popular songs of the day, it was:

> Then drill, my Paddies, drill;
> Drill, my heroes, drill;
> Drill all day,
> No sugar in your tay,
> Workin' on the U. P. Railway.

The engineers were the skirmishers, and the tie-makers, of which there were fifteen hundred employed in the mountains, were the advance-guard. The ties had to be sent to the railroad in large wagon-trains, under strong military escort. Two thousand graders prepared the line. Back of these came the tie-layers. Bridges were framed and the pieces numbered at the mills, ready to be put together immediately on reaching the front

Twenty miles back of the tie-layers were the construction trains, and still back of these half a dozen miles were the supply-trains. Cars were loaded with the proper proportion of rails, chairs, bolts, and spikes, so that there should be no delay in putting down the iron.

How the Work Was Done.

First of all was the boarding-train, of rough sleeping, kitchen, dining, and office cars, that the men might lose no time between their meals and their work. The boarding-train would be pushed up to the end of the track while a supply-train was run up behind it and unloaded. Then the boarding-train would be pulled back, to allow the material to be loaded on little dump-cars, which two horses would take to the front at a gallop.

Arriving there, four men on each side would seize the rails, run forward, and drop them in place, in an average time of thirty seconds to the rail. A gang following them would half drive eight spikes to the rail and place the bolts. A second gang drove home the spikes and put in the rest with an average of three blows of the sledge to each spike and tightened the nuts on the bolts.

Lastly came the surfacing gang, which threw in the ballast, leveled the track, and tamped the ties in place. On many a day the construction gangs of the two companies laid more miles of track than an ox team averaged in a day's travel on the old overland trail. Such performances as these attracted the attention of the newspapers in the East, which began to send their star correspondents to the front and to announce the number of miles of track laid each day, as base-ball scores are announced nowadays.

A Track-Laying Record.

All this notoriety spurred the rival construction gangs to renewed exertions and made them boastful. One day the Union Pacific laid six miles of track. The Central Pacific thereupon laid seven miles in one day. Upon hearing of this feat the Union Pacific laid seven and a half miles.

The Central Pacific authorities declared that their men could lay ten miles in one working day if they wanted to. Vice-President Durant, of the Union Pacific, offered to bet ten thousand dollars that they couldn't do it. The

money was covered, and April 29, 1869, was set as the day for the race.

A large party of distinguished guests assembled to see the bet decided. Four thousand men, trained by the discipline of four years to the precision of a machine, began their mighty task on the stroke of seven o'clock. Most of the working force was composed of Chinamen, but the Chinamen were not heavy enough to lay the rails.

Turning the Trick.

For this work there were eight stalwart Irishmen, whose names have been handed down to posterity—Michael Shay, Pat Joyce, Thomas Daly, Mike Kennedy, Fred McNamara, Ed Killeen, Mike Sullivan, and George Wyatt. They handled the rails at the rate of one minute forty-seven and a half seconds to each two hundred and forty feet.

In six hours they had laid eight miles of track, so they nailed a board with the word "Victory" on it to a stake and stopped for dinner on the boarding-train, which was now run up.

After the usual noon rest of one hour, work was resumed. At exactly 7 P.M. ten miles and two hundred feet of track had been laid. To do this required the bringing up and placing in position of 25,800 ties, 3,520 rails averaging 560 pounds each, 55,000 spikes, 7,040 plates, and 14,080 bolts, a total weight of 4,362,000 pounds.

Durant acknowledged himself ten thousand dollars poorer and returned to his own camp. Then, to prove that the job was well done, Campbell, the boarding boss, got on the locomotive and ran the heavy train back over the ten miles in forty minutes.

Ten days after this great track-laying feat, which has never been equaled, all was ready for the driving of the last spike which would unite the two roads, making a continuous line from the Missouri River to San Francisco Bay. At 12.45 P.M. on May 10, 1869, President Leland Stanford, who six years before, amid the jeers of some street loafers in Sacramento, had tossed the first shovelful of sand turned in the building of the first transcontinental railroad, drove the last spike, a golden one, in the presence of a mixed crowd of some six hundred Chinamen, Indians, Mexicans, half-breeds, army officers and their wives, Mormons, and railroad officials, and, lastly, of "The Heroine of the Central Pacific," Mrs. S. W. Strowbridge, the wife of the superintendent of construction of the Central Pacific, who was given the post of honor. She had earned her title by the enthusiastic interest she had taken in her husband's work.

But those six hundred persons were only a small part of the audience at that notable ceremony. Through connections with the telegraph-wires, the whole nation heard the strokes that drove home the last spike. Cannon boomed and bells rang out in response to those taps in every city in the land. In old Trinity Church, in New York, a Te Deum was chanted in honor of the great event.

The completion of the Pacific railroads did more than anything else to put an end to organized outlawry in the West, and to curb hostile Indians, which up to that time had cost the government one hundred thousand dollars each to kill. It developed a traffic which earned for the Central Pacific alone, in the first three months, $1,703,000. Also, the construction of the Union Pacific netted its builders the neat profit of $16,710,432, or twenty-seven per cent on the cost. Finally, it created one of the greatest scandals this country has known when the people who had lacked the nerve to invest their money in the enterprise undertook to get even with the men who had risked and won.

Rolling stock gathers no rust—if the chief of motive power knows his business.—The General Superintendent.

RUNS ON A SINGLE RAIL.

More Facts About the Car Invented by Louis Brennan, Which Balances Itself Under Almost All Conditions by Means of a Power-Driven Gyroscope.

ALTHOUGH, from the details at hand, and from the necessarily limited nature of the experiments, it is difficult to form a conclusive opinion of the possibilities of the new mono-rail system invented by Louis Brennan, the prominent British inventor, it looks on the face of it as if it might have an important effect on land transportation.

The editor of the *Engineer*, of London, recently accepted an invitation from Mr. Brennan to see his model work at his home, and gives in his paper a somewhat detailed description, which reads, in part:

Briefly stated, the model mono-railway may be said to consist of a circular section rail laid on wooden sleepers on the ground, or it may be laid on piles, as would be required on the slope of a steep hill. . . . The car is carried on two bogies, one at each end. These bogies are so pivoted that they allow the car to turn easily on curves, and also permit vertical movement. By this means it is claimed that the vehicle can run upon curves of even less radius than the length of the vehicle itself, or on crooked rails, or on rails laid on uneven ground, without any fear of derailment.

Where the Power Comes From.

Each pair of wheels is coupled, and one in each set is driven direct through gearing from electric motors carried on the bogies. The power for propulsion is derived from a number of small secondary cells placed inside the car. But by far the most interesting part of the carriage is the means adopted for maintaining equilibrium, for it must be at once apparent that the center of gravity of the car is much higher than the center of buoyancy, and consequently it is an unstable body.

To overcome this Mr. Brennan has introduced two gyroscopes, mounted on bearings, which run in a partial vacuum. These gyroscopes work in a vertical plane and run in opposite directions; they are connected together by suitable gearing, so that their peripheral velocities are equal. This arrangement overcomes the difficulty which would be experienced in turning were they not so constructed.

Special means are provided for advancing the precession of the gyroscopes and thereby causing them more quickly to return to the horizontal plane. The gyroscopes were motor-driven, and ran at a speed of from seven thousand to eight thousand revolutions. This mechanism occupies little space, and it was stated that in larger cars it will only be about five per cent the total weight of the vehicle.

Able to Carry Weight.

The model was built essentially to illustrate the value of the invention for military use, and was therefore designed with a low speed—about seven miles per hour—but with good hill-climbing capabilities. The trials, which lasted for some time, were successfully carried through. The car was loaded with weights representing twenty tons, and in order to prove its stability a weight corresponding to that of fifteen men was thrown suddenly on to the side of the car, and the side of the car on which the weight was thrown gradually rose to restore the position of equilibrium.

To show how well the car could turn, an ordinary steel rope, about five-eighths of an inch in diameter, was laid on the lawn, and around the many turns specially arranged for the purpose the little car wended its way very gracefully. It appeared to experience no difficulty in climbing gradients of 1 in 5, and on one occasion the bank was said to be 1 in 2½, however, this was shot, and the car had a "rush" at it.

But, loaded as it was, the climb up 1 in 5 was an excellent performance for so small a car. At the conclusion of the trials one gentleman, weighing nearly ten stone, was given a ride around the miniature track, and he finally crossed the wire bridge, which had a somewhat considerable span. That so small a car could take the weight it did and run so well shows that whatever be the future of this type of mono-rail there can be no question as to its success on the small line we had the pleasure of inspecting.

DUTY, AND A BROTHER.

BY MAUCHLINE MUIR.

Jim Carney Is Forced to Choose Between His Own Blood and a Train-Load of Strangers.

INSIDE the caboose it was warm as toast, for the stove was red-hot and going with all drafts open. But outside it was bitterly cold, even for Thunder Mountain and an altitude of eleven thousand feet. A fine sleet was beating down on the roofs of Number Seven's fifteen cars, and they were already coated with a thin glaze of ice that made walking precarious.

Bob Carney, the rear brakeman, shook his curly head and wished himself safe at the end of his run with the girl he had married only the week before. As he trod the roofs carefully he thought of the little bungalow they had just built and furnished at Silverspar.

His imagination, piercing the storm-riven night which closed so blackly about the train, leaped across the intervening miles to the warm, bright dining-room where Nora's sweet welcome and dainty dinner awaited him. Everything would be neat as a pin.

The snowy table-linen and the bright silverware, all of them wedding presents, would be put in service in honor of his return after a two days' absence. His heart went out in warm anticipation to the moment of that meeting which should end their first separation since their marriage.

Journeys end in lovers' meeting! Where was it he had read that? Anyway, it was true. The man who wrote it knew what he was talking about.

Laboriously the freight puffed its slow way up Thunder Mountain's two-per-cent grade. It was near the summit of the pass now, and Bob could see that the two engines were working like Trojans at the last stiff rise.

From the open doors of the furnaces, where the firemen were shoveling coal almost continually, fan-shaped shafts of light illuminated the night for a space and showed the driving storm and the edge of the abyss that yawned beside the track for a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the cañon below.

He knew the engineers could see nothing on a night like this. A spread rail or a defective culvert—he shook away the momentary dread and prepared to descend into the caboose.

But while his foot was still on the ladder he knew that something was wrong. Three puffs of steam shot up from the first engine, and three long warnings were screamed back through the storm.

The head of Yerkes, the conductor, appeared at the lookout window of the caboose.

"What's the trouble, Bob?"

But Bob was already at the nearest brake, throwing his weight against the wheel to set it. He ran from car to car, regardless of the treacherous footing, working desperately at the brakes. For the thing that had happened was fraught with disaster.

The last four cars had parted from the rest of the train and were slipping back down the steep grade. The brake-shoes ground on the turning wheels and failed to check them, though now both Yerkes and Carney were straining at the brakes with every ounce that was in them. Faster and faster whirled the wheels as the cars gathered impetus and flew along the track.

Round the first curve they swept at dizzy speed, the flanges screaming as they ground into the rails. Every moment Bob, who was clinging to the brake-

wheel of the swaying car, expected the caboose to jump the track and leap out into the black gulf beyond; but somehow the trucks kept the track, though they snapped around three curves in as many minutes.

He could feel the car dip far out over the abyss and rise again like a boat tossed by the waves. It swayed and rolled with the terrific speed, gathering momentum every second of its wild charge downward.

Bob knew they must be going a mile a minute now, and they were not halfway down. If they kept the track their speed would be something terrific by the time they reached the base of the mountain.

And then there seared across his brain remembrance of Number Two, the upbound passenger-train, which must be even now speeding toward Thunder Mountain. Unless the passenger were side-tracked or the freight jumped into the cañon, a collision was inevitable.

He loosened his grip on the brake-wheel for a moment to tug out his watch. Nine-forty he read by his lantern's flare, and Number Two was due to leave Secundo at that very time.

If the double-header freight had reached Alpine in time to wire back to Secundo before Number Two pulled out the latter could be side-tracked to make way for the runaway, but he knew there was no chance of this if the passenger had been on time at Secundo.

His brother Jim was the operator at Secundo, and Bob knew that about this time a message must be flashing to him with news of the impending disaster. There was just a chance that Number Two was late, but he knew it had been on time an hour before.

There were no more sharp curves now, and for two miles they would have a straight run along the edge of the gulch. The pace was something terrifying. The wall of air that seemed to be rushing at him blew the lantern out and almost hurled him from the top of the car.

He crouched down behind the brake-wheel and clung to it as the car was hurled forward and from side to side. He died a dozen deaths in imagination as the runaway took that straight two-mile stretch.

Bob Carney's surmise had been very near the truth. Number Two had not left Secundo five minutes when the message was flashed along the wire that four cars were tearing down the mountainside in wild flight.

"Hold and side-track Number Two," implored the operator at Alpine.

Jim Carney's heart sank when he received that message, for Number Two was already speeding through the night toward destruction. The operator at Alpine told him that the break in the train had occurred one mile short of the summit, and added that Yerkes and Bob Carney were on the cars that were tearing down the pass.

Swiftly Jim reviewed the possibilities. Between the two trains rushing toward each other were two switches. One of these was at Greycliff, the other at Mountain Gorge. Greycliff was a station eight miles beyond Secundo; the other was a side-track built along the mountain-edge, the last rails of which almost projected over the chasm of the cañon.

Fifteen seconds after he had received the message from Alpine his fingers were busy on the instrument with a call for Greycliff. Yet even as he tapped the signal he realized that it was a fifty-to-one chance against him, for there was no night operator at Greycliff, and Ferrall, the young man who served on the day-shift, had been off duty for three hours.

Ferrall lived in a room behind the station and attached to it. There was a frail chance that he might be at home and hear the call, but the slightness of this chance appalled Jim, since only two hours before Ferrall had called him up in a neighborly talk over the wires and announced that he was going down to the post-office to spend the evening with the postmaster's daughter.

Frantically the young operator gave the call, again and again, hoping against hope that he might hear the answering tap. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. The dread seconds ticked away without an answer. What should he do? What could he do?

There was one thing he might do to save the passenger-train, but the thought of it drove the blood from his heart and left him limp. He could give orders to have the switch thrown open at Moun-

tain Gorge, so as to let the freight dash into the abyss to certain destruction.

If he gave that order he condemned Bob to death—killed him just as certainly as if he fired a pistol pointblank at his head. If he did not give it, scores, perhaps hundreds, of passengers would be mangled at the fearful impact of the meeting trains.

It was Bob's life against theirs—curly-headed Bob, whose gay smile was a tonic for heartaches. It seemed only five minutes since Bob had left him, that happy look in his eyes which he had rarely seen so tender. The boy was going to meet his bride, and he made no secret of his joy. And now—Jim put his head down on his arms and groaned.

But only for an instant. He realized that he must save the passenger-train. He must see that no harm came to Number Two. That was what Bob would have told him, if he could have communicated with him, even in this deadly peril.

Jim called up Mountain Gorge and explained the situation to the operator at that point. He went over his instructions twice, so that there might be no possible mistake.

Just before reaching Mountain Gorge the track paralleled the cañon for two miles, so that the operator would have ample warning of the approach of the runaway. As soon as it was in sight he was to call up Secundo for final instructions.

If for any reason he did not hear from Carney again he was to throw open the switch and send the runaway into the cañon

Again Jim made futile efforts to get Ferrall, at Greycliff. He was as white as a corpse with the terrible anxiety that pressed on his heart. For he knew that to night he had in all probability to sentence men to death, to determine that this man should live and this other should die—and the ghastly horror of it was that he must order the death of his only brother!

The seconds fled, and meanwhile he called for Greycliff—Greycliff!—Greycliff! with a weight of wo and apprehension pressing on his heart.

Suddenly Mountain Gorge broke in on him.

"Runaway in sight!" came the message along the wires. "What shall I do?"

"Wait!" ordered Jim, and immediately made a last attempt to get Greycliff.

He knew that within sixty seconds he must give his decision to the Mountain Gorge operator, for at the rate at which the runaway must now be hurling itself down the straight descent the speed must be over a mile a minute.

But now, to his surprise and infinite relief, Ferrall's gay click made answer to his agonized appeal. Instantly he had tapped out his orders and was calling Mountain Gorge again.

"All right. Number Two side-tracked at Greycliff. Let the freight have the right of way," he wired, and then came the response:

"Number Seven just shot through here like a streak. She's going at an awful clip"

Scarce two minutes later came the message from Greycliff, "Number Two side-tracked," and almost on the heels of that an excited addendum: "Three cars of Number Seven just passed safely. They're going like the wind. Lucky they have a straight run with no grade beyond the Needles."

So far, everything had worked like a charm. The passenger had reached Greycliff in the nick of time to be side-tracked. The runaway had negotiated the worst part of the descent in safety, and if it kept to the track for the next three minutes it would begin to meet a slight up grade that would soon reduce the momentum.

It was seven miles from Greycliff to Secundo, and Jim guessed that it would take about as many minutes to cover the distance. The first three miles would be covered in record time, if no accident derailed the cars. The next two would be on a level track, with only slightly diminished speed. Then would come a final two in which the laws of momentum and gravity would be in opposition. Jim calculated that the men on the cars would bring them to a stop close to the station at Secundo by the use of the brakes, which hitherto had been powerless.

Three minutes—five—six passed, and could almost be counted by Carney's hammering heart. Seven minutes! Eight!

Jim wiped the perspiration from his face and moistened his dry lips. No condemned prisoner could have counted the seconds with a more agonized suspense.

Eight minutes and a half! Should he order out the wrecking-train? Had the runaway come to grief on the home-stretch? He clicked his watch and started for the office.

But as he did so a faint hum reached his acute hearing. He hesitated—waited with a heart of water. Surely something was approaching beyond the curve

Even as he hung on his heel the caboose loomed into sight, followed by two cars. The fourth car had been snapped off like the cracker of a whip into Dead Man's Gulch as the runaway flew around a curve.

Slowly the cars labored up the slope to the station. Two men were on top plying the brakes, and they brought them to a halt just as the caboose reached the platform. Then from the ice-coated roofs descended Yerkes and Bob Carney. Three more shaken men meet rarely, but two of them instinctively covered their emotion with a veneer of levity.

"Talk about your expresses! I guess Number Seven holds the record," laughed Bob, with white lips.

"That's right. We certainly did burn the wind for fair," agreed Yerkes huskily. "I see you got Number Two side-tracked for us. That's the first time Number Seven ever held the right of way over everything on the line."

"And I hope it will be the last. My God! It was awful! I couldn't get Ferrall till the last moment. I thought—" Jim stopped, his voice choking.

Bob put his arm around his brother's shoulders.

"It was worse for you than for us, old man. You just missed having to give orders to send us into the gulch. But it's all right now. I'll catch Seventeen and eat supper with Nora, after all."

"Thank God for that!" murmured Jim.

Bob nodded, a sudden queer lump in his throat.

CAR-COUPLING MADE EASY.

Invention of Baker to the King of Belgium Said to Be Superior to Any Coupler Now in Use.

THE royal baker of Belgium has invented an automatic coupler a great feature of which is that, unlike the automatic coupler in use on American railroads, it can be attached to the ordinary car without necessitating radical reconstruction or new equipment. M. de Vlieger, having to all intents and purposes mounted as high in the baking profession as was possible, turned his attention to invention.

Just at that time the Russian government offered a large prize for the best automatic coupler, and, among others, M. de Vlieger submitted suggestions. Before any steps could be taken, the Japanese War broke out.

By some chance four of the plans got to the hands of the Belgian government, and M. de Vlieger's was selected as the best device to be experimented with. The idea is really a double hook and eye; that is, there is a hook and an eye on each car.

The eye is really an inclined plane. The hook slides up this inclined plane at the gentlest pressure, and reaching the coupling-point, falls into a slot, where it is held by a bolt over which it automatically adjusts itself. The uncoupling is equally simple, the workman merely releasing the bolt in the eye nearest to him and pulling a chain attached to a lever, which releases the bolt in the farther eye.

A great advantage of this device is that coupling can easily be performed on curves. During the tests both couplers acted perfectly on a curve of two hundred and thirty feet radius, a sharper curve than is usually met with in railroading.

The patent, with the mechanical modifications which the invention of an unpractical man usually needs, is indorsed by the government and the principal Belgian commercial societies.

Tales of the Throttle.

BY WALTER GARDNER SEAVER.

Dreams That Have Come True—Railroad Men See Visions of Wreck, Accident, and Romance Which Later Events Confirm.

"HEY, wake up, Mike! This is no sleeping-car."

"Oh, go 'way. What do you want to bother a fellow for? There's nothing doing."

"You are making fuss enough, anyhow. What was the matter? Dreaming?"

"Yes. I dreamed that Fifteen came in on time."

"Well, you've got another dream coming, that's all."

"Dreams are funny things. But sometimes a fellow dreams straight."

"What do you know about it?"

"A good many years ago, when I was first set up, I came in off a hard run on way freight. Everything had gone wrong that day, and we managed to get laid out at every station along the division. I went home and to bed, and I had a dream that came true, exactly as I had dreamed it, nearly three years afterward."

"Well, what about it? Why don't you spiel if you have a story?"

"It was when I was on the old Cat road, when it was a narrow-gage. I dreamed that I pulled out from a division point; the place was strange to me, and I had never seen it, yet everything was as plain as it could be.

"I could even remember a box car, fifteen-ninety-two, that was standing on a siding. It was canted to one side, and had a decidedly rakish appearance, just like a fellow who has had a drop too much will cock his hat on one side

"Well, as I was saying, in my dream I pulled out from this station. It had been raining, and the soil was as black as tar and a green prairie rolled away on both sides of the road as far as I could see.

"The track was not ballasted, and the surfacing had not been any too well done. At times the track would sink in a soft place on a bank or in a cut and the mud would squirt up between the ties until the drivers looked like the wheels of a cart on a muddy road.

"I had run probably three miles, and swung around a curve on to a road crossing, and there was a wagon loaded with cotton bales stuck right across the track. I squealed for brakes and threw her over, but it was no use. We went plump into that wagon, and scattered cotton bales all over the right of way.

"The engine raised up her front end and turned over on her side. In trying to jump I slipped, and slid down the bank in a sitting posture, with the coal from the tank rattling around me and the engine plunging down after me. The grass was wet and slippery, and where there was no grass the black mud was just as bad.

Chased by the Engine.

"I remember that I saw a stump ahead of me, and I was dead sure that I was going to bring up astride of that stump, with the engine on top of me. I struggled to roll over and shift my course so that I would miss that stump, and I finally managed to steer clear of it and slide on down to the bottom, where my feet struck a sunken log, and I got up and scrambled out of the ditch.

"As I did so I looked back, and saw that the engine had brought up against

that stump, canted over to the right, and plowed a trench down the bank, with her right drivers buried to their centers. She had a bale of cotton on her pilot, her headlight was gone, and her diamond stack was bent back toward the cab at an angle of about forty-five degrees, making the old girl look as though she was half drunk and didn't care who knew it. The fireman had gone off on the left side and rolled down the dump among some cotton bales, but luckily he wasn't hurt. The rains had made the ground soft, and the black waxy soil was like a sponge.

"I climbed back up the bank just as the con came running ahead, and he wasn't at all choice in his language. He said that if I had known enough about an engine to run a water-tank pump I would have known better than to hit a wagon loaded with bales of cotton Just as though I could stop the bally old girl in her own length.

"I didn't like the way the con talked to me, and we were mixing it up, with the farmer who owned the wagon and the train-crew looking on, and it was nip and tuck between the con and me when I woke up. It was all a dream.

The Dream Locomotive.

"Now, about three years afterward I was sent down to take a run from Sulphur Springs to Fort Worth, a part of the road I had never been over. I struck the town on Number Three soon after midnight, and went to bed. In the morning I reported to the division master mechanic, and he showed me the engine I was to handle.

"It was the very engine I had seen in my dream three years before! I wondered for some time where I had seen her before, and then my dream came back to me. Everything was exactly as I had seen it in my sleep—the gage with the picture of a woman's head pasted on it, the lockers painted green, a hole in the fireman's cushion—all natural as life.

"The division master mechanic said that he was short of enginemen, but that as I was to pull way freight, he couldn't spare a man to pilot me. I would have to use the fireman for that, but he knew every foot of the division.

"As we pulled out I saw that box car just as I had seen it, with the number fifteen-ninety-two looming up like a lighthouse in a fog. The fireman told me that I could take her by the neck and let her go until we passed the first road crossing, when we would strike a small hill and I would have to open her up a little more.

"As we pulled out I recognized the country as seen in my dream. The track swung around a rolling hill, just in the same manner, and somehow I knew that when we had rounded that hill there would be a road crossing.

"Well, it all happened according to schedule. There was the wagon, and I hit it plump amidships. The engine lifted her pilot and climbed the rails.

"I went off, landed hard in a sitting position, and slipped down the bank toward that stump, that loomed up just as I had seen it. I made the same desperate efforts to steer clear of it, and the whole thing passed off, even to the scrap with the con, just as I had dreamed it three years before.

"Of course, I was brought up on the carpet, but the fact that I was running down-hill on a curve and could not see the crossing until too late to stop was taken into consideration, and I got off. The engine had to be stopped, but they sent me out on another one."

"I say, boys," said Marsh, "I am not superstitious, as you all know, but I believe there is something in dreams, after all. I have never had any experience myself in that line, so I can't speak by the card. I was told a story of Dan Finn, who used to run engine nine on the St. Joseph and Grand Island.

The Woman in the Buggy.

"Dan was a good runner, but reckless as they make 'em. He would have run an engine through Hades if some one had laid a track.

"Dan had an attack of the grip, and was laid up for some time, and while he was recovering he had a dream one night that took such a strong hold on him that he told Charlie Norris, who told the story to me.

"Dan dreamed that he was coming east, pulling Number Two, when, just out

of Hiawatha, Kansas, he saw a woman in a buggy approaching a road crossing half a mile east of the town, but less than a quarter of a mile from him. She was driving a white horse in a top-buggy, the top being thrown back.

"He whistled, as usual, for the crossing, and had no thought but that the woman would stop until the train had passed, but instead of that she drove deliberately on to the crossing. He slammed on the air and threw her over, but it was too late.

"His pilot caught the buggy square between the wheels, and as he threw the engine over the left side-rod snapped, and the broken end swung around and stripped the whole left side of the cab down to the deck. The fireman had crossed over to the right side, and was standing in the gangway, leaning out and looking ahead, or it would surely have killed him.

"As it was, no one was hurt. The engine stopped, and Dan and the fireman got down and went back to see what had become of the buggy and the woman, but they could find no trace of horse, buggy, or woman, though when Dan slammed on the air they were very plain.

And There She Was.

"Dan disconnected the broken side-rod, and came into St. Joseph working his right side. He was called up on the carpet, and was given a ten days' lay-off. Then he woke up, and found that he was at home in bed, and that he had not been on the road for two weeks.

"A year after that Dan was coming east on Number Two, and at the crossing the woman and the buggy appeared, as in his dream. He slammed on the air, the side-rod snapped, and everything happened exactly as it had occurred in his dream except that the rig was there, all right.

"The buggy was smashed into kindling-wood, the horse was tossed clear off the right of way with hardly a scratch, and the woman sailed through the air and landed in the mud and water of the borrow-pit unhurt. Dan got his little lay off, too, just as he had dreamed it

"When Will Dempsey was running an engine on the Kansas City, St. Joseph and Council Bluffs, before the big Burlington strike, he was hauling freight between St. Joseph and Council Bluffs. Dempsey was a quiet kind of a chap, never had much to say, but he was a good engineman, and the trinity in his religion was his wife, the Brotherhood, and his engine.

What Dempsey's Wife Saw.

"One night Dempsey's wife dreamed that she saw him on his engine, pulling a long string of freight-cars, swinging around the nose of a hill. The night was very dark, and she could just catch a glimpse of Dempsey leaning out of his cab-window smoking his pipe. Suddenly she saw him start up and lean forward, and then she heard the hiss of the air, as he slammed it on, and heard the grinding of the wheels as the brake-shoes bit into the tires.

"Then she saw another headlight swinging around the curve, and an instant later there was a crash. She saw the two engines come together, rear up, and Dempsey's engine try to climb over the other one. She saw him jump and strike the bank and roll down into the darkness, but she couldn't see whether he was hurt or not.

"So vivid was the impression the dream made on her that she begged him not to go out on his run that night, but to ask Rowley, the master mechanic, to send one of the extras out in his place. Dempsey refused for a time, but so persistent was his wife that her dream began to make some impression on him, and he finally told her that he would try to get some one to take his run, though what reason he could give for wanting to lay over he couldn't imagine.

"His wife said to tell Mr. Rowley that she was not well and had begged him to stay at home with her. He finally consented to do as she asked, and when he got to the roundhouse he went to the master mechanic's office and asked to have a[illegible]ute sent on his run.

"But for some reason there were no extra enginemen available at the time, and the master mechanic told him that he was sorry, but that he would have to

take that run out unless his wife was very low. His wife was inconsolable, but there was no help for it.

On the Way Back.

"On the up trip nothing happened out of the ordinary, and when he pulled into Council Bluffs in the gray light of early morning he hustled over to the depot and wired his wife that he was all right. Then he went to the hotel and to sleep.

"That evening he pulled out on the return trip with a long string of boxes, all through freight for St. Joseph, Kansas City, and St. Louis. Considerable of it was California stuff off the Union Pacific and carded for fast time. The only stops that he had to make were for water, coal, and orders.

"All went smoothly as a maiden's dream of love until he pulled out from Nebraska City with orders to run to Forbes, where he would meet and pass Number Twenty-Four, north-bound through freight, which had orders to make Forbes and get in on the siding in the clear against Number Twenty-Three, which was Dempsey's train.

"Dempsey was sending them along in good style. His engine was working well, though he had her down in the corner and his train was a heavy one. As he was swinging around the nose of a hill a few miles north of Forbes he heard the whistle of another engine as it sounded for a road crossing.

"He straightened up and slammed on the air just as the headlight of another engine swung around the curve full at him. Dempsey did not wait to see what was coming; he yelled to his fireman and went out on the right side.

"Down the bank he rolled, through stones, briers, and brush, finally bringing up against a stump at the bottom of the hill. As he was flying down the hill, vainly trying to get his feet under him, he heard the crash as the two engines came together.

Came Togeth[illegible]d.

"When his acrobatic performance was finally checked by a stump he rose and felt himself all over, only to find that while he was bruised and skinned up somewhat, he was not seriously injured. He climbed back up the bank, only to find the two engines hidden in a cloud of steam. This finally cleared away, and he climbed into the cab of his engine and lighted a torch.

"Then he got down to look into the condition of the machine. He found that the two engines had locked horns. His engine, being somewhat lighter than the other, had reared up more, and the two were jammed into each other until the flue-sheets almost touched. The tanks of both engines had jammed up against the boiler-heads, and both were a sight to see.

"A closer examination showed that neither of the cylinder-saddles was injured, and that, while both locomotives would have to go into the back shop, the damage was not as serious as one would naturally expect from the force with which they had come together.

"Neither of the crews of the engines was injured, but the wreck was so bad that the wrecking-crew would have to be called to clear it. Flags had been put out both ways, and one of the brakemen was sent to Forbes with instructions to report the wreck. Dempsey sent a message by him to be wired to his wife that he was all right, as he knew that she would hear of the wreck and would be in a terrible state of mind until she heard from him.

Merrill's Vision of Disaster.

"As near as could be learned, the operator at Forbes had gone to sleep, or for some other reason had failed to show the red light for orders, and Number Twenty-Four had pounded on until she met Twenty-Three.

"In 1883, Frank Merrill, who had been a freight conductor on the Hannibal and St. Joseph, running between St. Joseph and Brookfield, was laid off owing to a reduction in the number of trains, and for some months seemed to be unable to get a run. He had grown somewhat despondent, though there was nothing against him on the records of the company. It was simply a case of too many men for the work to be done.

"One evening there was a social gath-

ering at his residence on South Eleventh Street, and while the younger folks were enjoying themselves with games in the parlor some of the older members of the party gathered in the sitting-room, and the conversation turned on dreams. Several told of their experiences or those of their friends with dreams, and of the outcome thereof.

"Frank said that he had had a dream a night or two before which, he confessed, had worried him somewhat. Being pressed to tell it, he stated that he had, in his dream, received a message from the trainmaster that there was no immediate prospect of a train for him, but that he would send him out braking for the time being, and as soon as opportunity offered he would give him a train.

The Disaster Comes.

"He said that in his dream he had decided to accept the offer, and went out of St. Joseph one evening as hind brakeman on through freight. While setting out some cars at Cameron Junction for the Rock Island he saw himself slip from the end ladder and fall beneath the wheels, and he afterward saw his own funeral.

"His recital of his dream and the vivid impression it had made on him had an effect on his audience, and they tried to laugh it off by assuring him that dreams always went by contraries. But, try as he would, Frank could not rid himself of the impression that he would go to his death if he made that run, and he seemed to feel that it was written in the stars that he was going to be killed.

"Some two months later Frank got the offer to take a run as hind brakeman, and as he had been out of employment so long, it was up to him to take the goods the gods provided and leave the outcome on the knees of fate. He went out on his run, and at Cameron Junction he slipped and fell, but did not go under the wheels; instead, he swung clear and rolled down the bank.

"He scrambled back to the train, and remarked to the con that he had had a close shave. He finished his run without accident, but on the return trip his train had to head in on a siding at Osborne to let the passenger-train by.

"He was some two or three cars ahead of the caboose, and in climbing down the ladder to drop and close the switch behind the train his foot caught, and he fell under the wheels. The passenger-train brought his body to St. Joseph, and the arrangement of the funeral was just as he had described it in the dream that he had had some months before. His brother-in-law, 'Ras Robinson, was the first to receive the news of his death as foreshadowed in his dream.

"A story is told of Bob Craig, who was running an engine on the old North Missouri, afterward the Wabash. Bob was running between St. Joseph and R. and L. Junction.

"One night Bob dreamed that he got orders to pull a private car of the general manager over the division, running special. He had been told to haul 'em for all that was out, and was going about as fast as he could turn a wheel when, just as he was pulling out of Lawson, a top-buggy drove across the track in front of him and too close for him to slow down. He hit it fair, and knocked the buggy as high as his headlight. Then it dropped into a ditch filled with water at the side of the track.

"He slowed down, stopped, and ran back to the spot just as a girl some eighteen or nineteen years of age scrambled out of the wrecked buggy and waded ashore. He took her on the engine, and they backed up to the depot at Lawson, where she was taken care of. Beyond a wetting, she was not injured, and was inclined to make light of the accident.

Watching for Him.

"After that she seemed to know when Bob was due at Lawson, and would make excuses to be at the depot as his train came in, and as the dream went on he finally proposed and was accepted. She was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, well educated, and the newly married pair set up housekeeping in St. Joseph.

"Bob's dream showed the cottage they occupied and its location. He took occasion one day to go to the place where he had seen the cottage in his dream, but there was nothing but a vacant lot.

"Nearly a year afterward he got an order to take the general manager's car at R. and L. Junction and run special to St. Joseph. It was in the spring, and the borrow pits were full of water from the spring thaws and the rains, and the mud was ankle-deep on all the country roads.

"Frank didn't think of his dream until he whistled for Lawson. Then he dimly wondered if there was such a thing as that dream coming true.

Just as in the Dream.

"After getting orders at Lawson to run to St. Joseph regardless, the general manager told him to go as fast as he could turn 'em, and as Bob swung up on his engine he thought again of the dream. Just as he was getting out of Lawson and the old girl was getting her feet under her, a top-buggy, drawn by a gray horse, appeared on the track less than a hundred feet ahead. The top was up, and he couldn't see the occupants of the buggy.

"An instant later he struck the vehicle and knocked it into the air, and it fell into the borrow-pit with a splash. It dropped on the left side of the track, but he couldn't see what had happened as he swept by the spot.

"He shut off and backed down to the spot just as a very handsome girl crawled out from under the shattered buggy-top and started to wade toward the bank through the mud and water. Bob swung down and helped her to shore, then lifted her on to the engine and backed down to the depot.

"Here the station-master's wife happened to be present, and he turned the girl over to her. She soon reported that beyond a wetting and a considerable nervous shock, the girl was not injured, and the girl herself came out to thank Bob for his assistance.

"The general manager was a little sore over the accident and the delay, but it was one of those things that couldn't be avoided, so he let Bob off by telling him that he hoped he wouldn't pick up any more top-buggies on the way up.

"On his next trip down, as his engine rolled up to the depot at Lawson, Bob saw, among a number of other girls, the one that he had capsized in the buggy. He was formally introduced, and learned that her name was Jeannette Wilson. The time for visiting was very short, as the orders were received all to quickly. Generally he would fume at the delay, but this time he wished that the despatcher had not been so speedy.

"The girl soon learned when Bob and his engine were to be expected, and usually found some pretext to be at the station with the other girls. At that time the arrival and departure of trains from the depot was one of the events in that little town, and the young people had got into the habit of forming a sort of reception committee at train time.

"Bob had only time for a word or two while the train was waiting, but before long the girl discovered just about where the engine stopped. I imagine that Bob was not altogether guiltless, either, of stopping his engine so that the cab would be opposite where she was standing.

"Bob was getting more and more interested, and one day he concluded that he needed a rest and a visit to the country, so he asked for a week's lay-off, and got it. He went down to Lawson on the train pulled by his own engine, and when he stepped down from the smoking-car he saw the girl standing there looking very much disappointed over seeing a strange face at the right window of the cab

"He walked forward and spoke to her just as the con gave the go-ahead signal. The girl looked at him and then at the moving train, and said:

"'Why, you will get left!'

"He told her that he had a week's lay-off and had come down there to enjoy a week in the country. He walked up-town with her, and when they parted in front of the hotel entrance they had made an engagement to meet later in the evening.

And Lived Happily Ever After.

"During the week Bob became acquainted with all the young people in the town, and hardly an evening passed that he was not at a gathering of some sort, at one house or another, and Jeannette was always present.

"The result was the usual one. When Bob's time was up and he went back to St. Joseph to take his run Jeannette was his fiancée, and he had secured the consent of her parents.

"From that time on Bob began to think about finding a house and furnishing it. When the day was finally set he went to Syl Read, a real-estate agent in St. Joseph, and told him that he wanted to rent a cottage in South St. Joseph that would not be too far from the North Missouri roundhouse. Syl told him that he had a new cottage, just finished, on Sacramento Street, and for him to go and look at it and see if he thought it would suit.

"Bob went down to Sacramento Street, and at the number indicated found a neat brick cottage, the very counterpart of the one that he had seen in his dream. He rented the cottage, furnished it neatly, and then secured another lay-off, which he spent at Lawson.

"When he left, Mrs. Craig was with him, and after a trip to St. Louis they returned to St. Joseph and settled down in the little cottage on Sacramento Street, where they continued to live until Bob was sent up higher and his new position took him out of St. Joseph.

Didn't Even Know They Were Out.

"Frank McCully, general baggage-agent at the St. Joseph Union Depot, came into the baggage-room one morning and said that he had dreamed that a special—the pay-train—on which were Mike Hohl, the superintendent; Merriam, the paymaster; Brown, Hohl's chief clerk, and some others, had met a freight train in a head-on collision, and that the engineer of the pay-train was killed and the paymaster hurt, remarking that it was funny that he should happen to have dreamed of them, for, as far as he knew, they were not out on the line at all.

"About eleven o'clock word came to the depot that the pay train had met a freight at Rushville, piling into the freight-train just as it was backing in on the siding; that the engineer of the pay-train, after plugging his engine, had attempted to escape by jumping, but had been caught between the tank and the engine and killed. When Number Two pulled in from Kansas City the paymaster was assisted from the train, having been pretty badly bruised.

"Frank was not superstitious, but this dream had considerable effect on him, and he spoke of it several times afterward to the boys in the baggage-room.

"At another time he dreamed that a piece of baggage had gone astray, and that after considerable effort to locate it had been made, it was found at the St. Louis Union Depot, where it had been checked instead of having been checked through to destination. The person checking it had a ticket that read to St Louis only, and the baggage was checked there, the owner being informed that he would have to recheck from St. Louis.

"Some time after, the matter came up just as he had dreamed. A check was presented at Chicago, and the baggage was not there. A considerable storm arose over the matter, and the baggage was traced by its check number to St. Louis.

"Then the circumstance that the owner could not find his pass from St. Louis to Chicago at the time of checking the baggage came up, and the boys remembered the instructions given to the owner that he must recheck at St. Louis. It was all the fault of the owner of the baggage, and the owner knew it, but he preferred to throw the blame on the railroad boys if he could."

If you have a hard hill to climb you will never get to the top by sitting in the shade of your engine and telling your firemen how hard life is.—The Master Mechanic.

EAST AND WEST.

BY GEORGE ALLAN ENGLAND.

Author of "At the Eleventh Hour," "Vengeance Is Mine," "Fire Fight Fire," Etc.

The Desert Takes a Hand in the Game and Plays Its Trumps of Heat and Thirst and Loneliness.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

LINWOOD SIMMONS and Slocum Jewett buy what purports to be a map of a lost mine in the Cañon de la Luz, New Mexico, and try to find the treasure, under the direction of Zuñi Joe, an old Indian. They fail, but Simmons picks up a piece of black rock and brings it back to New York with him, where they go to work again in the office of Long & Dresser. Jean Evans, a friend of Simmons, sees the black rock in the latter's room, and takes it to a mineralogical friend to have it analyzed.

It turns out to be fifty per cent manganese. He tells Simmons and Jewett, and the latter steals off to make a deal with the Armor Plate Trust. They refuse to buy, but arrange to have him shadowed, so as to discover the location of the deposit. Simmons and Evans suspect that Jewett is trying to sell them out, and hastily gathering what money they can, they set out for New Mexico, although Simmons has forgotten the exact location of the mine. Meanwhile, Jewett stays late at the office of Long & Dresser, and cracks the safe. Then he leaves for the West, followed by the Armor Plate detectives.

Simmons and Evans are arrested at La Junta, Colorado, on a charge of robbing Long & Dresser. Simmons breaks loose and hides in an empty freight car in the yards. That night Hamlin, the president of the Armor Plate, and E. K. Baker, the prospector and mineralogical expert, determine to accompany Blackerton, the detective, to New Mexico to assist in trailing Jewett, who is to be allowed his freedom until he reaches the manganese. Jewett reaches San Marcial, the nearest station to Cañon de la Luz, and finds Zuñi Joe lying with his granddaughter. Simmons, meanwhile, is in a freight car, traveling toward Denver, as he learns from a tramp who boards the train. He changes clothes with the latter, leaves the freight at the first stop, and gets on the blind baggage of the Mountain Limited. Then he learns that he left all his money in the coat which he gave the tramp. Hamlin, Baker, and Blackerton reach San Marcial on the same train as does Simmons. That evening, Hamlin amuses the populace by gambling in the "Jackass." Simmons, penniless, begs some one to stake him, and Pete, a teamster, complies. He wins four dollars, and Hamlin, angered at his appearance, bets four hundred dollars to the tramp's four. The tramp wins. In the uproar that follows he escapes, and goes to Pete's room. There he tells his story, and Pete tells him that Jewett is already in San Marcial, and that Hamlin and his crowd are apparently on the same errand, and have hired him as guide. They determine to beat Jewett to the manganese and start on their journey the day after the other has set out for the cañon with Zuñi Joe and his granddaughter.

CHAPTER XV.

The Spider-Web Completed.

PURPLE with ill-suppressed rage, almost apoplectic, the Hon. Franklin Hamlin was escorted back to the Independence House, hedged from the jostling and curious throng by Blackerton and E. K. Baker. Once the three New Yorkers were secluded in the magnate's room behind closed doors the flood-gates of wrath were opened, and the torrent deluged Hamlin's two escorts.

"Fools! Idiots! Pap-headed, driveling lunatics, to get me into a row like that! Me—me, head of the Armor Plate! Why—why, babies wouldn't have bungled so! You get me out here—"

"Excuse *me*," protested Blackerton, "but you invited yourself to come!"

"*What!* You dispute me? You ar-

Began in the May Railroad Man's Magazine. Single copies, 10 cents.

gue?" He shook a ham-like fist under Blackerton's nose. "I tell you, you've botched the whole business, you and your smart detectives, your deputies, an' all the rest of 'em!

"How about that arrest you had made at La Junta so as to keep suspicion off the real man we're after? One of 'em escaped like *that* [he snapped his fat fingers]—ran away right under the very nose of that clever man of yours!

"And now *this!* This tumult, this publicity! Worse still, somebody firin' at me! Just think o' that, will you? Somebody actually firing—at—*me!*"

Hamlin swelled up like a toad with mingled pride and fury.

"Worst of all, the very man we're after has already started for the claim, wherever it is, I understand, and we've got nobody trailing him! What kind of a detective d'you call yourself, I'd like to know? A tin one, I guess! You're a beaut, Blackerton, that's what!"

The Honorable Person seemed to lose something of his refined manner under the stress of emotion. Blackerton, on the contrary, remained cool, with just the faintest suspicion of a smile on his bearded lips.

"I thank you," he said simply. "I now put this campaign into your hands—your own hands, understand. No doubt you've got it all thought out and will bring it to a successful conclusion. I have the honor to bid you good-by."

His words were courteous, but something glinted in his eye that took the wind out of Hamlin's sails on the instant. Blackerton had no more than reached the door, hat in hand, than Baker's grasp on his arm detained him.

"Come on back here and don't be a fool!" whispered Baker eagerly. "You know the old man well enough not to huff up. He's not responsible. Forget it! Come on back and talk things over."

Even the polished E. K. Baker spoke the vernacular when necessary, it seemed.

Blackerton smiled suddenly, tossed his hat upon a chair, and came back to where Hamlin was standing.

"See here," said he to the obese one. "You just listen to me about half a minute, and then, if you've got any complaint coming, why, I'll be ready to hear it. Listen, now!"

The magnate, sobered by the thought of possibly losing Blackerton's help, without which he felt that all would be lost, made no answer, but sat down on a stiff-backed chair, which creaked formidably under his weight. The other two sat down also, Blackerton drawing up his chair to the shaky little table, on which lay some cheap blue-lined stationery.

"Listen! Your idea, probably, would have been to keep close watch on this Jewett fellow here, trail him out across the plains or wherever he's going, find out his secret, and then make a dash to get hold of the property ahead of him. If you'll pardon my saying so, that's a good average non-professional way of going at the case.

"My plan, however, isn't that way at all. I always make men hang themselves—make 'em do all the work for me, take all the risk and bother, and then, just at the last minute, I simply step in and politely separate them from the thing I want, whatever it is. And it can be done, too, nine cases out of ten, with and by the aid of the law.

"You know as well as I do that the law as it stands to-day is nothing but a net that catches the little fish, while the big ones break through. All right, then; now observe the beauty of my plan, as opposed to the crudity of yours, that you're blaming me for not following up."

Blackerton leaned forward over the table, tapping it with his forefinger to emphasize his remarks.

"I've been talking with a young man here, one Peter Swett by name. This Peter, it seems, is a guide, or something of that sort. He's the man that drove Jewett out to the Indian's place the first day Jewett arrived in town. From his story of the conversation at the Indian's, which he told in the bar, and which my 'drummer' overheard, I got my first regular grip on the situation out here.

"Now, then, this Pete has come over to our side of the game, and is going to play against Jewett for all he is worth. Ten dollars, or maybe twenty, will fix him.

"I've learned from him that Jewett and his Indian friend are starting tomorrow on their little prospecting jaunt. Now, don't interrupt or get nervous.

Everything's all right. They go out there through that baking hell, fifty or sixty miles; nearly die of thirst and misery and all that; they find the place; they come back, ditto.

"What do we do? Oh, we loaf around here, eat, drink, and be merry, run a few jack-rabbits to divert suspicion and in general make ourselves comfortable, that's all."

"But—" interrupted Hamlin, while Baker rubbed his chin nervously.

"And in the end we scoop the prize, which I don't doubt may very likely be worth a number of millions. You get the manganese; I pull down my fee of five thou. We're happy all around—all but Jewett. *He*, very likely, blows his brains out, and if he doesn't he'll have ten years waiting him to serve at Sing Sing for that little touch on Long & Dresser.

"Remember, he was probably counting on making good in this deal to get clear in that one, but he won't make good, I can assure you. We're going to let him bring the prize in, and then take it away from him. After which we hand him over to the authorities. Justice must be done!"

Blackerton laughed satirically, a laugh in which the listeners joined.

"Here's how we relieve the baby of its candy. This Jewett finds the place. He comes back with it all mapped out; he wants to get possession of it. What must he do? Can't buy it at any figure, since it's all Indian land, part of the Mescalero Reservation.

"Well, then, he's got to lease it. From whom? The Zuñi-Apache remnant, represented by the agent at Fort Craig. Garvin, his name is—Dennis Garvin. I've found out that he's afflicted with a chronic itch of the palm. I'll tickle it with something long and green. All right; what happens?

"This, that in case anybody inside of the next month comes to him to lease any Indian land he'll hold the lease up till we have a private little look at everything connected with it in any way. A little overbidding and it is ours.

"Still further, if by any possibility such a lease gets past Garvin we'll also instruct Mr. Ebenezer Quick, the registrar, not to enter any lease until he's consulted us. If you can see any loophole for an arrangement like that to fail I'm waiting to be shown."

Blackerton clenched his point by a thump on the table. His listeners started, Baker laughed a short, dry laugh, and Hamlin guffawed outright.

"By George, Blackerton," exclaimed Hamlin, leaning forward and clapping the detective on the shoulder, "you're certainly a good one—a foxy old dog! Just forget what I said a minute ago, will you? I really didn't mean it—temper got away with me. Nasty temper I've got; must admit it."

"It's all right," Blackerton assured him. "I understand. Let's not mention it again. Now, then, with your permission I'll just write a word to Garvin. We can send it down first thing in the morning. Then I'll see Quick myself, and after that—jack-rabbits for a change, eh?"

He pulled out his silver-mounted stylograph, and taking a piece of the cheap stationery, wrote a little hint to Garvin in this wise:

INDEPENDENCE HOUSE, SAN MARCIAL,
September 13, 1906.

Dennis Garvin, Esq.,
Indian Agent, Fort Craig:

DEAR SIR,—This is to call your attention to a certain matter in regard to some possibly forthcoming lease or leases of Indian land held at your discretion in trust for the Zuñi-Apaches of the Mescalero Reservation.

In case any claim for a lease is presented to you within one month from date, kindly hold the matter under advisement until you see me, which should be immediately after the presentation of such claim. This, of course, does not apply in case the claim is entered by any of the following persons: E. K. Baker, Hon. Franklin Hamlin, or Peter Swett (whom you know).

I need not point out to you the desirability of keeping this instruction private. This letter had best be destroyed after reading. Any indiscretion on your part might result unpleasantly to you in your official capacity. I am, as you know, not without influence with the administration.

In case you see fit to comply with these simple suggestions I can assure you of a very substantial evidence of my satisfaction. Yours, etc.,

G. AUGUSTUS BLACKERTON.

When this was blotted the detective folded a ten dollar bill in it, placed it in an envelope, and sealed and addressed it with care. Then he looked up with a short laugh.

"The web's spun," he said. "We sit at the middle, feeling every strand. Now all we've got to do is wait—for the fly."

At the same moment Sim and Pete—the very same Pete on whom Blackerton was so confidently depending — were riding eastward from the Rio Grande, trailing Jewett and the Indian, working on their own account for the incalculable wealth which by right belonged to Sim.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Plunge Into the Abyss.

SLOCUM JEWETT and his little party, having eaten their simple breakfast, cooked over an oil-stove, took up the dreary march toward the Cañon de la Luz. On either hand stretched the interminable perspective of the desert, like a baked and petrified ocean-floor whence all the water has receded.

There was no sign of life, save an occasional buffalo-skull half buried in the dust, a skulking coyote, or far above them in the upper air a tiny speck of a buzzard sweeping in wide, slow circles. Jewett, watching one of these, shuddered at the silently ominous threat of its lazy assurance.

The morning gained apace, and the heat with it; still they rode on and on toward the east. They had little speech together, for something in the infinitude of death all about them rendered difficult any but the most necessary remarks; it was as though the hand of nature had been laid upon their lips, commanding silence.

All the morning they rode thus, for the most part at a slow trot, the mountains, apparently, receding as they advanced. They had their dinner on the open plain, sitting on the parched ground with tin plates in their hands.

The food seemed execrable to Jewett, but Joe and Floritas enjoyed it well. Canned fruit and the like were almost unknown delicacies to these simple folk. Jewett had to smile as the patriarch drained his plate of pear-juice with prolonged gurglings

After having fed the animals with a little baled hay, the men smoked, Floritas washed the dishes with a little of the precious water from the cask, and soon they were once more traveling.

Toward mid afternoon they seemed to be gaining a little on the retreating mountains. By five o'clock they had come into the rolling country at the base of the range, and by camping-time they were well into the pass between the Mesa del Socorro and the southern range. Here they stopped for the night, dog-tired.

Immediately after supper they turned in, Floritas disappearing in the prairie-schooner, while the two men rolled themselves in blankets and lay on the ground near the picketed animals. The Indian slept soundly, with deep, regular breathing, but Jewett did not fare so well.

He was restless and excited, fretting over the slow progress of the expedition, filling his brain with wild imagining of wealth. Thoughts of the girl, too, disturbed him, in spite of resolute efforts to exclude them. The great calm desert, the towering mesa, the peaceful stars, brought him no peace. It was not till long after midnight that sheer exhaustion drugged him into a troubled unconsciousness

He was awake again before daylight, hastening preparations for departure. He was tired, and in an exceedingly bad humor. He ached in every atom from the unaccustomed riding; for some reason, this trip was taking hold on him harder than the other had done, six years before, when he had been younger, stronger, less covetous, and when the journey had been made on foot by easy stages, with the relieving savor of good-comradeship.

That trip had been an outing; this was drudgery. Jewett cursed the cañon roundly for being so horribly out of the world, and figured out for the twentieth time exactly how many miles remained to travel before reaching its western-most extremity.

During the forenoon they got through the Osuros, found the water-holes and replenished their supply with brackish

and saline water, and then crossed the bed of an old lava-flow which Jewett recalled well from the other expedition. At Floritas's instance the dog was untied and unmuzzled; the animal, however, did not run at large, but slunk along under the wagon, as though in fear.

Thus they proceeded, still in silence, Jewett thinking only of the fortune which success in the undertaking would bring him, the old man nodding on the wagon-seat, dreaming of his own past and of his daughter's future—a brilliant future, as it seemed to him, sharing the education, customs, and life of the white men—and beside him Floritas, bright-eyed, full of life and hope and the thoughts of youth.

The weary day dragged to its noon, and over the painted desert the sun of brass began to sag in its westering course. The way was growing rough now. Gullies and little arroyos began to make their appearance, showing the nearness of the great cañon itself. Jewett's impatience was hourly increasing. As he drew near the prize he began to entertain all manner of doubts and fears.

Was the exact place really to be found? And if found, would the deposit still exist as he remembered it? Again, what if, after all this time and labor and expense, some one should interfere to block his plans or rob him of his reward?

He fidgeted uneasily in the saddle, scanned the desert anxiously, shading his eyes with a thin hand, and looked back repeatedly to assure himself that he was not being followed.

This scrutiny served but to make him the more alarmed, for once as he gazed backward at the now distant mountains he fancied he perceived two moving dots against the skyline. He rubbed his eyes and looked again; the dots had disappeared, blending into the richly colored background. He told himself his vision was playing tricks with him and tried to forget the incident, but could not.

"*Más aprisa!*" he commanded. "Faster!" riding close beside the wagon. Joe only grunted, but Floritas, with a gleaming smile, cracked her blacksnake whip about the mules' ears, and for a while the cavalcade went forward at a round trot.

It was difficult, however, to make haste, so broken was the ground. By Joe's advice they veered toward the northeast, to keep away from the arroyos, which were now frequent and of increasing depth. The old man, though dim of sight, knew the country with minute accuracy, and asked Floritas occasional questions as to what she saw.

He counted, evidently, on flanking the cañon until opposite the desired spot; then he intended to swing southward and come in at right angles, parallel to the deep gullies which debouched into it.

Jewett, who remembered the cañon only as he had entered it from the western extremity and as he had ascended its bed, wondered at these tactics, but said nothing. His failure or success lay in the patriarch's hands, and he understood the prime necessity of entrusting everything to him.

Quite suddenly, toward mid afternoon, Joe said something to his granddaughter, who altered the course to a southeasterly direction, and a little later still farther toward the south. Thus they went on for half an hour.

Then, with a curious intermingling of fear and exultation, Jewett noticed far ahead a strange rift in the desert, at right angles to their course, a vast, wide nothingness that was opening out before them as though the earth had yawned apart in a titanic smile, huge, sinister, terrifying.

There dawned on him a feeling of such awe, such insignificance, at sight of this tremendous gaping void, that for a moment even his ceaseless money-scheming was silenced and he drew rein, wondering like any other mortal at the monstrous apparition of the Cañon de la Luz

The wagon stopped; Floritas and the old man got out. Jewett dismounted from his mustang

"Picket here. Good place," said Joe, and presently the animals were tethered. The dog, as though in alarm, curled up under the wagon, the loose canvas top of which was flapping idly in the hot desert breeze.

The two men and the girl advanced on foot toward the lip of the great sinister smile. Jewett's heart was beginning to pound at thought of actually being about

to see once more the object of all his dreams and hopes, the goal which had been reached through robbery, deception, and danger, the treasure which was to solve all his problems as long as he should live.

Once the sickening question flashed upon him of what the consequences would be to him if the manganese could not be found; he seemed to see steel bars between himself and the deep sky, but he put the vision from him and hastened on toward the cañon gaping there before them in the floor of the plain.

Soon they were quite near it. Jewett, forgetting his sore muscles, would have run ahead, but Joe detained him.

"Stay with me, *amigo!* It will be best!"

They went forward, Floritas a little in the rear. She looked wistfully at Jewett, the young *Americano* who had no thoughts for her now that he was near his destination.

All at once they stopped. There lay the cañon, yawning at their very feet. Jewett gasped sharply, cringing fear gripping at him. A sudden weakness of the knees attacked him; he stepped back, fearful lest the freshening breeze might draw him to the brink.

It was a sight to awe far braver men than Slocum Jewett. Opening, as it seemed, right down into the heart of the world, the gigantic reft lay, vast, clear-cut, silent, ridged for mile upon mile with primal buttresses of weathered rock, here yellow, there brown, again red or umber.

At the bottom, a thousand feet below, great masses of stone, larger than houses, lay tumbled in unspeakable confusion like children's building-blocks scattered by a careless hand. From where they were standing it must have been half a mile of clear, sheer emptiness to the southern verge of the chasm, yet so crystalline was the dry air that it seemed almost as though one might lean out over the abyss and touch the opposite side.

In all of Slocum Jewett's money-grubbing life he had never beheld so stupendous a thing; he turned away, pale, humiliated, and walked back from the edge.

"What a place!" he said to himself. "To think of falling down there! A man would look like raw scrapple after he hit, I guess!"

Then he called to Joe: "Say, *amigo,* I wouldn't know the place—doesn't look like the same one now we're up top, eh? You've got *me* guessin', all right!"

Joe smiled at him; Floritas, her calico skirt whipping in the wind that blew out over the gulf, beckoned, but he only shook his head.

"No! One look'll do me for a while!" he answered. "You go ahead, Joe, and see what's what—tell me if we've struck the right place. I'll get my map and mark the place—see?"

Glad of an excuse to get away from the menacing edge of the cañon, Jewett ran back to the wagon, rummaged out his map of Otero County, and proceeded to trace the route and their present location. Meantime, the old man and Floritas had been talking together, he questioning, she answering, pointing here and there, indicating to him the scene before them.

Finally, with a shake of the head, Joe turned away and came back to the wagon, where Jewett, pale and agitated, was drawing lines upon the map with a trembling hand.

"*No aquí!*" said the Indian. "*Más allá!*"

"Not here, but farther on, you mean?" asked Jewett. "All right; come on—show me! The very minute I set eyes on the place all this belongs to you—see?"

And Jewett swept with his pencil a comprehensive curve toward the wagons and the animals.

"*Gracias!*" the old man thanked him, and "*Gracias,*" echoed the girl. "Come, now, let us find it!"

Together they walked eastward, not far from the edge of the cañon.

"Gee! how this wind does blow!" exclaimed Jewett, holding his sombrero on his head. "Terrible gusty around here, a'n't it?"

The Indian did not answer, but only smiled. Thus in silence they walked for a few minutes, till a wide and deep arroyo blocked farther progress. They skirted this, and came once more to the cañon itself. Just before they reached it Jewett gave a cry and fell on his knees, pawing at the earth.

"Look! Look!" he cried. "Here's some!"

An outcropping of blackish rock protruded through the sand. Jewett, shaking as with a chill, unmindful of hurt fingers, was wrenching off a bit of the soft mineral, loosened by exposure.

"Here's some! There's more! The vein's near here! Get a gait on, you old pie-face!" And scrambling to his feet, Jewett seized the old man roughly by the arm, urging him forward.

Jewett pale as death, the old man himself moved from his habitual calm, the girl flushed with excitement, they hastened along and came out on a flat, sloping table of weathered rock that seemed fairly to overhang the tremendous deep. In spite of his eagerness, Jewett balked at sight of this, but urged the Indian and Floritas toward the edge, while he himself kept to the rear.

"Look, now!" he commanded, thrusting the old man roughly forward. "Tell me, d'you see the place? Get along out there with you! What d'you think I'm payin' you for?"

The words were not finished when from somewhere beneath them boomed an ominous reverberation. The rock shuddered and gave way.

Jewett sprang back, dragging the girl with him, not from any sense of chivalry, but through sheer instinct.

A wild, terrible cry arose, a cry that ended in a wail, beaten and crushed into silence. Roaring, thundering, the table-rock split from the cañon's edge—dust rose—a thousand crashing echoes hurled themselves across the void. Then, far below, reverberations sounded, mingled with a bounding, rushing tumult which grumbled away to nothingness.

Jewett and Floritas stood alone, frozen with horror on the hideous, dizzy brink of an enormous rift which opened at their very feet.

The table-rock had disappeared! Old Zuñi Joe was gone!

CHAPTER XVII.

The Fight.

A WOMAN of our race would have shrieked and fainted at sight of a tragedy so horrible. Floritas was not of our race. Through her veins bounded the blood of countless generations of savagery, attenuated in part, yet still ready to assert itself when life or death lay in the balance.

She did not faint, or even scream; she leaped on Jewett like a wildcat, striving to hurl him from the precipice, to share the appalling fate he had inflicted on her grandfather.

Jewett, horrified, staggered, caught himself, and fought the girl off with cruel blows on the face, striking with all his might. He broke from her and started to run back to the plain, but she closed on him and tripped and threw him. They rolled and struggled in a death-grapple.

Suddenly he uttered a sharp cry of rage and anguish. She had sunk her sharp teeth into his cheek the while her hands were grappling at his throat. No word was uttered; their breath came in gasps and sobs; their faces were convulsed—hers with rage, his with the sickening fear of imminent death.

He caught her by the long black hair and wrenched her away, then hit her twice more full in the face, managed to free himself, scrambled to his feet, and started to run again, bleeding freely from the wound on his cheek. But on the instant she was after him, fleet-footed as a deer. Even as she ran her hand sought her bosom, and when she drew it forth again a keen-edged knife glittered in the rays of the westering sun.

Jewett, fleeing, glanced back and saw that deadly gleam of steel.

"God!" he panted. His strength turned to water; he staggered as he ran. Every moment he expected to feel the plunge of the blade in his back, for the girl was gaining fast on him—was close at hand.

He saw that he could not escape by flight. With the instinct of the hunted animal he circled, dodged, and turned, and gained a moment's respite. In that moment he managed to draw his revolver.

He fired at her—missed!

Before he had time to pull the trigger again she was upon him. Her left hand dashed the revolver-barrel to one side; her right sank the blade home in his shoulder. She had struck for his heart, but he had dodged and the blow

had gone wide. Even as the metal pierced his flesh he wondered that the pain was no greater, wondered if he was going to die.

She struck at him a second time, but before the blow could fall he had dashed the butt of the revolver squarely against the side of her head. He struck twice, thrice, with the force of blind terror. It seemed to him as though he himself were not a party to this unnatural battle—as though he were a spectator, merely. Despite his horrible fear, a thin smile curled his lips as he realized how easy, after all, it was to batter a woman into unconsciousness.

Florita's head fell back. She doubled up and sank to earth, sprawled out on the sand, which drank up the trickle of bright blood flowing from her temple. Jewett stood staring at her as though at some rare spectacle. Then all of a sudden he burst into wild, hysterical laughter, that rose into a shrill cackle and woke uncanny echoes.

With equal suddenness the laughter ceased. He thrust out his hands unsteadily, staggered, and reeled to earth. His head swayed and drooped; he murmured something unintelligible and collapsed like an empty meal-sack. He had fainted.

He came to presently, and lay staring up stupidly at the glowing sky, at certain small, black, circling specks high in the air.

"Buzzards!" he exclaimed weakly. "Think they're goin' to get me!"

The shock of that sinister thought brought him to his full senses. He sat up, supporting himself with one hand, and glanced around. His small eyes wandered, fell upon the body of Floritas, and paused there with a puzzled look.

Then he remembered. A curious warm sensation on his shoulder attracted his attention. He put his hand to his shoulder. When he brought it before his eyes the hand was red.

"Oh, my Lord!" he cried weakly. "I'm killed! I'm going to die!"

Shaking with fear and pain, he got to his feet and managed to pull off his coat and shirt, to get sight of the wound. It was only a flesh-wound, quite superficial, since the blade had struck his collar-bone and been deflected, but it was bleeding freely, and to his terrified gaze it looked mortal.

"She's killed me! Oh, I'm goin' to die—to die!" he whimpered.

Quaking with panic, he tore his shirt into strips and bunglingly dressed the wound, wrapping the cloth over his shoulder and under his armpit. He had no string to fasten the bandages with, and they came loose at every movement. The blood still continued to flow.

"What'll I do now?" he whined. "Oh, if I only had some string!"

An idea came to him. With great difficulty he unlaced his boots, pulled the shoe-strings out, and knotted them together. Thus, after ten minutes' labor, he managed to fasten the bandages on the cut—a cut which any plainsman would have laughed at as a scratch and stopped with a handful of earth.

The wound dressed, Jewett sat still, thinking, fearing death, anticipating with horrible forebodings the approach of dissolution, but somehow death did not seem to come. On the contrary, he began to feel rather better.

"Gee!" he exclaimed, "maybe I'm not goin' to die, after all! Maybe I'm goin' to win out in spite of everything!"

Only then did he pay any attention to the girl, who was still lying inert where she had fallen, her breath coming in irregular gasps. The blood had ceased flowing, and had clotted on her face.

Jewett, with mingled curiosity and horror, threw his boot and hit her. She did not stir. He crawled over to her on hands and knees, listened to her breathing, and put his ear to her heart, which was fluttering sadly.

"She'll do, I guess," he assured himself. "It might be infernally bad for me if she died out here. Guess I'd ought to look out for her a little."

He raised her thick hair and examined the wound on her head.

"Knocked her silly, all right!" he exclaimed, with a grin. "What a devil she is! After I saved her life by pullin' her back from the cañon, to think of her tryin' to kill me! I s'pose she'd do it again if she got the chance—but she won't get it!"

He ruminated for a moment.

"They can't prove anything on me; the old man just fell in, that's all, an'

Floritas, here, fell in, too, but caught on a rock an' I pulled her out. My story's as good as hers, anyway. As for the cut on my shoulder—oh, I can think up somethin' to explain that on the way back!"

The way back! For the first time Jewett remembered how far they were from any human creatures—remembered the long, dangerous journey, the shifting sands, the lava-flow, the rugged Osuro pass, the Llano Seco. With guidance and companionship, with strength and courage, they had all been hard to meet. Now, alone—or worse than alone, burdened with the injured girl — wounded, weakened, without knowledge of plainsmanship or counsel, how could he hope to reach San Marcial? And once there, what would be his reception? Jewett groaned, shrinking from the inevitable hardships and sufferings of his return to the world of men.

"Best thing I can do is to leave the girl and wagon, pack up some grub, and ride for it on horseback," thought he. "Maybe I can make it before my shoulder gets bad."

He stood up, gazing down at the unconscious Floritas, who groaned slightly and moved her hand. Jewett frowned angrily.

"No, can't do that, after all," he ruminated. "Somebody might find her, and I couldn't prove any kind of a case. Best thing is to lug her along, too. At worst I can make out self-defense. I've got the wound to prove it, and the knife."

He picked up the blood-smeared knife, wrapped it carefully in his handkerchief, and slipped it into the pocket of his coat, which he then put on with considerable pain and difficulty.

"I'll bring the wagon, now," said he. "That'll be easier than tryin' to carry her. Couldn't do it, anyhow; she must weigh a hundred an' twenty if she weighs a pound."

He set out slowly for the wagon, hidden behind a rise of land half a mile or so to the westward. He felt weak and sick, and his feet dragged slowly. His thoughts, too, were flighty and distorted. The wound, the glare, and the desert were all getting their grip on his weak body and weaker soul. Yet he kept on.

"I'll pull through somehow or my name ain't Slocum Jewett," he kept saying to himself. "I'm not down an' out yet, not by a long shot. I've found the manganese. In two days I'll have that claim filed, and then—let 'em do their darndest, everybody, all of 'em! Come on, everybody; I'll handle you!"

He checked himself suddenly, realizing that he was getting flighty—that he was laughing, waving his uninjured arm.

"Here, I've got to cut this out," he rebuked himself sternly. "This won't never do. Not when there's millions at stake and everybody against me."

And presently he was gesticulating, laughing, and shouting defiance even more violently than before.

After several eons he reached the wagon and sat down to rest. He felt very weak and sick. Even a deep draft of water did not relieve him; it was stale and tepid, and only caused nausea. So he drank a little brandy cautiously, and found that it gave him strength, even though it did not reduce the fever which was now beginning to parch his body.

Under the unaccustomed urge of the stimulant he grew optimistic and full of energy. He managed with considerable labor to untether the mules and the bronco, which latter he tied at the rear of the wagon, and then clambered on to the seat.

His right arm was practically useless, but he managed to drive fairly well with one hand. Thus he turned the mules toward the east and set out slowly for the place where Floritas lay.

The dog, which had been lying underneath the wagon, got up and followed sullenly, head down, with reddened eyes and open jaws.

"I don't like the look o' that brute," said Jewett to himself. "Shouldn't wonder if he was goin' mad. No wonder; it's enough to make anybody go mad, this desert, with all those painted drop-curtains round the edge of it, and the Things that are always just behind you. I'll fix him!"

He stopped the mules, took the revolver, and climbed back through the wagon.

"*Venga! Venga!*" he called to the dog.

The animal only growled throatily and

erected the hair on his spine. Jewett took careful aim at him.

"Here's your finish!" said he, and pulled the trigger. His mustang reared, the dog dropped, kicking. Even before Jewett had clucked to the mules again, starting them forward, the animal was dead.

"Not such a bad shot, eh?" chuckled Jewett. "Floritas had me rattled, chasin' me with that cutlery of hers, or I might have done as well the other time. Glad I didn't, though—it might have made complications.

"Curse this sun! It certainly does make anybody see funny things! If I didn't know 'twas a case of sun I'd swear I saw somethin' move, ahead there, round the corner of that rock-pile or whatever they call it!"

He drove on in silence, with bowed head, letting the mules pick their own way. So going, they turned the bend of the outcropping rocks and came down to the gentle slope that led to the place where Jewett's fight with Floritas had taken place, a hundred yards or so distant

Jewett, glancing up, cried out with sudden fear:

"Oh, Lord, I've got 'em, sure! I'm seein' things! Looks like there was a couple of Indians right down there by the girl! And say, what kind of a pipe is this? One of 'em is standin' up, and he's got a gun! He's pointin' it this way! My God, he's goin' to shoot!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lost on the Desert.

ALL the strands of Blackerton's spider web having been neatly meshed into a perfect whole, the Hon. Franklin Hamlin and his efficient aide-de-camp, E. K. Baker, allowed their nervous tension to relax. Why should they not? Everything was playing into their hands with perfect accuracy.

There was no further need for action or anxiety on their part. All they had to do now was wait till Jewett's exploration should be made and his claim entered; then they would preempt that claim, summon a mineralogist, and make careful investigation.

If, as they had every reason to believe, the manganese deposit really existed, it would be a matter of millions to them. A little stock manipulation, a little buying by themselves in one capacity and selling to themselves in another (of course shutting out all other parties, whether in the trust or not), and, in perfectly honorable accordance with the well-accepted principles of high finance, Hamlin and Baker would find themselves possessed of a great fortune.

That both of them were already sodden with wealth made not a whit of difference in their thirst for further acquisition. Hamlin, more astute than his confrère, was even hatching a scheme to "scoop" the entire deal for himself. If this should go through, so much the better; if not, he would at any rate have to share with only one other person—Baker—and the result, so far as strangling competition and rendering the trust supreme was concerned, would prove equally efficacious.

The Hon. Franklin was no wishy washy sentimentalist; business, with him, was business, nothing more. And even the raw places of business could be deftly salved with a bit of charity here, an endowment there, a professorial chair of political economy in the other place.

The game was going decidedly well. That the dirty, impudent tramp who had dared to win four hundred dollars from him in so obnoxious a manner could by any possibility enter as a disturbing factor never so much as dawned on his commercialized horizon.

Providence, which had so signally entrusted the propertied interests of the land of the free into his hands, was certainly making no mistake this time. Its favor was assured. The divine right of ownership was being manifested signally.

With this comfortable conviction, the Honorable One let E. K. Baker make arrangements, on the second day after the web-spinning, for a little jaunt on horseback out over the plains. The jack-rabbit idea was abandoned, after brief discussion, as involving too much publicity, and the excursion took the simple form of a trip to view the scenery and breathe some dry ozone.

"It'll do us all sorts of good," said Hamlin. "I used to be a first-rate horseman before I began putting on adipose."

"It'll renew my youth," opined Baker. "Nothing like a return to the simple life, once in a while, to put the ginger back into a fellow."

Thus they were agreed, and ordered horses in accordance.

That afternoon, after a substantial dinner and some black cigars, they rode unostentatiously away from San Marcial, ignoring comments, and struck into the military reserve road which led southward along the railway in the direction of Fort Craig. The day was hot and sunny, but as they rode the breeze fanned their faces and they felt as though twenty years at least had dropped from their shoulders.

They hit no very lively pace, for the reason that both were sadly out of training and Hamlin's great weight somewhat overburdened the stocky horse he bestrode. Blackerton stayed behind. Though neither one admitted it, his absence pleased them — freed them from the consideration of business, relieved them from any other thoughts than of the outing which they both enjoyed.

They chatted without restraint, smoking, pointing out to each other the features of the landscape—the gleaming Rio, the distant buttes, the sage-brush, cacti, and prickly-pears, finding pleasure in every new aspect of that nature to which they had both been strangers so long.

Business, if only for one afternoon, they put "all behind them, long ago and far away." They were as nearly free, natural, and happy as two rich men could be.

For an hour or so they rode toward the south, then struck off toward the railroad, attracted by the distant passing of a train, which was creeping like a toy over the flat land. Even the thought that Hamlin owned a controlling interest in that very same train could not dispel his almost boyish pleasure in watching it.

"Pretty, isn't it?" he asked. "I'd like to see another — hanged if I wouldn't!"

"I'm afraid you won't to-day. That's the last one till the Mountain Limited, to-morrow morning. The service out here isn't all it should be, if you'll pardon my saying so," answered Baker.

Hamlin laughed, and urged his horse into a canter.

"Oh, well, let's forget it!" he exclaimed. "For once I'm going to imagine I never saw a share of stock—going to see if I can't make believe I'm a youngster once more, with everything ahead and nothing behind. Come on."

They reached the railroad, somewhat winded, and kept on down the track. After they had gone thus for a couple of miles they came to the Peñasco trestle, which spanned the broad, shallow, dark-hued river. "Going over?" asked Baker. "There's a good plankway."

"You dare me?" retorted Hamlin.

For answer Baker touched his pony with the spur and clattered out along the boards. Hamlin followed close. The rapid hoofs played hollow music on the planking. A little more than half-way over the wind made a dab at Baker's hat and whirled it up and away, to drop it quietly into the water down-stream.

"Lots more where that came from!" cried Baker, hastening his animal. Hamlin laughed like a boy. So, presently, they reached the solid land again.

"They tell me there's a curious phenomenon called the Dripping Spring somewhere down this way," said Hamlin, when they had reined up on the eastern bank, watching the lost hat. "What say we scout for it? It's near the foot of Nogal Butte somewhere.

"It'll give us something to go for, and if we reach it we'll have something to tell—something to prove we aren't such duffers on horseback, after all. I'd like to shake these Greasers up a bit."

"I'm with you!" exclaimed Hamlin, and once more they started, laying a southeasterly course across the Llano Seco in the direction of the brick-red butte some miles away.

"We won't be a thing but sore to-morrow as a result of this," said Baker as they loped along.

"Sorer than old Greenway when we euchred him on the Eastern securities last year, you remember?"

"No, I don't! I've forgotten that deal and everything else—please don't remind me! I'm twenty-five to-day, remember that, and soreness be hanged!"

A mile they rode, two miles, roughly parallel to the Rio yet gradually drawing farther and farther away from it, till they quite lost its gleam and even its fringe of trees had blended into a dark line to westward. Already the butte was drawing near; they could begin to make out its chiseled façades and the rock-falls at its base.

"Say, Baker, that's something fine, now, isn't—"

The question was not finished.

Down plunged Hamlin's horse, snorting. In its full stride it had stepped into the old burrow of some desert animal. Down on its knees it dropped, staggered, fell, rolled, scrambled to its feet in terror, and started to run.

The saddle, loosened by the shock, slid over to one side underneath the horse's body. Hamlin struck the earth with horrible force, shouting with terror.

Baker, reining in, made a grab at the bridle, but missed. The horse plunged, shaking its head wildly, and bolted. Baker was horrified to see that Hamlin's foot was caught in the barbaric Mexican stirrup. The heavy body of the magnate was dragged, head down, across the sands, through prickly-pears and cacti, at full speed of the panic-stricken horse.

Baker roweled his own mount cruelly and galloped in pursuit. Just then Hamlin's foot came loose from the wooden stirrup-guard and he rolled over and over like a flour-sack, and stopped in a heap of apoplectic rage and pain, spitting oaths and dust.

"Don't mind me!" he yelled, choking. "*Get that horse!*"

His comrade, who had reined in, brought the quirt down across his mustang's flank and whirled in pursuit, holding on with knees and hands, wild-eyed and pale. It was useless. The other horse, freed from its burden and mad with senseless fear of the stirrups, which now dangled between its flailing hoofs, distanced him in no time. In two minutes it had become a tiny figure in the distance, almost hidden by dust-clouds.

"The fool!" cursed Baker, reining in. "He'll run till he drops and then kick himself to death! I know that breed!"

He turned and galloped back to Hamlin.

The injured man was sitting up and swearing fluently. Baker was relieved. As long as Hamlin was sound enough to be angry he felt sure the damage could not be very great. Yet Hamlin, withal, was a sight to inspire fear.

His clothes were torn and dirty, his face and hands were lacerated; he seemed to be one mass of scratches, blood, and bruises. His upper lip was cut and swollen, and he was bleeding from the nose. He was all but unrecognizable.

One leg was stretched out on the sand and he was nursing the other in both hands, the while he made thick, violent oration. Baker knew Hamlin's famous rages only too well. The magnate was now in the grip of one.

"You! *You!*" the millionaire shouted at him. "This is all your fault! You brought me out here with your fool idea of being young again! Now see what you've got me into! I'll break you for this! I'll—I'll—"

Words failed him. He was almost weeping with futile passion, rocking his big body the while. Baker, despite his apprehension, could hardly keep back a smile—a smile which would have cost him his place and fortune; but he knew the uselessness of argument, so he only dismounted, slung the bridle-rein over his arm, and knelt beside the millionaire.

"Where are you hurt?" he asked solicitously.

"Here—here, in the ankle. Oh, the pain! The pain!"

Hamlin really was suffering; his face, underneath the dust and blood, was white. Baker drew his knife and sawed the magnate's boot-laces, drawing off the boot with infinite care, unmindful of Hamlin's volleys of eloquent billingsgate. Hamlin, despite his wealth, had never forgotten his early vocabulary.

The foot hung loose.

"Tch! Tch!" clucked Baker when he saw it. "I hope she isn't broken!"

Then he pulled off the sock. The flesh underneath was ridged and torn; already the ankle was beginning to swell badly.

"Nothing but a sprain!" said Baker, but he knew better. He tried to rub the ankle, but so acute was the agony of his touch that Hamlin could not bear it.

"Just let me lie down a minute," said

he. Baker eased him to the ground, where he lay with closed eyes, catching his breath and abusing his vice-president alternately.

"Here's a deuce of a fix! Ooh! You got me into this, now you—Uh-h-h!—you get me out, do you hear? The least you'll get for this will be—oh, dear!—expulsion from the Armor Plate! Why don't you do something, fool! and not stand there gaping like a mudfish?"

"Suppose you can stand on your good foot for a minute?" asked Baker.

"Why?"

"Well, I might manage to hoist you on my horse. Then I could lead you back to town. It can't be more than eight or ten miles. There's nothing else to do."

"Might as well be ten thousand!" fumed Hamlin. "How d'you suppose I can sit a horse with this foot dangling?"

"It does look like a pretty hard proposition, but, as I said before, there's no other way. I can't carry you, you know."

Hamlin glared out of badly bruised eyes.

"Well," said he at last, "help me up and I'll try."

With great difficulty, still holding the rein over his arm, Baker managed to get the enormous bulk of Hamlin up on to the sound foot. The millionaire stood there on one leg, wabbling like a tipsy flamingo. Under other circumstances Baker would have guffawed, but this was no time for merriment

So far, so good. The rest was not so feasible, for the simple reason that Hamlin could not step into the stirrup and raise himself in any way on his broken ankle, or could he stand on the good ankle and use the other foot. Baker was far from a strong man; he could not hold his horse and at the same time lift Hamlin.

The latter tried clinging to the saddle-bow and negotiating the scaling operations with Baker as a rear-guard, boosting, but this did not work, either. The net result of three trials was greater pain, with no practical result.

Hamlin was fast growing weak with suffering; the horse was restive, and Baker was played out. Finally, with an oath, Hamlin demanded to be helped down again to a reclining posture.

"Blank the whole blank business!" he bellowed. "Lemme lie here and be quiet. You get on and ride—ride like the deuce! Bring a wagon! Tell 'em there's a thousand dollars in the game if they get back here inside of an hour—understand? Now get along! Scoot!"

"All right; just let me fix you up a bit and I'm off!"

He loosened the saddle-girth, slipped out the blanket, and unfolded and spread it on the sand. Then he took out his flask and laid it within reach. After that he removed his coat, folded it into a pillow, and placed it on the blanket. Finally he helped Hamlin to a comfortable posture on the improvised bed.

"So long!" said he, reinching his horse and clambering into the saddle. "I'll be right back with help. Keep still, and don't worry; see if you can't sleep."

"Sleep!" snorted Hamlin.

Baker made no answer, but cut his horse with the rawhide, and was away. Hamlin, groaning, watched him with pain-blurred eyes as he galloped off toward the northwest, across the weary miles and miles toward Fort Craig.

"Lord knows how they'll get a wagon over here. They can't cross the way we came. There may not be a ford for miles and miles. I'm certainly up against it good and hard this time."

Then he groaned again, and lay back motionless on the coat-pillow. He did not suffer so much now, but he felt a parching thirst. Presently he unscrewed the silver top of the flask and let some of the smooth liquor gurgle down his throat. Then he lay back again with closed eyes.

He passed his fat hand over his head to drive away the throbbing fever which seemed to be burning in his veins. After a while the idea occurred to him that he might be better off sitting up, so he raised his ponderous bulk and sat looking around him at the landscape, which had now lost all its interest.

The meanest habitation of man would have outweighed a thousandfold all the desolate grandeur of the desert. There would now have been no talk of "swine"—a man would have been a man, to him;

he would even have welcomed one of the low-browed Slovaks whom he imported by the thousand every year to serve his forges and roaring converters.

Once he tried rubbing his ankle with brandy from the flask, but it only smarted, so he had to stop. Thus an eternity dragged on, until it seemed as though Baker must have had time to go and come a dozen times, but still no sight, no sound of life—save something far and high in the sky that sailed and circled—nothing but utter desolation, heat, unpitying sun; even the breeze was hot to his feverish cheek.

His thirst grew greater, and he drained the flask. Strange thoughts began to crowd his brain, tumbling and hurrying over one another in a grotesque carnival of confusion. He began to toss restlessly on the blanket, which was hot from the sand underneath. Again he sat up and took his coat off, but he felt no cooler.

His head was aching as though it would burst; the rays of the sun sent knife-like pains through his head. For a while he tried to hold his coat up over his head like a tent, but soon his untried muscles failed and he had to lower it.

"If I only had a stick or something to prop it up on," he groaned, but stick there was none. His eye, however, fell upon a cactus some rods distant.

"Why not use that?" he ruminated. Soon he was crawling slowly, dragging his limp foot after him with great pain, toward the cactus. In one hand he held his coat, shuffling it along through the dirt.

Arrived at the cactus, he made shift to hang the coat on a spiny, bulbous limb, and again lay down on his back. It was very hot on the naked sand, but at least his head was sheltered. Thus for a while he rested, that man of millions, alone and suffering in the measureless expanse of desert.

There came a time of half-consciousness, when there seemed nothing in the whole world but heat and thirst and pain; then sights and sounds of running water woke him. He stared around, wondering where had the brooks gone? Sand, heat, desolation; a scorching breeze, impregnated with alkali-dust; what did it all mean?

Suddenly a thought darted across his brain—the river! It was not far to the river, he felt sure; he could reach it. He was a fool not to have thought of it before. Once by the river, he could find plenty of shade, plenty of water; he could lie at ease till the rescuers came.

The rescuers? How could they find him if he went away? This puzzled him for a moment; his thoughts, somehow, did not come clearly, as was their wont. But soon he had solved the problem. He smiled at his own cleverness as he sat up again, dragged a note-book from his coat-pocket, and got out his fountain pen.

With great difficulty he scrawled a few words:

> Have crawled to the river for water.
> Follow my trail.

He tore the page out and stuck it on to a cactus-thorn conspicuously.

"There!" said he. "They can't miss that! Now I'm off!" Then he started for the river, cumbersomely, on all fours, like some strange, fat, half-dressed animal—an animal that any beast would have laughed at had laughter been vouchsafed to beasts.

He had gone a hundred yards or so when the desert breeze, shyly fluttering the note-book leaf, grew suddenly bold and plucked it from the cactus-thorn, rolled it on the sand, whirled it, dropped it, picked it up again, toyed with it, and flickered it away, over and over, toward the south. And over Hamlin's trail, too, the wind drifted fine, powdery sand.

How long the millionaire crawled thus in pain he could not tell. He looked at his watch, after what seemed an hour or two, and found he had been on the way ten minutes. With sudden anger at the lying timepiece, he dashed it to earth and kept doggedly on. Presently he tore off his collar and tie, also, and threw them away.

Everything was shimmering curiously; the landscape looked strangely black. He wondered if night were already coming; but no, in the black sky burned a red electric furnace—no, it was a blast-furnace, one of his own converters—it was shooting rays of heat, white-hot sparks, down on his head.

He raised one fist, mouthing curses,

and shook it at the furnace. Next instant he fell heavily on his side, unbalanced, his mouth full of salty earth.

The shock brought him to his senses.

"Say!" he muttered in alarm; "this won't do! I've got to keep my wits, anyhow! The river's just ahead! Once I get there, everything'll be all right! Buck up, Franklin! Pull together!"

He crawled on and on and on. Still the furnace bombarded him with sparks. He laughed hoarsely, with a parched mouth, remembering how only six weeks before a couple of Hungarians had been burned to nothing in the pouring of a huge ingot. The white-hot metal had left not even a bit of bone.

"Well, didn't we bury the ingot with a funeral service?" he queried petulantly. "Didn't we pay the widow of one of 'em seven hundred and fifty dollars without contesting? But it must have been—hot—very, very hot. I'll see to it when I get back—ha! ha!—they keep those Bessemers too hot, for sure!"

After a certain blank period the Honorable perceived a slight acclivity, some wooden substance, and then a hard thing that looked like steel. He put his eye close to the hard substance; it was steel; it was spiked to the wood.

"Why, the railroad!" he exclaimed. "It's partly my railroad! Say, here's a joke! My railroad! A joke!" And he laughed hysterically; the thought of finding his railroad at the end of a bad dream of sand and thirst and furnaces struck him as hugely funny.

"The railroad crosses the river," he reflected very slowly. "Now, if I crawl along the railroad I'll reach the river, won't I? Oh, I'm clever, I am. They can't fool me, with all their furnaces! Go 'way! Shut that furnace-door! I'm looking for the river, don't you see?"

With great pain he got over the rail and on to the road-bed, and started crawling again. It was rough work there, but at least he could not lose his way. Soon he would reach the river, where shade and water were—where he could lie till the wagon came.

Unfortunately, the Honorable did not notice one little detail of this plan that was of some importance—none other than this, that he had turned southward, and instead of heading for the river was now dragging himself, as in a nightmare, away from San Marcial, toward an abandoned siding and water-tank at the deserted telegraph station of Eureka, five miles away.

(To be continued.)

DONE IN A SINGLE MOMENT.

Nervous Strain Over Almost as Soon as It Began, but It Left the Engineer a Wreck.

SOME time ago a German medical journal described a peculiarly painful experience which happened to a locomotive engineer, illustrative of the enormous nervous tension to which men of this calling may be subjected in the course of one minute without showing signs of it at the time. An engineer of a passenger-train was rounding a curve, when he suddenly saw a train, stationary, about sixty yards ahead.

He immediately applied his brakes and reversed with all practicable speed, and by his quickness averted a disastrous collision. The nerve-tension of the moment was, of course, intense, but there appeared to be no effect on the man other than a violent trembling of the legs, and he remained at his post. About five days afterward he had to relinquish his duties, however, and he gradually became unfit for work.

Once a robust, stalwart man, he became very thin, his gait became slouching and toilsome, and his speech slow and stammering. He was seized with the painful disease known as "railway spine." His digestion, memory, and ability to sleep were impaired, and a singular loss of nervous sensibility took place over the whole of his body, so that he could hardly feel the prick of a pin sent sufficiently deep to draw blood. His legs were benumbed to the knee, and that moment's strain had left him a wreck.

ON THE EDITORIAL CARPET.

We Talk Over a Few Questions With Some of Our Readers.

AN OLD FRIEND REAPPEARS.

OLD stories die hard. The rime of Finnegan and Flannigan has been ascribed to nearly every man in the United States—except the one who was actually responsible for it. Now there comes to the Editorial Carpet another old-timer, sent us by a correspondent in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. This time it is told of Billy Tuckens, a fireman on the Reading.

Billy forgot his fire, and his train was hung up for lack of steam, blocking No. 8, a fast passenger. The train-despatcher demanded a reason for the delay, and Billy vouchsafed the following explanation:

The wind was high; the steam was low;
The train was heavy, and hard to tow;
The coal was bad and full of slate;
And that was the reason we blocked No. 8.

If Billy Tuckens was really the originator of this gem there is a wreath of laurel waiting somewhere for his modest brow.

"RUG FOR THE CARPET."

IT seems that all-unwittingly we have been slighting a class of railroad men whom we have no wish or reason to ignore—viz., brakemen and conductors. We thought we had given them full credit for their part in the operation of the railroads of the country, but there seems to be a difference of opinion on that subject. The matter has been called to our attention by a Minneapolis friend who sends us a "Rug for the Editorial Carpet." When we read the letter, however, we were not entirely sorry for the reason that called it forth. Any reason is a good one that will bring a letter like the following to the Editorial Carpet

I have read every issue of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE. It certainly is the "dope" for every "rail." I await its coming with great pleasure, and devour its contents like a hungry passenger eating a "brake-shoe" sandwich in a railroad eating house.

So far, "the men in the overalls, the man behind the scoop, and the man on the right hand side" seem to be taking up the most space, and figure largely in the "heroic part" of the stories. "The man with the brake-club" and "the man with the way-bills" loom up in the background about as conspicuous as a "car tinker's shanty" in a crowded "rip track." I don't believe this is an intentional slight on your part. I can't believe that you would deliberately shove us in on a "spur" and "spike" the switch

Perhaps your special correspondents have given us a "short rail" for the time being but intend to "frog" us on again. Lest he forget us, WE beg to suggest that you instruct him to come down off the "seat box," cut out warming his shins on the "injector-pipe," and take a "drill" back over the "brownies" and interview "the man behind in the caboose."

We may be able to impress him with *Our* part in this grand circus. Tell him a few of OUR narrow escapes—from getting fired. Tell him some of the roads we *have* worked on and some we *think* we have worked on. Been a "boomer" so long that we can't name all the different "pikes" we have "hit the ball on," but I'll bet two "sky-lights" out of my "pie-card" that we can tell him stories enough in twenty minutes to keep him writing till he has so hot a box on his writing-stick that he'll need a "keeley" on it to keep from burning off a "hub."

Everything from the "Old Man's jacking up" to the hobo's tale of woe. From a course dinner to a "mulligan" cooked

The only sure way to get 'round your employer is to keep square with him.—The Station-Master.

on the "single-flued" straight-draft stove in the dinkie caboose behind. Talk about "feeds"! If your special correspondent ever "shoves" up to our truck-wagon and gets outside of one of our "mulligans" he'll forget his dyspepsia, eat like a hired man, and be able to write like a "boomer brakeman" signing up meal-tickets in the fall.

Talk about the howling elements in the Sierra Nevadas! Wish he could buck a North Dakota blizzard or one of Minnesota's continuous, connected rain-storms. Send him out to the great Northwest, just south of the North Pole, Mr. Editor, and we'll give him a "drag" of reading-junk that will stall him on every hill this side of New York.

We are of the opinion that our Minneapolis friend can speak for his brothers of the brake-club and the way-bills as well as any special correspondent whom we could send to the railroad front. May he live long and prosper, wherever his wandering feet may lead him!

ANOTHER NARROW ESCAPE.

IN our June number we described the narrow escape and presence of mind of Engineer Winn, on the Vandalia, who stopped his train and saved his passengers although he had been badly injured by the breaking of a side-rod on his side of the engine.

An ex-train baggage-master on the Southern Pacific has written to inform us that "there are others." At least, there is one other—viz., James Maloney, of the S. P. in California. The event which our correspondent describes took place about two years ago. The facts follow:

At the time I mention I was "running baggage" on the "west side," Southern Pacific in California, and was on train No. 35. When about two miles east of Westley, the side-rod on the engineer's side broke and cut away the greater portion of his side of the cab, knocked him into the deck of the engine, broke his leg above the ankle, cut a long and deep gash in his thigh, and gave him a slash across the face that blacked both eyes and made his face puff up until he looked like a poisoned pup in about five minutes.

In spite of this, he never lost his presence of mind, but in some way dragged himself to his feet (or, more properly speaking, to his foot, for one of them was on strike), shut off steam, and applied the air slow enough to make a nice easy stop. At the first crash the fireman jumped, so of course could give no assistance

Conductor Ingersoll and myself assisted him as soon as the train stopped, and at that time he was perfectly rational, as he asked if any of the cars left the track and remarked that his leg was broken.

TWO PULLS, NOT THREE.

WE are reminded by a reader in San Antonio, Texas, that three pulls of a signal cord when a train is in motion mean stop at the next station, and that two mean stop at once. In a story in our June number we permitted an author to stop a train immediately by three pulls. This was very reprehensible on the part of the author, and the engineer of the train should have known better than to stop.

We understand, however, that both engineer and fireman were called up on the carpet by the division superintendent and suspended for thirty days for disobedience, although that disobedience saved the train from a wreck. All of which shows the strict discipline that is maintained on our railroads. Also, we are grateful to the man in San Antonio for calling our attention to the matter.

A TRANSPORTATION SECRETARY.

PRESIDENT GARRETT, of the Seaboard Air Line, is responsible for the suggestion that a Secretary of Transportation should be added to the President's cabinet. He declares, furthermore, that he is not speaking sarcastically, saying:

The time has come for such a cabinet office. This official should have great power over matters of transportation, should see that the roads give good service, and point out to the public the real situation as to the ability of roads to perform service at given rates.

He should be of broad mind, and one in whom the public has confidence. He could warn the railroads when they are exceeding their rights, and should caution

You can get an education almost anywhere—even in school.—
The Office-Boy.

the public when they were pushing the roads too hard.

In a way, the Secretary of Commerce and Labor fills the post of Secretary of Transportation, but his duties are so comprehensive and diverse that he can hardly be expected to give the attention to this one branch that it deserves. One good end would be served by the creation of such a department.

There would undoubtedly be a far more careful study of the needs and conditions of the transportation companies and of the country as regards transportation than is possible under present conditions. What we need is more light and less heat, and we might secure this by the appointment of a Secretary of Transportation.

BALTIMORE, NOT BOSTON.

FREDERICK J. VELKER is a veteran of the Baltimore street-railway service, and not of the Boston. We mention this fact merely because we said Boston in our May number, and a reader in Toledo, who used to know Mr. Velker in Baltimore, wanted to know if there are two of him. There are not, but there was an illegible credit on the newspaper clipping from which the information was derived, and hence the error.

THE RECORD IN THE WATER-MARK.

NOT long ago we quoted a correspondent who said that a certain railroad used a uniform "clearance" for retiring employees. All the letters read alike, but the water-mark told the real story. By holding the paper to the light the reader could make out the figure of a crane, or stork. If the bird's neck was straight, the record was satisfactory; if slightly bent, fair; and "hanging over as if broken, you're *it* with a bad clearance."

A railroad man in Kansas City denounces this as an old fake, declaring that its only basis in fact is that most of the paper is made by Crane, of Massachusetts, and in cutting it into commercial size the water-mark, a crane, does not always appear in full.

That is one side of the case. The other side is presented by another Western railroader, who has informed us that the system was formerly used on the Union Pacific, but has been abandoned. Which is correct?

WHY?

DO you know the answer to any of these questions?

Why is an engineer called a "hoghead"?
Why is a conductor called an "empty"?
Why is a brakeman called a "shack"?
Why is a fireman called a "sizzer-vilk"?
Why is an engine called "she"?
Why is a green operator called a "ham"?
What is the origin of the term "deadhead"?

We are indebted for these questions to Engineer James F. McGarr, of Spring Lake, Kentucky.

NOT SO LUCKY AS STICKLE.

IN our May number we published a short true story by Francis Lynde of an experience of Engineer James Stickle on the Colorado Central, now a part of the Colorado and Southern. The incident happened thirty years ago, and Mr. Lynde told in the engineer's own words of the latter's close shave to tumbling into Clear Creek Cañon in a spring freshet.

Now comes a letter from Colorado which tells us that the incident is still well remembered by railroad men in the vicinity. A touch of tragedy is added by the statement that a short time ago Engineer Allen was killed near the same spot. Not so fortunate as Stickle, Allen's engine turned turtle and carried him with it to the bottom of the creek

NOT YET BUT LATER—PERHAPS.

"A READER" requests that we give the history of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad in connection with the series which we are publishing on the great systems of the country.

It doesn't make any difference how good you are, some day you'll find some one just a little bit better.— The Freight Conductor.

We may see our way later to comply in part with this request, but at present there seems to be little reason for such an article. The railroads whose early history has appeared, or will appear, in THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE are connected in an unusual degree with the history and development of the country through which they run, and their construction marked epochs in national as well as railroad history.

It is difficult to see how this can be said in any degree of the systems which we have omitted, however large and important they may have grown to be. However, if we do not think the history of a railroad of importance, it can generally be found that its present condition is worth writing and reading about. So "A Reader's" request may be gratified in a different form some time in the future.

A VOICE FROM OAKLAND.

CHICAGO is not the only city that is doing a little something in the suburban train business, as we are reminded by a letter from Mr. Edward Yingling, of Oakland, California. Mr. Yingling has been reading Mr. Willets's article in our July number on the Chicago railroads and notes that the Illinois Central runs two hundred and fifty-one suburban trains into and out of Chicago every day.

Then he tells us that the Southern Pacific runs five hundred and forty-two suburban trains into and out of Oakland between the hours of 5 A.M. and midnight every working day, and asks if we don't think that is doing pretty well for a town of one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. It is.

HOW DID HE DO IT?

STREET-CAR conductors all over the country have been very much agitated by the announcement that Charles Kelley, a conductor in Kansas City, was going abroad with his wife for six months on the savings of six years' work on Kansas City street-cars. Several amateur statisticians have been working on the problem, and one or two have come to the conclusion that Mr. Kelley has worked the limit of overtime and has lived on about ten cents a day less than nothing. Or perhaps the newspapers got it twisted. That sometimes happens.

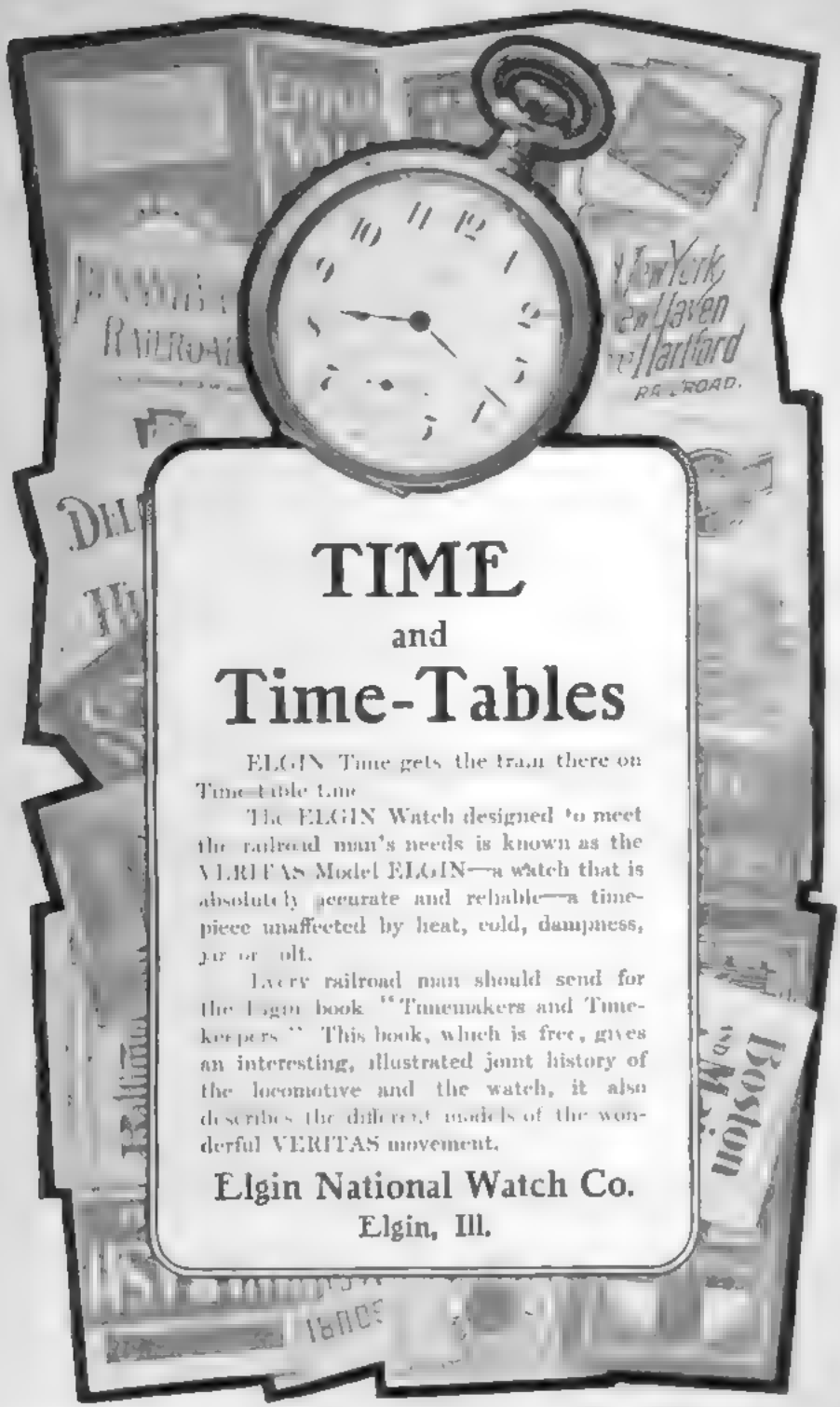
AROUND THE WORLD AGAIN.

IN our May number we described how a trip around the world might be made in fifty days, without allowing for any side-trips or a longer stay in any place than necessary to make connections. Mr. F. C. Collins, traveling passenger-agent of the Canadian Pacific, in an interview in the Tacoma *News*, declares that he can beat that time more than two full days. After reviewing the route which our contributor marked out, starting from New York eastward, Mr. Collins says:

> Now, without taking exceptions to any of his figures, although I don't know of any boat outside of the Canadian Pacific liners that made the trip from Yokohama to Seattle in twelve days, if one of the Hill boats ever did it it was a record run, and I consider I am entitled to a friendly discussion of travel possibilities.
>
> The C. P. R.'s royal mail steamship Empress of Japan made it between Yokohama and Vancouver, B. C., in 10 days, 10 hours, and 22 minutes. That cuts the 50-day trip down 1 day, 13 hours, and 38 minutes. Besides that, the Canadian Pacific's time from Vancouver to New York by the new time schedule is 96 hours.
>
> That cuts the time down another full day, making the time around the world, with the same allowance for connections, 47 days, 10 hours, and 22 minutes, and I guess that's going some.

The article in the May number of THE RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE allowed for a schedule of twelve days from Yokohama to Seattle and five days from Seattle to New York. This time, however, was described as only a close estimate, since steamers and trains are subject to breakdowns and delays. Nor did it pretend to be the quickest possible time, assuming that trains and boats were never late and the close connections made without a miss. Fifty days was the estimate for the eastbound trip; starting west from New York, it was calculated that the round-the-world journey could be made in two days less.

Few men are important; no one is necessary: To be taken frequently for reducing swelling of the head.—The Freight Brakeman.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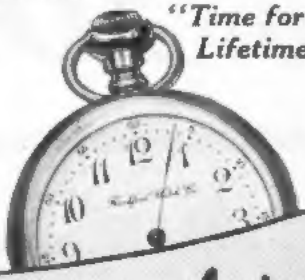

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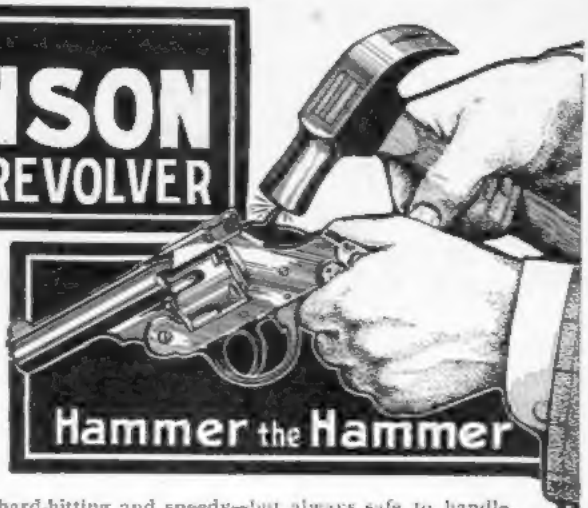

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